

# Radio

AND TELEVISION

# MIRROR

APRIL

10¢



ESTHER RALSTON,  
Lovely Star of  
Woman of Courage, on CBS

COMPLETE NOVELETTE IN THIS ISSUE

MY HEART WAS TRUE—A Thrilling New Love Story

VIC and SADE—See These Favorites in Full Page Pictures



### BABY'S BEAUTIFUL SKIN...

so sensitive, so smooth, looks to Doctor for proper care. For years Doctor has said, "Ivory for baby," and Ivory for you, too! Now kinder to skins of *every* age, New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory is *milder* than 10 leading toilet soaps! Try baby's own beauty treatment!



### CAPTIVATING 'TEENS

and early twenties . . . your fresh, youthful beauty is often marred by too-active oil glands. *Avoid* hot water. *Scrub* with heavy *lukewarm* Ivory lather (note how quickly New Ivory makes rich suds). *Rinse*. *Repeat* lathering. Warm rinses, then cold. Repeat 3 times daily. If skin blemishes persist, consult your doctor.



## BIRTHDAYS DON'T COUNT!

Whatever your age, Doctors advise  
"baby-care" for a lovelier complexion!



### FOR BEAUTY BEYOND 35...

Your skin tends to be drier. More reason than ever to rely on New Ivory's extreme *mildness*. No dye, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating. *Each night* massage your skin with New Ivory's quick-creaming lather. Use *lukewarm* water, never hot—for both Ivory massage and rinse. Pat dry. Since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply lightly a little cold cream.

Your complexion never outgrows its need for "baby-care." What's best for the world's Most Perfect Complexion—baby's own—is best for beauty at *every* age! For baby's daily beauty-care—and *yours*—doctors advise gentle Ivory Soap!

Today you may enjoy the beauty boon of New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory—the *mildest* Ivory ever to touch your skin! See how your loveliness responds to New Ivory Soap's kinder lather. So creamy, so quick—and *milder* than 10 leading toilet soaps!



### "BABY-CARE" ALL OVER?

Of course! Your body deserves complexion care. See how gratefully it responds to the soft, creamy richness of "velvet suds." New Ivory is faster-lathering, kinder to your skin than 10 leading toilet soaps! Thrill to the caress of a velvet-suds bath tonight!



99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> %  
PURE  
IT FLOATS

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care . . . use

# New Velvet-suds IVORY SOAP

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE





# A Hint to the Girl with a Man in her Life!



**HE PHONED**—"It's a date with bells on, Beautiful!" To set yourself off on the right foot, you freshen up with a shower or bath—you feel gay as confetti—as bubbling as champagne! But don't expect your bath unaided to keep you dainty all evening long. Bathing only removes past perspiration. To prevent risk of future odor, to *stay* popular, thousands of girls rely on Mum.



**ALL YOUR PLANS** to conquer can be undone by even a tiny trace of underarm odor! Perhaps you've seen unhappy girls neglected after even just a few dances! The gayer your evening is—the more you'll need Mum! It takes only 30 seconds to apply gentle, creamy Mum. Yet, without stopping perspiration, Mum guards your charm for many glittering hours—from the first happy "hello" to the last dreamy waltz.



Girls who use Mum say it's grand because:

**MUM SAVES YOUR TIME!** 30 seconds, and you're through... yet Mum protects your after-bath freshness all day or all evening.

**MUM SAVES YOUR CLOTHES!** It has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fine fabrics. And gentle Mum won't irritate your skin.

**MUM SAVES CHARM!** Mum works, not by stopping perspiration, but by *preventing* odor. Try it—you'll like Mum. Get a jar of Mum from your druggist today.

*For Sanitary Napkins*—Mum is such a safe, gentle deodorant. Mum's *dependability* is a safeguard against embarrassment.



Product of Bristol-Myers

**MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



# Preview

for NEXT MONTH

Don't miss this thrilling, complete novelette—the special feature of the May issue—

## LORENZO JONES

a soul-stirring story to warm the heart of every husband and every wife!

See beautiful, real life portraits of all your favorite stars of the popular radio serial—

## RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

You delight in their antics on the air, now enjoy the tender story of

## The Courtship of Fibber and Molly McGee

Believe it or not, Fibber really proposed!

For a short story of love you'll long remember, read

## The Touch of Your Lips

# Plus—

A complete program guide, a brand new song hit with words and music, Kate Smith's cooking page, and many more exciting features.

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# Radio AND TELEVISION Mirror

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Kodachrome by Charles P. Seawood

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# Life's

## A FUNNY THING

A broadcast by Hobart Bosworth, famous star of the silent films, who told some of his fascinating experiences on *We The People*, over CBS.

**Y**OU know, life's a funny thing. Forty years ago the doctors gave me up for dead. They're gone now—but I'm still here. I'd reached the peak of my career and was leading man with all the great ladies of the theater. Then I was taken ill—tuberculosis. I went to Arizona. For several years, I fought a lonely battle against sickness and poverty, with only my great dane dog, Chief, as a companion. I was finally reduced to sharing the scraps of meat I begged for my dog.

And then, still far from well, I went further West—Los Angeles. One day a man came to see me. He asked me if I would act in a motion picture. At that time no self-respecting actor would even think of going into the movies. I told him that if I felt better and had more strength, I'd throw him out bodily. But he said, "Of course, Mr. Bosworth, none of your friends would ever demean themselves by going to the nickelodeon down on Main Street to see it, and of course we never use anybody's name—and besides it's \$125 for two days work." Well, I needed the money, so I helped him to make that picture—"In The Power of the Sultan." That first picture was the beginning of a new life for me—for in those days all pictures were made out-of-doors, and I slowly regained my health. Since then, I've written and directed and acted in over 550 motion pictures and I never felt better in my life.

Back in the silent days I remember we used to act in two pictures at the same time. I did a Western and a sea picture together. While my sea clothes were drying out, we'd shoot the Western, and while we were getting the burrs off our chaps we'd shoot the sea-scenes—both of those pictures were completed within six days. I'm 74 years old now—but I've just finished another picture for Warner Brothers called "They Died With Their Boots On." When the time comes—that's the way I want to go—out in front of the cameras—with my boots on.

## Loveliness may soon be Yours! Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. Robert G. Johnson of New Orleans, La., says: "The Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet is such an easy way to help bring out the loveliness of one's complexion."

**Follow this way to a lovelier complexion—based on skin specialists' advice—praised by lovely brides!**

**I'M SO THRILLED . . .** being a Camay bride! When people tell me that my skin is lovely, I'm rewarded in full for my persistent devotion to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet. Many nights I was so sleepy . . . many mornings I was in such a hurry, but never once did I neglect to follow the 'Mild-Soap' Diet routine faithfully." So says Mrs. Robert G. Johnson.



A little time . . . a little care . . . and you, too, can be lovelier with the help of the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. For no woman's skin can be truly beautiful if she fails to cleanse it properly. Or if she uses a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is more than just mild . . . it's actually milder than the 10 famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we say your way to new loveliness is to "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet tonight!"

**GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!**



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.



# Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN



*Because he heard a hit tune in a concerto, Freddy Martin hit the bandleaders' seventh heaven.*

THE Will Bradley-Ray McKinley band partnership is about to dissolve. Drummer McKinley intends to organize his own band but the chances are that trombonist Bradley will desert the bandstand, concentrate on arranging. He didn't like the long tours that kept him away from his family.

Kay Kyser and Glenn Miller led all bands in 1941 earning power. Both of their bands grossed about \$1,000,000. Incidentally, Glenn's top record, "Chattanooga Choo Choo" sold over 1,000,000 copies and the millionth disk was auctioned off at the President's Birthday Ball.

The Orrin Tucker-Bonnie Baker combination which rode to stardom on an old little tune called "Oh, Johnnie" has finally split and the tiny singer will hereafter sing solo.

Winners in the Metronome magazine's all-star band contest were Benny Carter, Tex Beneke, Charlie Barnet, Toots Mondello, saxophones; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Harry James, Ziggy Elman, trumpets; Jack Teagarden, Tommy Dorsey, trombonists; Charlie Christian, guitar; Bob Haggart, bass; Count Basie, piano; Gene Krupa, drums. Vocalists were Helen Forrest and Frank Sinatra.

Jack Jenney, Artie Shaw's trombonist, is quite sick and has taken an indefinite leave of absence.

The Raymond Scott band has undergone extensive shakeups.



*It's Mr. and Mrs. Ennis: Skinnay and vocalist Carmene have been married two years, they confess.*



*Edythe Harper is a new singing addition to Muggsy Spanier's band, in place of Jeanie Ryan.*

This is your last chance to vote in "Facing the Music's" Dance Band Contest. Winners will be announced in the May issue of RADIO MIRROR. A ballot form is printed at the end of this column for you to fill out.

## THIS CHANGING WORLD

Harry James returns to the Hotel Lincoln in New York in April, following a theater tour. . . . Peggy Mann, formerly with Larry Clinton and Enoch Light, is now attached to the Teddy Powell band. . . . Edythe Harper is now singing with Muggsy Spanier's band, heard over NBC. She replaced Jeanie Ryan. Edythe's husband, Vernon Brown, is Spanier's trombonist. . . . Van Alexander, a former bandleader, now arranges for Les Hite. . . . Morton Gould, one of the better young composer-conductors, will make recordings for Columbia. . . . Wayne King is on a theater tour.

Lanny Ross has been doing a research job lately on old college varsity musical shows. His efforts were well rewarded *Continued on page 77*



# How you can catch cold—and what to do about it



**DUCK THAT KISS** if the one you are kissing has a cold. Kissing is one of the surest ways of exposing yourself; bacteria may travel by direct contact.



**LOOK OUT FOR SNEEZERS AND COUGH-ERS!** Bacteria are shot into the air by coughs and sneezes and may enter your nose or mouth.



**SUDDEN CHANGES OF TEMPERATURE** make certain types of people more susceptible to colds. In some cases they weaken resistance so that bacteria, already present, may get the upperhand.



## NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



**IN SOME PERSONS DRAFTS** cause disturbances of the circulatory system and, as in the case of sudden temperature changes, may lower body resistance.



**BEFORE HANDLING BABY!** If you have a cold yourself or have shaken hands with someone who has, always rinse your hands with full strength Listerine. Germs thrive on moist hand surfaces.



**UTENSILS USED BY THOSE WITH COLDS** may communicate the infection to others. Be particularly careful about children.

## AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD or SORE THROAT Gargle LISTERINE—QUICK!

This prompt and easy precaution, frequently repeated, may head off the trouble entirely or lessen the severity of the infection if it does develop. Carefully conducted clinical tests during the past 10 years showed these amazing results:

That regular, twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, colds of shorter duration, than non-users, and fewer sore throats due to colds in many cases.

You naturally want to know why this is so.

We believe that it is because Listerine reaches way back on the throat to kill

literally millions of the threatening bacteria known to doctors as the "secondary invaders" which may set up infection when body resistance is lowered for any reason (see panel above). In the opinion of many leading medical men these "secondary invaders" are the ones that so often complicate a cold . . . make it troublesome . . . result in the distressing symptoms you know all too well.

Actual tests showed bacterial reductions on the mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle . . . up to 80% an hour after.

In view of this impressive evidence isn't it wise to keep Listerine Antiseptic handy in home and office . . . to pack it when you travel . . . to gargle with it often and thoroughly at the first hint of trouble?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY  
St. Louis, Missouri



**WATCH YOUR THROAT**  
where illness often starts  
**LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT**

**ONLY 75¢** Batteries Included

Genuine du Pont "Lucite" Illuminator



# What's New from Coast



*Eddie Cantor urges the cast of his Broadway musical comedy to buy Defense stamps. Left to right, Linda Griffith, Virginia Mayo, Doris Kent, June Clyde, Audrey Christie, Sally and Tony DeMarco.*

**B**ESIDES being a delightful singer and a charming little actress, Judy Garland, we've just discovered, is an authoress too. "Love's New Sweet Song," the radio drama in which she played the leading role on the Silver Theater program, and which Radio Mirror recently published in story form, was the product of collaboration between Judy and professional radio writer True Boardman. The idea of the play was one Judy had had for some time, and she and True wrote the dialogue together. A very clever young lady is Judy.

\* \* \*

Radio people have their own methods of selling and buying Defense Bonds and Stamps.

Bea Wain, for instance, puts her savings into bonds, but that didn't quite satisfy her—she wasn't really giving up anything, just buying the bonds instead of putting the money into the bank. She has always been an ice-cream-soda addict, so now, whenever she wants a soda, she sternly refuses to pamper herself and instead puts the price of one into Defense Stamps. She buys twenty cents worth of them or more every day, and gets more honest satisfaction out of the stamps than she does from the impressive looking bonds she buys with her savings.

Bert Wheeler and Hank Ladd, the comedians of the Old Gold Show, sell all their friends chances on Defense Bonds. A chance on a \$25 bond costs a quarter, one on a \$100 bond, a dollar. As soon as they've collected the

## By DAN SENSENEY

purchase price of a bond they throw all stubs of chance-takers into a hat and pull out the lucky number. In their first four days of operations they sold \$425 worth. And for every bond they dispose of they purchase one for themselves.



*Personable Ronny Mansfield is heard on thirteen broadcasts a week on station WLW, Cincinnati.*

Why not copy one or both of these ideas? They're not patented—and every bond you buy is bad news to Hitler and the Japs.

\* \* \*

Bess Flynn, who writes the Bachelor's Children serial on NBC, is a grandmother now. Her son Charles, who plays Michael on the program, is the proud father of a baby girl.

\* \* \*

CINCINNATI, Ohio.—Leisure time is something Ronny Mansfield doesn't have. This personable young tenor, station WLW's Singing Emcee, is the busiest masculine singer on the whole staff. Here are the programs WLW listeners hear him on every week:

Your Easy Chair, Sunday at 1:30; Like I Always Say, Monday, Wednesday and Thursday at 10:40 A.M.; Your Kitchen Kibitzer, Monday through Friday at 11:15 A.M.; Squeekin Deacon, Wednesday at 6:15 P.M.; and Serves You Right, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 P.M. That's thirteen broadcasts. And in addition, personal appearance engagements take up three or four of Ronny's evenings, rehearsals average three hours a day, and so do private practicing and lessons with Mme. Leone Kruse, teacher at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Finally, while he's resting, Ronny brushes up on his Spanish, looking forward to a singing assignment on WLWO, the powerful short-wave companion station to WLW which carries Spanish-American programs to a vast South American audience.



# to Coast

But Ronny doesn't mind all the hustle and bustle. He's used to it, for he's been on the go since his high school days in Reading, Massachusetts, where he was always in demand for every school and community program. He was barely out of school when his first radio audition brought him a job with station WEEI in Boston, where he continued to sing for three years. Network audiences later heard him as the regular singer on Fibber McGee's program, with Tony Wons, as a guest artist on Rudy Vallee's variety hour, and on NBC's Smoke Dreams.

As a member of the Bachelors' Quartet, Ronny went to England in 1939, did radio and television broadcasts for the BBC, and sang in such popular Mayfair haunts as the Cafe de Paris, the Savoy and the Berkley. When he returned to America he joined George Olsen's orchestra as soloist, and came to WLW in the fall of 1940 after a season at the San Francisco World's Fair.

Kay Jordan, pretty 22-year-old daughter of Fibber McGee and Molly, quietly went out and successfully auditioned for two NBC programs, I Love a Mystery and Vance and Lila. Fibber and Molly didn't even know Kay was thinking about a radio career until after she'd been accepted to appear on the shows.

That's Carleton Young who plays Ellery Queen on the mystery serial Saturday nights. Hugh Marlowe was the famous detective when the show was first on the air a year ago. Marian Shockley, the original Nikki, still does the part.

Because its sponsor doesn't make pleasure cars any more, the Ford Sunday Evening Hour goes off the air early in March, and the following



Musical director Nelson Maples of KQV, Pittsburgh, thinks his job is the best one in the world.

WHY AM I  
ALWAYS  
ALONE IN A  
CROWD?

Because... to be attractive you must be dainty... and to be dainty you must discover *one* soap that actually banishes body odor... and at the same time adorns your skin with a protecting fragrance men love! You see, it's no longer necessary to risk your daintiness with an unpleasant-smelling soap.



YOU MEAN  
THERE'S A  
NICE-SMELLING  
SOAP A GIRL  
CAN DEPEND  
ON TO PROTECT  
HER AGAINST  
OFFENDING?

YES, INDEED... gentle, fragrant, pearly white Cashmere Bouquet! You'll revel in its rich, lasting suds that leave you exquisitely fresh and sweet... your skin delicately scented with a subtle, protecting fragrance.

M-M-M! WHAT A  
HEAVENLY SCENT... SMELLS  
LIKE \$20 AN OUNCE!  
DOES IT LAST?

DEFINITELY... and the lingering, alluring scent of Cashmere Bouquet is a help to romance! What's more, actually thousands of women have proved to themselves that Cashmere Bouquet is *one* perfumed soap that won't irritate their skin!



THANKS FOR THE TIP  
... AND HERE'S ONE FOR  
EVERY GIRL! SMELL THE  
SOAP BEFORE YOU BUY...  
YOU'LL GET CASHMERE  
BOUQUET EVERY TIME!

THAT'S A SWELL IDEA! It's always a pleasure to give a smart girl like you a glamour hint... to tell you about the lovelier way to avoid offending with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! Now you know what the costlier perfume of Cashmere Bouquet

can mean to you! Remember, there's no finer complexion care than Cashmere Bouquet, every day... and it's *one* perfumed soap that can agree with your skin! Be really smart... get Cashmere Bouquet Soap—today!

## Cashmere Bouquet Soap

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING





**H**UNDREDS of thousands of women have adopted the "True Story Habit." For they discovered, as millions before them, that the improved, magnificent True Story contains some of the greatest reading thrills and delights of the month. Yes, gigantic sales increases prove that True Story is definitely *the magazine bargain of the year!*



## "I WAS A HUSBAND-HUNTING HOTEL NURSE"

Nurse Laura Wharton was on a man hunt! She found her "big game" in swanky Metropolitan Hotel Conqueror and was all set to bag this greatest prize of the year, rich and handsome Buddy Cranston. But Fate also checked in at Hotel Conqueror, and when Laura was about to make the "kill", she learned that her heart had other ideas. . . .

Begin "Hotel Nurse" now in April True Story and discover this woman's strange career in a new and vibrant and *different* kind of true novel!



## OUT OF BOUNDS!

Are you tempted to leave behind that soldier boy who "left you behind"? Before saying, "I'm bored, I want excitement", read this story—and heed its lesson—of one girl's impatience and how her soldier found himself a new sweetheart!



**ALSO** *I Fought the Devil for My Wife's Soul* ★ *Ten-Day Honeymoon* ★ *Return to Love* ★ *Man on the Run* ★ *Unwilling Widow* ★ and dozens of other thrilling features!

# True Story

**GET THE APRIL ISSUE NOW. IT'S ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!**



*Abbott and Costello invade the wild west and make it even wilder in their new Universal film, "Ride 'Em Cowboy." Meanwhile, you can hear them with Charlie McCarthy, Sunday nights.*

Sunday night Fred Allen's program moves into the other show's old time, 9:00 on CBS. It's too bad to lose the Ford Hour, but at least we won't have to pick and choose between Allen and Eddie Cantor any more. Their battle for Wednesday-night listeners, which this move brings to an end, was one of radio's fiercest—and bona fide—feuds.

\* \* \*

**PITTSBURGH, Pa.**—A life full of ups and downs has been that of Nelson Maples, newly appointed Musical Director of station KQV in Pittsburgh. To those who would sympathize with him because he was once a vaudeville headliner but isn't occupying that exalted position any longer, Nelson has only one reply: "I wouldn't trade my KQV staff job for anything in the world!"

Back in 1923, when he was a Junior at West Virginia University, Nelson organized his first dance band. It was only a college group, but in its membership it had several young men who were to become top personalities—"Fuzzy" Knight, Charlie Gaylord, and Ted and Art Weems. The band was an immediate success, and after Paul Whiteman had heard it play he invited the boys to come to New York and broadcast over WEA.

On July 4, 1923, Nelson Maples and his orchestra sailed for England on the S.S. *Leviathan*—the first American college band ever to play on an ocean-going liner. Six months later, after their return to New York, the band went on tour for a year, playing all the big vaudeville circuits. Then, just when the future looked brightest, Nelson became seriously ill and had to

quit. He broke up the band and went home to West Virginia—heart-broken and convinced that his future had gone up in smoke.

But in 1928 Ted Weems, who had a band of his own by that time, persuaded the now recovered Nelson to organize a new orchestra. He did fairly well with it, and eventually was asked to direct the music for a revival of Gus Edwards' old success, "School Days," which toured the movie and vaudeville houses of the country. In the course of its travels the show came to Pittsburgh—and folded up there unexpectedly, leaving Nelson and his band stranded.



*A new star on the Grand Ole Opry is WSM's discovery, Minnie Pearl, who tells hilarious stories about people she loves.*



They stayed on in Pittsburgh, playing in night clubs, but in 1939 Nelson lost his orchestra again and earned a precarious living by playing the piano in small restaurants. Things looked dark until he was appointed Musical Director at KQV, but he's doing fine now, with a new seven-piece band and a swell program on the air every day. And he has no regrets. As he says, "Being Musical Director of a radio station is the finest job a musician could have. I've had more than just a taste of the so-called 'Big Time'—but to me, this job here at KQV is the real, honest-to-goodness Big Time!"

Jean Hersholt—radio's Dr. Christian—has announced the first big prize award ever offered to writers of radio scripts. It's to be known as the Dr. Christian Award, and under its terms the author of the best radio script submitted to a board of judges before May 1 will win \$2,000. The contest is open to amateur writers as well as professionals, so sharpen up your wits and your pencils—maybe you'll be the lucky one. Listen to the Dr. Christian program on CBS for further details.

The location of the Charlie McCarthy mock court-martial broadcast was a military secret until the program went off the air. The Army Command didn't want to advertise the spot where, at a specific time, several hundred American fliers would be gathered together under a single roof.

Meet Mr. Meek has a new Mr. Meek—Budd Hulick, who has been known until now chiefly as a comedian or master of ceremonies, more than an actor. It has a new Peggy, too—Caryl Smith. . . . It's Betty Winkler and Frank Lovejoy who are playing Abie and his Irish Rose on the Saturday-night serial adapted from the famous play of that name. . . . When Helen Mack left the cast of Myrt and Marge to become a mother, her role of Marge was taken over by Olive Deering.

Speaking of Myrt and Marge, Myrt is a real war-time widow these days. Her husband, Eddie Lambert, and her son George both volunteered for the Army and have been accepted.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah—An actor who doesn't want to get into the movies is Roy Drushall, of station KDYL's dramatic staff. Not only is he perfectly satisfied with his present job, he hasn't even any pet peeves. He's like the late Will Rogers, in that he never met a man he didn't like.

Roy was born in Salt Lake City, but about the time he entered high school his parents moved to Los Angeles and Roy found himself standing in front of the statue of Myrna Loy at the Venice Polytechnic High School. It must have been an inspiration, because Roy, filled with the ambition to act, started on a career that led him through numerous leading parts in high school plays and then on to the University of California at Berkley, where he majored in dramatics.

The year of the depression found him out of college and facing a world of stern realities. With a roll of manuscripts in one hand and a box of grease paints in the other, he took the first job he could find, playing juvenile leads with the Bay City Players in towns near Los Angeles—Venice, Continued on page 85

## "My Romance was dying of starvation"

A TRUE STORY OF THE  
"ONE NEGLECT"  
THAT ALMOST WRECKED A MARRIAGE



1. Before we were married, we were so much in love! But after our wedding Bill changed—his attentions grew less and less. I suffered the miseries of neglect.



2. Then at the club one day I met a famous woman doctor—and overcame my pride enough to tell her my troubles. She shocked me by saying, "I'm afraid it's your own fault—you see, there's one thing husbands don't forgive in their wives—carelessness or ignorance about feminine hygiene."



3. "So many married women come to me with the same story. And my advice to them, and to you, is—use Lysol disinfectant regularly for intimate personal care. Lysol cleanses and deodorizes—and at the same time it instantly kills millions of germs, without harm to sensitive tissues. Lysol is safe."



4. That's how Lysol became my standard practice for feminine hygiene. It's so gentle to use—and so economical. And you never have to worry about its effectiveness. It works! As for my romance—we're more in love than ever.

### Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions spread and virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



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For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. R.T.M.-442 Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.



*Elizabeth Reller, playing Ann in CBS' serial, Young Dr. Malone, has one of radio's most dazzlingly lovely smiles.*



## WHEN YOU SMILE

BY DR. GRACE GREGORY

**P**ROBABLY the mouth is the most expressive feature of your face. The expressions of your lips tell much of your disposition and habitual moods. Their make-up shows your artistry and good taste. But it is the smile that tells the whole story. Only when the parted lips show healthy teeth is your smile a real winner.

There are no cosmetics for the teeth. Nothing but genuine health and habitual careful cleansing will serve. Mind the three Ds—your diet, your dentifrices, and your dentist's instructions—and you will have teeth to be proud of.

Go to your dentist every six months as a sort of insurance. Then if any tooth needs a filling, it can be taken care of early. People who see their dentists regularly seldom have dentist's bills that amount to anything. Moreover, a good dentist will tell you if there is anything wrong with the way you are taking care of your teeth—if they are being improperly cleansed, or starved.

Teeth can be literally starved if the diet is deficient in vitamins, or in calcium and colloidal minerals. Calcium is stored in the teeth and bones. If the supply is not maintained, the teeth grow weak and susceptible to decay and disease. Milk is the richest

source of calcium. Dieticians say adults should have at least a pint of milk a day. Cheese, butter, eggs, plenty of vegetables, salads, fruits, and sea food are other musts.

The daily care of the teeth is another matter that will bear study. Time was when little girls were taught that the oftener they brushed their teeth (any old how) the prettier those teeth would be. Now the dentists tell us that millions of people are literally brushing their teeth away.

Unless the teeth are brushed just right, and with a nonabrasive dentifrice, the outer coating of enamel can be worn away. This is particularly true of the softer type of teeth.

First of all, choose your dentifrices carefully. Any dentifrice that is gritty or abrasive in any way you can detect, is inevitably harmful.

Other things being equal, your taste can determine your dentifrice. Paste, powder, or liquid? All three have their adherents. Some firms put out two kinds, to give you a choice.

Twice a day is the minimum for

your tooth cleaning routine; preferably after breakfast and at bedtime. If you can manage a brushing between times, say after lunch and after dinner, fine!

Never, never scrub back and forth, except on the cutting surface of the teeth. Brush down and out on the upper teeth, up and out on the lower. That is, brush in the direction the teeth grow. And begin the stroke at the top (or, for lower teeth, the bottom) of the gums. Gum massage is one of the important functions of brushing, and very necessary in this age of soft, over-refined foods. We have to supply by massage of the gums what our ancestors (remote) got by gnawing bones.

Rinse the mouth after every cleansing (and between times) with a good antiseptic solution or mouth wash. Take a mouthful and swish it back and forth between the teeth.

Finally, how about that toothbrush of yours? A soft damp brush is not going to do much good, and an old brush infected with bacteria does positive harm. Dentists recommend two tooth brushes, used alternately, so that you will always be using a thoroughly dry brush. And they say that no toothbrush should be used more than a month.

**RADIO MIRROR** ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**



# Now Hair Can Be Far More Alluring SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!



Worldly but bewitching . . . this smoothly-rolled, distinguished hair-do. Hair shampooed with improved Special Drene, now featured by leading beauty salons, because it leaves hair so silky, smooth!

## Amazing hair conditioner now in improved Special Drene Shampoo brings new glamour to hair!

● Have you discovered yet how much more glamorous even the simplest hair-do looks after a shampoo with improved Special Drene? That amazing hair conditioner now in Special Drene makes the most terrific difference! It leaves the hair far silkier, smoother . . . easier to comb into smooth, sleek neatness . . . easier to arrange!

No wonder improved Special Drene, with hair conditioner in it, is sweeping the country . . . thrilling girls everywhere!

### Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it *never* leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color.

### Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you sham-

poo with Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it!

And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! Drene reveals *extra highlights, extra color brilliance . . . up to 33% more lustre!*

So to get these extra beauty benefits, don't wait to try improved Special Drene! Get a bottle of this real beauty shampoo this very day at any toilet goods counter—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

All Special Drene now at dealers' in the blue and yellow package is improved **Special Drene with Hair Conditioner Added** and is for every type of hair . . . no matter whether dry, oily, normal! Don't wait to try new, improved Special Drene—or ask your beauty operator to use it.

## Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!



Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% more lustre!



Procter & Gamble, Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





# Faith

*Memories were surging within her heart—the soft night, the moss on the live oaks, his lips on hers. Had he forgotten their hour of glory? Was she to wait forever?*



THE light on the table was soft, throwing a pool of gold on the white cloth. We were drinking our coffee, John and I, and I knew that that which I had tried to avoid through the past weeks of our friendship would, this evening, have to be faced. And I had no answer to give him or even to the crying need within me. The achingly sweet memories of the past could not be forgotten; I still hoped for their fulfillment. As I glanced up quickly into John's dark eyes, the light in them, the eagerness, brought, like a stab of pain, the remembrance of other eyes, as eager, as glowing—gray eyes which I had not seen for two years. He was speaking, and still I was unprepared.

"Ann," he said, "let's drive around. We're near Rock Creek Park. It's a beautiful spring evening, and I—I—have so much to say—"

There had been another spring! Should I drive it from my mind? Should I bravely admit that months of silence could mean but one thing? I shook my head.

"No, John." I hoped he couldn't hear in my voice the hurt within me. "I'm tired. I had a hard day at the office; I'd better go home."

He squared his shoulders. His hand slipped across the table and caught my fingers.

"Then I'll say it here." His tone had deepened, was tender. "You guess what it is—you must. I've been trying to tell you for days. I love you, Ann—I love you."

His fingers pressed mine against the white cloth; they lay passive under his. I didn't want to hurt him; I liked him so much. And doubt and faith and fear were struggling within me.

"Please, John," I exclaimed, "please—I don't know what to say. I can't explain."

"Is there someone else?" The question was quiet.

Again I hesitated. Was there someone, alive, vital, tall and strong, fair haired, with laughing mouth? There had been a boy with whom I had climbed trees, and played Indian, who had carried my books to school. There had been a man who had said: "I love you," as we stood on the cliffs of Santa Barbara, and the blue Pacific with its miles of purple kelp had glittered before my eyes like the pathway to Paradise. Did he no longer look into the sun, or feel the wind on his face? Was he, because he no longer lived, incapable of returning to me? Or—and this hurt as death itself would hurt—had he forgotten that hour of glory? Had it never been glory for him?

"Ann," John spoke sharply, "what is it? What's the matter?"

"Why—nothing—" I stammered, surprised by his unexpected questions. I forced a smile. "I was thinking—" I broke off. What could I tell him, what could I tell anyone that would explain what had happened? "Oh it's nothing," I burst out, impatient at my inability to answer him. "It's just that there was someone, once."

He nodded, his face thoughtful, as we rose from the table. At least, I thought, when I said goodnight to him quickly in front of the dark brick house in which I lived, he isn't too deeply hurt. I didn't pause at the top step and look back, but opened the door quickly and shut it behind me. Then I hurried to the tiny apartment I shared with Mary.

In that busy Washington, humming like a beehive as the center of the Victory Program, Mary and I, working in the same office, and liking each other, had decided to live together. She was good for me; practical and sane, she had steadied me in the tumult of my doubts and questions. Now she sat up in bed, as I stole into the

room, and switched on the light beside her.

"Have a good time?" she asked, then stared. "Lord, what a way to look after a dinner date, and with as nice a man as John. You must have seen a ghost."

And, suddenly, to my disgust, there were tears in my eyes; I couldn't force them back, they ran down my cheeks.

"Mary," I dropped down on the foot of her bed, "you'll think I'm a fool. But I've lived with a ghost for two years, and tonight—John said—something that—well—brought everything to life."

"Sounds like some sort of riddle. What's the matter, did John say he loved you?"

I nodded. "How did you guess?"

"I've eyes in my head, and I use them." Was it a shadow thrown by the light, had her face changed, subtly? "Well?" her voice was sharp, "what did you tell him?"

"Nothing. Oh, Mary," I flung out my hands, speaking in disjointed sentences. "There's someone else. I love him, but I don't know—if he loved me wouldn't he write—wouldn't I hear from him? Surely, he could get word to me, unless he's—dead—or forgotten—"

Mary leaned down and pulled her wrapper up around her, humped her pillows back of her and settled herself.

"I suppose there is some sense somewhere in what you're saying."

SUDDENLY I wanted to tell her everything that had happened. The long days of childhood when Bradley Curtiss had been my companion, when we had carried our books up into the branches of the ancient apple tree and had read of the Knights of Arthur's Round Table and their high adventures. Ever since then, he had been to me a knight in shining armor. I had rather hoped there was still one dragon left on earth from whom he could protect me, even as he had from that large black dog who had plunged out of the woods one day, ugly, with flashing teeth, and Bradley had been bitten. I remembered the blood on the back of his hand. I could still feel my terror, and the adoration of my child's heart given to him so completely from that minute on.

"He was a boy with whom I grew up. We played together. We had such fun. Then my family moved to California when I was fifteen, and I didn't see him for several years."

Those years had been lonely. There had been other companions, but something had gone from life, something Continued on page 86

*An adaptation by Alice Eldridge Renner from the radio play "Everybody Comes to Washington," by Ruth Adams Knight, first heard on the Theater of Today, Saturday at noon, E.S.T., over the CBS network, sponsored by the Armstrong Cork Company, and starring Madge Evans.*



# My Heart Was True

THEY were seated together at a corner table in the Mulberry Room and they were just finishing dinner. Carol Hale, who did bits in radio, and Ken Williams who wrote daytime radio scripts when he wasn't writing sonnets to Carol. They were seated close together, not talking much, but every once in so often Carol flashed a shy smile in Ken's direction and Ken, smiling back, wondered when he could put his dream into words. "Words are so easy to write," thought Ken, "but so darn hard to say!" He cleared his throat and asked, "How about a nubbin of pastry?"

Carol was as slim as a river reed—she was one of those rare women who never need to diet. She said, "I'd adore some pastry," and Ken beckoned to the waiter and then, heads close together, they made a game of deciding which piece to choose. The waiter, who knew Carol well, and worshipped her, offered suggestions.

"The cream napoleon," he urged, "or the mocha eclair? No, try the chocolate box!"

"The chocolate box," agreed Carol and watched, with complete attention, as it was eased onto her plate.

Ken said, "I'll take the eclair. How's your daughter getting along, Jacques? Still studying dramatics?"

All at once the waiter was effervescent. "She graduated from dramatic school last month," said the waiter. "Miss Hale got her an audition and the director said he'd give her a part . . . She'll make the grade—thanks to Miss Hale."

Carol murmured, "Jacques—please. I didn't do anything—"

The waiter started to remonstrate, his spaniel gaze on Carol's face. And then somebody else called for pastry and he darted away and Ken turned to Carol with mock sternness.

"At it again—getting jobs for people!" he said. "Why don't you look out for yourself, Carol?"

Carol said, "I'm doing all right. And his daughter is a pretty thing—and she has a sweet voice, too."

Ken told her, "You're a pretty



*And then, like a sleepwalker, she was drifting from her chair and Stan was out of his, and they were gravitating together and were leaving the Mulberry Room, arm in arm.*


thing—you've a sweet voice," and cursed himself inwardly for being fatuous. "Carol," he blurted out, "what you need is someone to take care of you."

Carol flushed and crumpled the chocolate walls of her pastry box with a nervous fork. After a moment she whispered, repeating herself—"Oh, I'm doing all right," and a bell rang in Ken's soul. "Now's the time," he told himself, and cleared his throat and said abruptly, "Darling, I want to take—" and broke off as a hand fell on his shoulder.

"How're things?" said a voice that was warm and comfortable and friendly. "Any room at this table?"

It was Maude Sanborn, also a radio writer. Maude who always horned in on parties without any loss of popularity. Women liked her because she was plump and jolly and not competitive—men because she didn't make any passes at them and paid her own check if necessary. But this evening—well, there wasn't any room at the table. Ken almost told Maude to run away and sell her papers but he didn't have time for Carol's shy





*At first it was fascination  
that drew her to him, then it  
was something else — pride,  
perhaps — that held her, in  
spite of sorrow and another  
love that called to her heart*

*Illustrations by James Billmyer*

smile was creeping out again and Maude, answering it, was taking her place between them.

"Now this is cozy!" said Maude, "Gosh, I wish I had Carol's figure. I'm a sucker for chocolate!"

"Take just one bite," said Carol, and Maude leaned forward with her mouth open to receive a loaded forkful. And then her eyes widened to match her mouth and she exclaimed, "Look—there in the doorway! God's gift to women."

Carol raised her own eyes and peered through the smoky dimness of the Mulberry Room toward the

*A Complete  
Novelette*

By

**MARGARET  
SANGSTER**



raised platform, like a stage, which was designed for grand entrances. Ken followed her glance and said, "You called the turn, Maude. God's gift to women, at least. That's Stanley Breen."

Carol, with her lashes flickering and her lips curving softly, echoed—"Stanley Breen?" and nobody knew that history was in the making.

**STANLEY BREEN!** Six feet of carefully controlled muscle, a face full of expensive tan—featuring blue eyes and white teeth—wavy hair parted in the middle. He stood just inside the doorway on the platform, casting his eye from table to table, sorting out possibilities, and then he saw Ken Williams and yipped—"Hi, Ken!" and came striding toward them. And suddenly all of the men in the Mulberry Room were smaller and less virile, and the Mulberry Room itself was smaller.

Ken made the introductions. Maude first—she was the oldest—Carol next. "Meet Stan Breen," he said. "Just fresh out of the west—Lochinvar, Incorporated! Stan, these are radio people."

"God love them," laughed Stan. He shook hands with Maude, bowed from the waist in Carol's direction, pulled out a chair without so much as a by-your-leave, and flung his splendid body into it. "The drinks," he said, "are on me."

Ken objected. "Not a chance—this is *my* evening." He beckoned a waiter and ordered Scotch and soda—although it was demi tasse hour. But when the Scotch and soda arrived Stan grew critical and sent it back and mentioned a de luxe brand that came in a square bottle with a cut crystal stopper.

Maude was nibbling bits of chocolate from Carol's pastry box. She started to ask questions—she always did. "You really look like a westerner, Mr. Breen," she said. "What I mean is—you look authentic. Are you a cowboy? Is the rodeo in town?"

Stanley Breen's face mirrored a sudden distaste and Ken Williams leaped into the gap. "This is the Stanley Breen," he told Maude. "The golden voiced announcer. He's on my show and we had to pay through the nose to get him. I told you all about the deal—didn't I, Carol?"

Carol said—"Yes, Ken, you told me." Her voice had an odd breathlessness about it. "Yes," she repeated, "you told me—" and flushed scarlet, for Stan was leaning forward, studying her, feature by feature. Carol was worth studying—she was delicately fragile, she might have been formed of Venetian

glass, and her hair was as heavy as the sort of satin that stands alone, and her eyebrows were like wings.

"I'm glad," said Stan, his scrutiny over, "that Ken's broken—the ice. But why didn't he tell me something about you, Miss Hale?"

Ken made what might, or might not, have been an apology. "I spend so much time thinking about Carol," he said, "that I find it hard to do much talking about her."

It was Maude who threw in—"Carol's an actress."

"Oh, an actress," nodded Stan. His tone was faintly amused. He might have said, "another actress."

Carol explained hastily and there was no doubt about it—she *was* apologizing. "I'm extremely unimportant," she said. "I just manage—to get by."

"That's as it should be," said Stan, dismissing Carol's career casually. "Success spoils a woman . . . Look, my new car's outside."

Maude gurgled—"Well, I live over in New Jersey and I'll be going home pretty soon, if you want to give the car a tryout—" but Stan ignored her. He said, "Where do you live, Miss Hale?"

Carol told him, "Just around the corner. Within walking distance."

Stan said, "If we went for a run out Westchester way I could deliver you back on your doorstep in a couple of hours. These spring evenings are slick, Miss Hale. . . . A bit later there'll be a moon, and my new car's a convertible and the top's down."

It was definitely rude. Ken Williams was beyond doubt Carol's host—but he was not included in the invitation. He glanced swiftly at Stan and intercepted the glance that was passing between the announcer and Carol. His jawline tightened a trifle as Carol said gently—

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Breen, but I'm with Ken. We were going to the new movie across the street."

"Ken has Miss—eh—Sanborn," said Stanley. "Don't be a dog in the manger, Ken. What can you do with two women?"

Carol laughed and the breathless quality that had made her speaking voice sound tense, and almost apprehensive, was in her laughter. "You—you underestimate Ken," she said.

Ken was a good sport—perhaps he was too good a sport. He laid his hand on Carol's arm and though there was no pressure to his fingers there was a sense of tenderness in the gesture.

"That's all right, Toots," he said carefully. "You run along and enjoy yourself. Moom pitchers are only

moom pitchers, and you're looking a bit washed out this evening. Spring air and moonlight won't do you any harm."

Maude started to say something but changed her mind. Carol started to say something but gulped down a rising inflection. And then, like a sleepwalker, she was drifting from her chair and Stan was out of his, and they were gravitating together—almost magnetically—and were leaving the Mulberry Room, arm in arm. And Maude and Ken were alone at a table that seemed as large as a skating rink. It was fully three minutes before Maude said—

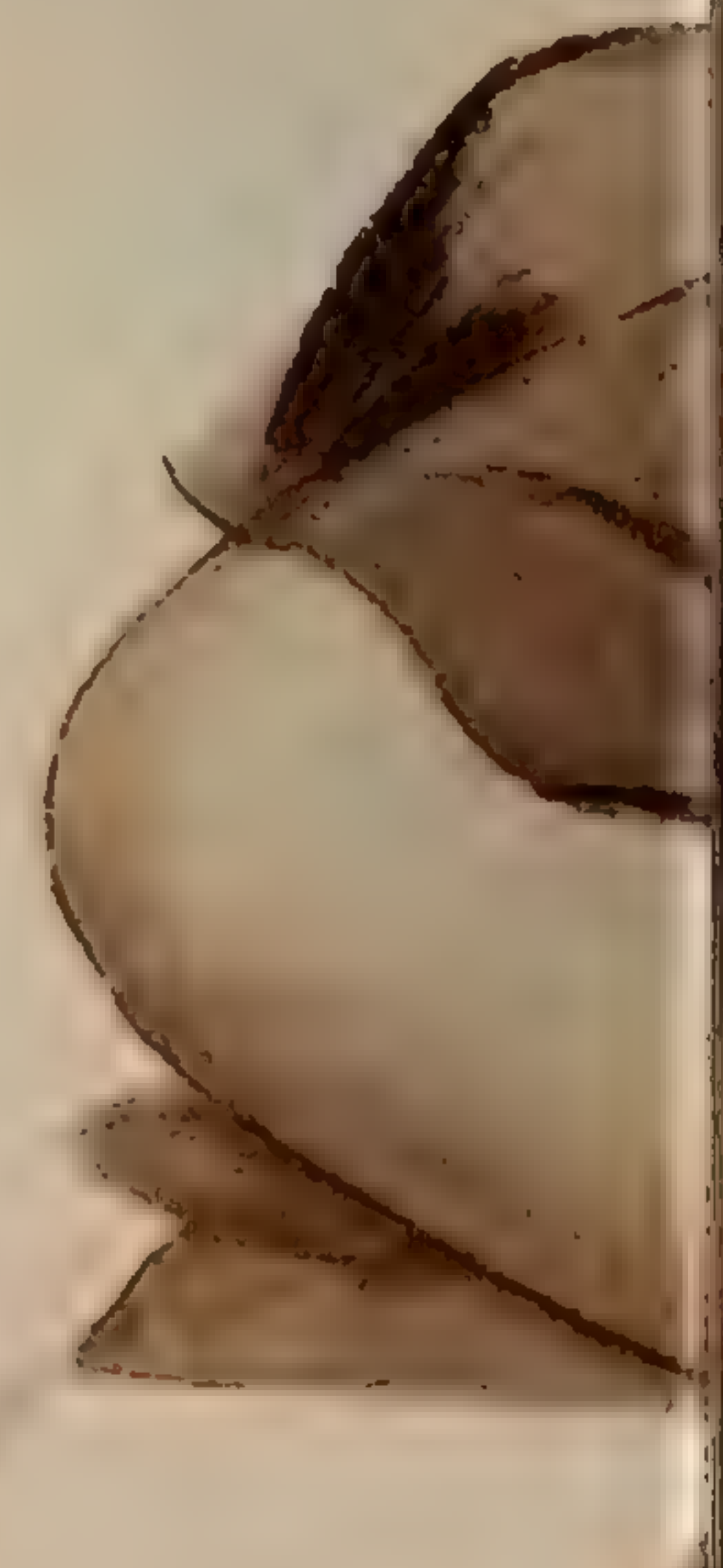
"Ken, you're a sap!"

It was fully five minutes before Ken admitted, "I suppose I am." He nodded to the waiter and ordered a double Scotch. Just ordinary bar Scotch—the deuce with de luxe brands!

\* \* \*

Beginning with the night in the Mulberry Room Carol Hale was seen everywhere with Stanley Breen. At Louis and Armand's, at the Mayan, in the Rainbow Grill—in all of the spots where radio folk foregather. When Ken asked her to go places she was childishly apologetic—often there were tears in her eyes—but it couldn't be helped, she had a date. So after the first week or two Ken stopped inviting her for cocktails and luncheon and dinner and the theatre, and he poked a certain little square box with a ring in it under the shirts in his middle bureau drawer, where he didn't have to see it. Only when he got down to the last shirt, before the laundry came back, was he conscious of the bump that it made.

Of course, there was plenty of



*When Carol fainted Ken had her in his arms so fast he was surprised at himself, and he was kissing her when she came to.*





gossip, for Stan had brought his reputation along with him from the coast—he had a definite way with women. Females fell for him with a dull thud, and stayed down for a count of ten. Rumor said he could have his pick of Hollywood and the stage and certainly radio, and Maude Sanborn—who was hardly ever catty—muttered that he must employ a press agent to give him the buildup. But—in all fairness—Stanley Breen didn't need a press agent. His publicity department was in women's eyes—which lit up or looked wistful when he came into their line of vision. There was one big blonde girl, a White Russian or something, who sang ballads in a husky, rich voice. People said that Stan had to brush her off his doorstep at least three times a week.

Big blondes, redheads, brunette leading ladies—why did he prefer little Carol Hale who played bit parts and was too ethereal, some said, to be exciting? Perhaps Carol was a new type to Stan, perhaps it was a long while since he had known a girl who laughed so easily at his not very funny jokes, and cried so easily when he flung a wisp of sarcasm in her direction—perhaps he had never known a girl who blushed so easily! But perhaps he stuck to her through thick and thin because so many people around the studios went out of their way to tell him she was Ken Williams' property, and that Ken was all set to marry her. Some men are like that.

A week, two weeks, three weeks. Stan's fan mail was colossal—his sponsor needed two stenographers to answer inquiries and write thank-yous. Because of the fan mail he got another job—a Sunday night show—on top of his regular daytime announcing, and people began to wonder how much income tax he'd pay when the time arrived. Ken Williams had called his voice a golden one and it was—ask any account executive. Each intonation was worth so much in dollars and cents.

A week, two weeks, three weeks, and then Carol Hale and Stanley Breen had been going around together for a month and the gossip was growing a trifle more pointed—small sharp points at regular intervals, like barbed wire. Folk were wondering what Carol did to hold Stan, they hadn't thought she was that sort, but you can't tell about these demure women. No doubt they appeared in public constantly to screen what was going on in private—folk had seen Stan coming out of a certain hotel, but the babe he was with got into the taxi so fast they couldn't *Continued on page 48*



# I Loved

ON the morning of Monday, December the eighth, 1941, it was as if we had all waked up into a different world. The way the wind blew in from the Golden Gate, the streets climbing up the steep hills, the graceful span of the Bay bridge, to Treasure Island and beyond . . . all these and many other things were not quite the same as they had been twenty-four hours before. Looking at them, you had the feeling that *they* knew, too, how the world had changed.

People in other countries must have noticed this too. The idea of war is so big, so brutal, that it alters the color and shape even of familiar things.

It seemed rather futile and ridiculous to go down to the broadcasting studios, rehearse as usual for an hour, then broadcast the daily fifteen minutes of our serial. Once that radio serial had been so important! My own role on it—the part of Kitty Mervin—had been almost a second personality for me; sometimes I wasn't sure whether it was I, Linda Shain, walking down San Francisco's streets, or Kitty Mervin. But today it was almost a relief when they told me at the studio the broadcast had been cancelled because the President was going to speak to Congress.

I listened to him, trying hard to believe all this was really happening. I wished noon would come soon, so I could meet Tim as usual for lunch. I needed him today—needed him badly.

*All her will, all her resolves, were caught in the magic mesh of the moonlight. Why couldn't she seize this one instant of time? What did it matter that they would never be able to build a life together?*

Tim Lyon! I used to say his name over and over to myself. It meant so many things: six feet of muscular body, hands that were long-fingered and clean, etched across their backs with silky black hairs, an arrangement of wide mouth and straight nose and blue eyes and heavy black brows and hair that for some reason was better than that possessed by any other man I'd ever seen.

And Tim Lyon meant more. He meant companionship, mixed with excitement—the companionship of hours spent talking at a restaurant table or walking along the beach near the Cliff House or dancing at cocktail time at the Top o' the Mark. The excitement of moments when our hands touched unexpectedly or our eyes exchanged a message too intimate for words. The excitement—sometimes—or a quarrel violent as a summer storm, as quickly and beautifully over. The excitement of being in love.

We hadn't talked about being married yet. Somehow, it seemed like tempting fate, when we had known each other only one short month. But I knew, and Tim knew, we would not wait long. Every day it was harder to live apart, meeting only at noon, in the evenings, in whatever odd hours Tim could spare from his three sponsored news broadcasts a day and from the constant attendance on the clicking teletypes which brought him the material for them.

Not that he was merely a broadcaster of the news. He interpreted it as well. Somehow, when you listened to Tim Lyon, you came away

from the radio knowing a little more of the *why* of the day's events than you had before. For instance, from the very first he had been telling people to distrust the Japanese peace mission; so much that he had been accused of war-mongering. War-mongering! If people had only believed him!

But there was certainly nothing triumphant, nothing of "I told you so," in his manner when he met me a little after noon in the Tavern, where we always lunched. He looked tired and dispirited. I wondered if he had been up most of the night. We'd planned to meet the day before, but the news of the Pearl Harbor bombing had come through, and Tim had been needed at the studio.

"Hello, darling," he said in the deep, soft voice that, as much as his ability to interpret the news, made him so valuable to his sponsors. "Sorry I'm late—I almost didn't manage to get away at all."

"That's all right."

He folded his long body into the side of the booth opposite me and frowned up at the loudspeaker perched above us, near the ceiling. It was afternoon in Washington, and the vote on war was being taken.

"I wish they'd turn that thing off," he said irritably. "There ought to be some place you could get away from it." Frowning, he picked up the menu. "What're you going to eat?"

"I don't know. I'm not very hungry." I'd never seen him like this—out of sorts, moody. But I couldn't blame him. Events were enough to make anyone feel blue.





# a Coward



*"Good bye, Linda," he whispered. Far away, over the moonlit city, the All Clear signal sounded.*

"Neither am I." The waitress came up and he ordered a sandwich and coffee. Principally because it saved time and energy, I asked for the same. Tim leaned back in the booth, not looking at me but at a point somewhere behind and beyond my left shoulder. I had the uneasy feeling that he hadn't really come into the Tavern at all, but was still back there in the newsroom of the studio, leaning over the teletype

machine, avid for each bit of news. I was wrong. His mind wasn't there at all.

Saying little, we had finished the sandwiches before Tim showed me his thoughts. He said abruptly, "I've been wondering, Linda. Yesterday, when the news first came through, and last night and today . . . What are we waiting for? Why don't we get married—soon?"

Married! My heart jumped, once,

at the word. Then I realized where we were, what the day was, how Tim had said he'd been wondering ever since yesterday—and I looked at him dumbly, unable to answer.

"Of course we haven't known each other long," he admitted, "but—well, I've loved you from the minute I saw you."

"Yes," I said faintly. "And I've loved you." But still a question was between us



Tim answered it. "This war changes everything. There isn't time now to think, and plan. They'll be drafting everyone soon. And then it will be too late to get married."

He spoke the words simply, but they rang in my ears with a terrible sound of urgency. Too late—too late for the hours of happiness we might have had!

**J**UST then, war for me stopped being a matter that was dreadful but still remote. It entered *my* life. It threatened *my* man.

"Oh, yes!" I said. "Yes, Tim! I couldn't stand it if—if you had to go, and we'd never had any life together!"

"Dearest!" he said huskily, relievedly. "It won't be the kind of wedding you deserve. I won't be able to get away for a real honeymoon—only a week-end."

"As if that mattered!" I laughed. "As far as that goes, I don't suppose I could either."

Ever so little, his face changed. "Well, that's another thing," he said thoughtfully. "What do you think about giving up your radio work?"

"Give up my— But why should I?"

"I'm making enough for both of us and—well, there's no sense in blinding ourselves. I'm more likely to be drafted if my wife's self-supporting. That is—" he fumbled for words—"it probably wouldn't make any *real* difference, since after all you're *capable* of supporting yourself, but I don't see why we should stick our necks out."

"Oh," I said. "No . . . I suppose not." I pulled open my handbag, reached inside for lipstick and compact, doing anything to keep busy, to avoid having to look at his face. I was afraid of what I might see in it. I mustn't be foolish, I told myself, I mustn't open the gates of my mind to the doubts that were hammering there.

"What's the matter?" Tim said sharply. "You're not thinking I want to hurry and get married just to—"

"No, of course not," I answered hurriedly.

"You do think that! My God," he said angrily, "do I seem that despicable to you? Of course I don't want to be drafted—who would? And I'll admit that if having you dependent on me would make any difference I'd be glad of the advantage—"

"Tim!" I cried. "Don't say that! Don't admit it!"

But there was no stopping him now. He rushed on, "Don't go romantic on me! Would you like a hero on a white charger, dashing off

to the wars? . . . The situation's simple enough: we wanted to be married anyhow, and because the war's come along we get married a little sooner. It probably won't make a spoonful of difference to the Draft Board whether I'm married or not, or whether you're working or not—but if it does, I say fine and dandy—that's all!"

I was stuffing things back into my bag, pulling on my gloves. "I've got to go, Tim," I said. "I can't—I can't go on talking to you now. Please—"

We'd quarreled before, but not like this. Our quarrels had been healthy, exhilarating, the product of our love as much as anything else. Even in the midst of them I had respected him, and had known that when they were over reconciliation would be all the sweeter. But there was something horrid and forced about his anger today. I had the feeling it wasn't real, that he was shouting to drown out some inner voice which persisted in saying something very different.

"I'll call you tonight," I said, and hurried from the restaurant.

But I didn't, because that night we had our first blackout.

Jane had come home late, and it was after seven o'clock by the time we had finished dinner. Jane—plump, good-natured, outspoken—worked for the network too. She was secretary to the program director for the San Francisco area, and it was through her I got my first chance to act in front of a microphone. We'd shared an apartment for two years, and I loved her for the loyalty she hid behind a mask of cynical tolerance.

Over coffee, she said shrewdly, "What's cookin', Linda? You're about as cheerful as rain on a tin roof. War got you down?"

"In a way," I admitted. "Tim asked me to marry him today."

"I'd have said that's what you wanted."

"I did. I—do. Only—I'm afraid he asked me hoping it would help him get out of the draft."

Jane poured out another cup of coffee before answering. She didn't seem shocked, only thoughtful. "That's quite a thing to think about a guy," she said finally. "And anyway, I doubt it. Getting married as late as this isn't going to keep anyone from being drafted. Tim's smart enough to know that. Besides, you're self-supporting."

"He wants me to give up my work. That's what first gave me the idea about—about him trying to evade the draft. And when I asked him, he as much as admitted that was why he wanted me to quit working."

Jane pursed her lips and shrugged.

"Well, why not? Nobody likes to be shot at."

"Jane—don't!" The anguish conjured up by the picture of Tim under fire, struck by a bullet, falling to the ground, was in my voice.

"That's what war is," she reminded me. "I expect Tim's thought of it in that connection, rather than as flags waving and bands playing."

"But he's so—ashamed of himself, Jane! If you could have heard him protesting—trying to justify himself! It was—shameful."

"You *have* got yourself into a state," Jane said as she got up and began to clear the table. "Me, I'd marry him and worry about the draft when it happens."

It was while we were doing the dishes that the air-raid alarm and blackout came.

The radio was on, and we heard music break off suddenly and an announcer come on to explain hurriedly that all radio stations had been ordered off the air, that we were to turn out all lights, stay off the streets, and remain calm. Then there was silence, except for the wail of sirens and the far-off hum of airplanes. Ours? Or theirs?

In the darkness, Jane and I stood at the window and watched. That was the wrong thing to do, we found out later, but we didn't know it then. The blackout was far from complete. Pleasure cars ground up and down the hill, past the window, and lights still showed in other apartments and across the Bay, on the Piedmont hills. But enough of them had been turned off to make the scene weird and terrifying.

**W**HILE Jane and I watched in silence, helpless, raging fury rose in me against the power-crazed men who subjected a great city and its citizens to this humiliation. And after a while I had proof that Jane felt the same way. Perhaps without realizing that she was speaking aloud, she was muttering:

"Those dirty, sneaking little yellow fiends! I'd like to get my hands on one of them, just once!"

She said more, some of it not language proper for a lady. It was strange to hear Jane, usually so easy-going and off-hand, really angry. I don't think either of us had room in our minds, just then, to be afraid.

Nothing happened, of course, but somehow I did not feel like calling Tim that night. I woke up the next morning in a calmer mood. With the brilliant morning sunlight streaming in on me at breakfast, I reflected that perhaps I had been mistaken about Tim. It must be as he'd said—the war was *Continued on page 80*



# Vic and Sade

## IN LIVING PORTRAITS

*Now see in attractive photographs the delightful down-to-earth people who live "halfway down in the next block"—motherly Sade, gruffly tender Vic, unpredictable Rush and absent-minded Uncle Fletcher*



For more than nine years the lives of many listeners have been made happier by events in the home of the Gooks—Vic, Sade and Rush. The Gooks' residence, that little house halfway down in the next block, is a six-room frame dwelling with front and rear porches and furnished with the usual things to be found in any middle-class American home. You can visit the Gooks and share with them their many hilarious, vexing and human misadventures almost any weekday afternoon at 1:30 on CBS or at 3:45 (both times are E.S.T.) on NBC-Red. Written by Paul Rhymer, the broadcasts are sponsored on the air by the makers of Crisco.





SADIE GOOK, practical, terse, maternal "Sade" combines a certain lecturing toughness toward her family with an inner nature which is really as timid as a rabbit. Sade is a fine mother to Rush, but she also has to be a "Mother" to Vic, who is often twice as childish as their son. Sade is President of the town Thimble Club, a position that causes her a mixed amount of joy and anguish. Sade's best friend is "Ruthie," Mrs. Frederick Stembottom, her next-door neighbor. She and Ruthie are constantly on the telephone, Sade trying to make herself heard above the din created by Vic and Rush. Sade wishes Rush would study a little harder at school and that Vic wouldn't do such "darn fool" things, but she loves them very deeply. Without Sade, life at the Gooks' might be a deal more complicated and not half so much fun.

(Played by Bernardine Flynn)







VICTOR GOOK, whom you all know as "Vic," is a delightful, amazing, wholly down-to-earth fellow with the wonderful quality of always being able to say and do the things that create small town trouble. Vic is more like an over-grown boy than a man, but now and then he shows amazing shrewdness and wit. He is a pal as well as a father to his son, Rush. If a building is being torn down or cleaned, Vic can always find an excuse to skip work and somehow manages to collaborate with Rush's skipping school to help him watch. Vic is full of the milk of human kindness and his desire to help the town's unfortunates often gets him into worse situations than those he is trying to help. In such cases, Vic becomes so confused that Sade is forced to come to his rescue. If more people were like Vic, this world would be a much nicer and happier place.

(Played by Art Van Harvey)



RUSH GOOK, son of Vic and Sade, like most boys his age, gets into trouble with the greatest of ease, doesn't like to study and can never find his pants, socks or underwear. His pals are dubious young gentlemen named Bluetooth Johnson and Vernon Peggles. Rush is not a bad boy, but he is sometimes slow when it comes to taking direction from his parents and would rather be idle than anything else. He loves his mother and father, but is more inclined to pick up some of Vic's annoying habits than his good ones. A favorite pastime of Rush's is to sneak into the Bijou Theater and catch such sterling feature pictures as Gloria Golden in "You're The Cow-Puncher of My Dreams, Foreman Hastings." Next to going to the movies, Rush likes to play rummy with Vic and Uncle Fletcher. As each year goes by, Rush gets wiser, which amazes him greatly.

(Played by Billy Idelson)







*UNCLE FLETCHER, getting on in years, is delightfully and exasperatingly absent minded. He's continually gumming up the works at the Gook household while trying to be helpful. One of Uncle Fletcher's most exasperating habits is finding distractions for Vic and Rush that get them into trouble with Sade. Then, in his attempt to get them out of trouble, he always talks them into much more grief. Uncle Fletcher is chock-full of homely philosophy and can never make a point without telling eight or nine stories to illustrate it. But Uncle is a good-natured, fun loving, very kind old man, who likes to see people enjoy themselves and has never really grown up. Sometimes he is a bit annoying to the Gooks, particularly Sade, but all of them love him very much and would feel hurt and lonely if a day went by and they didn't see his lively face.*

*(Played by Clarence Hartzell)*



# THE STORY OF *Mary Marlin*

**I**T was a note—a few words written on a scrap of paper, dropped from Joe Marlin's pocket—that first told Mary Marlin her husband was carrying on a secret intrigue with another woman. At first she could hardly believe it. Perhaps years of marriage had accustomed her to the thought that she and Joe could never be separated. But when she asked Joe, he admitted that he was in love with Sally Gibbons, the pretty young secretary he and his partner, David Post, employed in their law office; and that he wanted Mary to give him a divorce. What he did not tell her was that he would never have asked for a separation except that Sally had just informed him she was to become the mother of his child.

Stunned at the sudden collapse of her world, Mary at first agreed to go through with the divorce. On the advice of David Post, who besides being Joe's partner was the Marlin's best friend, however, she decided to wait six months, hoping that time would show Joe what a mistake he was making. Rather than stay in Cedar Springs, where she would be thrown into daily contact with Joe, Mary left for New York, where she met an old school friend, Henriette Dorne. Henriette, now a fashionable dressmaker, took Mary under her professional wing with the result that when she returned to Cedar Springs she was much more beautiful than when she had left. Joe, on the other hand, had grown weary and disillusioned. On a walk they took through the woods on a spring day, he hinted that things hadn't gone well for him financially, but of Sally Gibbons he said not a word. A few weeks later Mary was shocked to learn that he had fled from Cedar Springs, unable to stay any longer

in a place that had seen him bring ruin upon his own life.

**A**LL through that summer, that fall and early winter, a withered spray of arbutus lay at the bottom of Mary Marlin's handkerchief-box, untouched but never forgotten. Like a memory.

The gilt lettering on the windows of the office facing the Town Square in Cedar Springs remained the same: "Post and Marlin, Attorneys at Law"—as bright and brave as it had been that long-ago day, one

year after Joe and Mary were married, when David Post made Joe Marlin his partner in the firm. David would not change it now. "He'll come back one of these days," he assured Mary. "I know he will."

Joe had not been quite alone when he left Cedar Springs, they had discovered. With him had gone a reporter on the local *Times*, an odd and unconventional man whose only known name was Jonathan—"Just Jonathan," he always said. "They're probably in New York," was David's opinion. "Jonathan's

*It was her first day home from the hospital. Lucky? she thought. But both Joe and I are so very lucky!*







*Once her faith in her husband's love had been shattered, could she ever regain it? At first Mary had thought she could, but memories of past heartaches rose bitter and clear to mock her hope*

badly. And I—I let him see how the idea shocked me, so he veered away from the subject and didn't refer to it again. I didn't know—but I should have realized!"

"Don't blame yourself, Mary," David said for perhaps the twentieth time. "It wasn't only money. It couldn't have been. It was that girl, too—Sally Gibbons. He found out, at last, what a mistake he'd made in leaving you for her. It was such a terrible mistake he couldn't bear to stay here where he'd be faced with it every day, every minute."

Mary sighed, deeply. "And there again—if I'd only been a little kinder, perhaps—"

But she knew, as well as David, how futile all might-have-beens were now.

She found it impossible, after a time, to stay quietly in Cedar Springs, so she closed the house and returned to New York, to Henriette Dorne's penthouse apartment where she was always welcome and where life at least was full of activity, people, talk. And where, if David's guess was right, she might meet Joe around the next corner.

It was not around any corner that she met him, at last, but on the front page of every newspaper. A woman named Grace Thompson was accused of having shot and killed her lover, and Joe Marlin was her attorney.

Mary watched the progress of the trial with eager attention, buying all the papers and reading avidly every line that each printed; but this, after a few days, was not enough, and she crept into the courtroom, sitting far back where she could see, but not be seen. And her first glimpse of Joe, rising to address the jury, was like an electric shock. This was not the defeated, weary man she had pitied when they last met in Cedar Springs and had gone on pitying ever since. This was a valiant warrior, battling against tremendous odds for some-

thing in which he believed; fighting with all his brain and energy and whole-hearted vigorous delight.

By the time the trial was over—by the time Joe's subtle, brilliant defense had secured the almost incredible verdict of "Not guilty"—



*With David's arms around her, she fought for self-control. "I'm sorry—it was so sudden—"*

the sort of fellow who would head for the biggest city in existence. And I think Joe was in the mood to follow anyone who would lead him."

The nails of Mary's fingers bit into the palms of her hands as she said, "I can't stop remembering—that day, just after I came back from Cedar Springs— We drove out into the country, and walked a while. If I'd only been kinder! He was discouraged and sick at heart then—spoke of selling the house because he needed money so



pride was surging uncontrollably in Mary's breast. It was not only pride that Joe had won his case, but a deep exultation that, beaten as he had been, he could have risen so startlingly, so dramatically and triumphantly. Nor was she alone in this emotion, she learned when David Post came unexpectedly from Cedar Springs for the last day of the trial. "There wasn't any sense in my coming," he admitted sheepishly. "I just couldn't stay away. I'm so proud of Joe—whether he wins the case or not—I had to hop on the train or burst."

**H**AVE you seen him?" she asked quickly.

"No. I just got into town. I'll wait until the trial is over."

Together she and David listened to Joe's last impassioned summing-up; together waited through the anxious, empty hours while the jury deliberated. When it was over, David turned to her, almost shouting to make himself heard above the babble of voices in the courtroom.

"Come with me," he begged, "to see Joe."

Half laughing, half crying, Mary said, "Oh, no! I mean—I'd—I'd like to, but— Suppose he doesn't want to see me!"

"He will," David said, and for a moment it seemed to Mary that a shadow fell on his fine eyes—a shadow so fleeting that she was sure, later, she had been mistaken.

By the time they had fought their way through the crowds Joe had left the bar; a bailiff told them they could find him in an anteroom. At the entrance Mary held back. "No—please. You go first, David."

David pressed her hand silently and went into the room. He was gone only a few minutes, and when he came back he was smiling broadly. He motioned Mary past him, through the door.

"Mary!" She had time to realize that there was surprise in his voice as well as joy; so David had not told him who was outside! Then she stopped, aware of a tall, dark woman, expensively and smartly dressed, standing across the room.

Joe did not kiss her, but his hand was warm and firm over hers. "Mary," he said, "this is Mrs. Underwood. Mrs. Underwood, my . . . my wife."

"How do you do, Mrs. Marlin?" Mrs. Underwood said. Her voice was low yet clear, the voice of a woman who was utterly sure of herself. She gave Mary one swift, coolly appraising glance, then turned to Joe. "I must go now, Mr. Marlin. I really had no right to bother you just now, but I had to tell you how deeply impressed I

was with your defense. And you will come to see me very soon, won't you?"

"I'd be delighted—and honored," Joe said. He went with her to the door, and Mary was conscious once again of admiration at the ease and confidence which he wore like a new and perfectly fitting garment. Yet their meeting, even when he closed the door and returned to her, was curiously diffident. They were both too unsure of their emotions to do anything but exchange guarded remarks.

He wanted to return to Cedar Springs, he told her, and in that statement she read many things: among them that this successful defense of Grace Thompson had been Joe's way of buying back his self-respect and the respect of his community, that he was ready now to begin life again. But to begin life with her? That she could not tell.

In her own mind there was no longer any doubt. Her love for Joe Marlin had been bitterly hurt. For months it had lain on the point of death. But it had not died. It was too strong to die.

It was several days before Joe was ready to leave for Cedar Springs, and one night he took her, alone, to a quiet restaurant where they talked for hours. Slowly, they were able to shed the feeling of strangeness that had made communication so difficult in the courtroom antechamber. He told her about Eve Underwood.



Read this vivid novel, adapted by Norton Russell, then listen to The Story of Mary Marlin on the air—written by Jane Crusinberry and heard daily on NBC-Red and CBS, sponsored by Ivory Snow. Photographs posed by Anne Seymour as Mary, Robert Griffin as Joe, and Carleton Brickert as David Post.

"I'd never seen her in my life until she walked in and congratulated me on the case—that is, I'd never talked to her. I'd noticed her in the courtroom every day."

Yes, Mary agreed, Eve Underwood was the sort of woman whom the eye would single out in the most crowded room.

"She's the Mrs. Underwood," Joe went on. "You know—her father was a Senator, and she's lived politics ever since she was old enough to talk. She's tremendously influential in Washington. And, just from hearing me in court, she wants to help me politically. She—" Joe smiled broadly, delightedly, like a boy revealing a wonderful secret—"she wants me to go back to Cedar Springs and run for Senator from Iowa!"

"And you're going to do it? Joe—I'm so glad!" He nodded, and Mary went on, "Do you remember how we used to plan a political career for you?"

"Don't think I've forgotten! 'When the time is right,' we used to say."

His eyes lost their eager light. She saw his thoughts traveling backward, visiting all those lost, misguided months. "Don't, Joe," she said. "Don't think about it. The time is right, now. David says you simply can't know how famous this case has made you back home."

"Back home . . ." he murmured, and then, almost to himself, "If I could be sure it's done as much for me with you—"

It was almost an open plea for her forgiveness—and yet, unexpectedly, she found herself unable to answer it. Not doubt of her own love for Joe, but a lingering doubt of his for her, kept her silent. They parted, like friends, in the lobby of Henriette's apartment house.

The next few days offered no opportunity for another talk with Joe. He and David and Jonathan left for Cedar Springs, and as soon as she could, Mary followed them. Then there was the activity of re-opening the house on Main Street, with Annie's help, and the inevitable readjustment, after New York, of growing accustomed to quiet streets and to buildings which hugged the earth instead of aspiring toward the sky.

Except for the fact that Joe was living in an apartment with Jonathan, instead of in the Main Street house with her, it was almost as it had been before that dreadful night when Mary learned of his infidelity. Soon, she felt, he would return to her. . . .

Until the afternoon, a few days after her return to Cedar Springs, when she went to Joe's office and, waiting in the *Continued on page 61*



# A Love Divided



*She saw suspicion in his eyes and thought—can you love someone in one breath and hate him the next? If only he could read a mother's heart!*

*"You've just got to find him, Mr. Keen," Derek was saying.*

Copyright 1942, Frank and Anne Hummert

I HAD known anguish of spirit. I had known the almost physical pain of being torn between two human beings, of having my heart divided as if a knife had sliced it through. Yet I had gone on, pretending that the hurt was not there. What else could a woman do who deeply loved her husband and at the same time feared and resented him? Could you love someone in one breath and—and almost hate him, in the next? Yet I could—and I did. For Arnold, my husband, who had brought me such ecstasy, had put heartbreak into my life.

Now I could no longer pretend. For it wasn't only myself, it was Derek too, our twelve-year-old son, who had been drawn into the dangerous whirlpool of our emotional unhappiness. As I sat listening to Derek bare his heart to a stranger, his voice shrill with intensity, I wondered that Arnold and I had gone on so long with such a gulf between us.

Derek and I were sitting in an office high above the busy city street. It was a bright office, restful and inviting of confidences, with softly-colored drapes at the win-

dows and quiet pictures on the wall. It reflected the personality of the owner who sat quietly listening, his eyes, curious, friendly, first on Derek, then on me.

"You've got to find him, Mr. Keen," Derek was saying. "They told me you can find anybody who is lost and you've just got to find Lance."

"Just when did your friend, Lance McCrae, disappear?" Mr. Keen asked.

"Six weeks ago, just before my birthday. And I know something bad happened to him because he—

## A RADIO DRAMA OF MR. KEEN, TRACER OF LOST PERSONS

This fiction version of the famous radio serial produced by Frank and Anne Hummert is written by Helen Lewis Dowling.





*There was in Arnold a hard and unyielding quality. I could sense it even though I'd never had to test it.*

well, he promised to give me a special present and Lance wouldn't break a promise. Not to anybody. We were pals. See, he was the only grown up man I ever knew very well because my father—well, my father's kind of busy all the time."

Derek's words trailed off and I fought back the tears that welled up under my eyelids. Derek was describing his friend now—as if I didn't know as well as my son exactly how he looked, how tall he was, and thin—a nice kind of thinness. How he had been a sailor until he'd been injured and had come to live in the tiny cottage in the woods near our home. He had brown hair and sparkling gray eyes as clear as the wide ocean water he'd sailed. He fished and grew flowers in wild abundance and seemed to know even more about the woods than Derek's Scout Master.

"Lance was just tops," Derek said.

There was silence in the quiet office. Then the kind soothing voice of Mr. Keen was saying, "I think we'll find Lance safe and sound somewhere and with a good reason for having to leave without telling you goodbye. Now suppose you go out in the waiting room while your mother and I talk about this a little more."

Involuntarily, I braced myself as Derek got up, his little figure straight and taut. I could see him struggling to hold back the tears. Man-like, he thrust out a small, brown hand and Mr. Keen shook it gravely. Then Derek turned and marched out.

Through a mist that was filming my eyes, I could see Mr. Keen toy with a paper knife on his desk. Then he looked straight at me.

"There's more to this than your son knows or guesses, isn't there, Mrs. Ford?" he asked.

"Yes, a great deal more." I kept the words steady.

"Does your husband know you've come to me?"

"Oh no." I answered so quickly that my fright must have been obvious. "It was just that—that I knew Arnold and you were acquainted and—" My words trailed off into another embarrassed silence.

"I think perhaps," Mr. Keen said, so quietly that I was able to look up into his face, "you should begin at the beginning and tell me the whole thing. It might not only help find Lance for Derek, but it might help you and Arnold too."

Would it? Would anything help? Yet if I weren't still hoping, why had I come to this famous tracer of lost persons? I had heard from Arnold how Mr. Keen had located missing people from all over the earth and now I was asking him to bring back Lance. But did I want Lance to come back?

Suddenly I was telling Mr. Keen the whole story—the thing I had never told a living soul. . . .

I had been in love with Arnold Ford when I married him, a quiet, friendly, happy love that had soon deepened and flowered into a passionate fondness for him. He had been almost pitifully grateful at first for my liking of him and then, when he realized that it was more than liking, he became an ardent suitor I found irresistible.

Ours had been such a perfect marriage.

Arnold and I loved the same things—the Revolutionary farmhouse in Connecticut where we lived, our circle of friends, the tiny town where everyone shared civic

duties so that it seemed more like a large family than a town.

Arnold was a fine man. He had great strength of character and it was known to all who dealt with him that Arnold Ford's word was as good as his bond. But there was in his dependability a hard, unyielding quality that seldom came to the surface but which I could sense even though I had never had to test it.

It came, I knew, from his childhood. His mother died at birth and Arnold grew up with a father who turned to liquor to forget the loss of the wife he adored. The little boy was shunted from relative to relative for his father would disappear for days at a time. Finally, one night he didn't come back. A motorist driving home late found his body by the roadside. How Arnold weathered such an upbringing to become the man he did I shall never know. But he grew up honest and decent, he managed to get a good education for himself, and after college he went into the construction business where he was very successful. It was soon after the death of Arnold's great aunt with whom he lived that I met him.

I was twenty-three and I had come to the construction company that same year as a secretary. From the first something in the well built, rugged man who headed the company attracted me. There was a sadness in his strength that was very appealing. It was as if he had missed all the laughter and gayety of life. Once, I remember, on a rainy day a group of the secretaries and clerks had lunch together in the office—sandwiches and soft drinks sent up from the drugstore. We were a gay group, and a noisy one. Suddenly I was aware of Mr. Ford watching from the doorway, a look of such ineffable loneliness on his face that my heart was touched. On a foolish impulse, I asked him to join us. He refused, of course, but with a startlingly sweet smile. And he never forgot it. He told me afterwards it was the first time in years anybody had seen him as a man instead of an efficient boss.

After that, he singled me out. Soon he began taking me to dinner, and I discovered, as his reserve broke down, that we had many things in common. Three months after our first date he asked me to marry him. And I said "Yes" with all the awakened burgeoning of a woman's love, bringing him the full cup of trust and respect and devotion.

They were wonderful, the first

*Listen to Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, in thrilling dramas, heard Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights at 7:15, E.S.T., on NBC-Blue, sponsored by Kolynos Toothpaste.*



years of our marriage, highly charged with romance that seemed to grow and increase as Arnold found himself, rather than flaming high and dying quickly out as so many other marriages do. I knew that except for business I filled his life. Sometimes I noticed a rigidity in him on certain questions, but I came to depend on this strength to curb my own over-impulsiveness, my prodigality of emotion.

When we learned we were to have a child, my cup seemed to overflow. A baby of our own, to shower love on, to welcome as a tangible outgrowth of our feeling for each other! We made so many plans for it.

"It must be brought up strong and brave," Arnold would say. And I agreed. I thought Arnold was right—because then I could not dream of how we would come to see with such different eyes.

Maybe if Derek had gone into childhood healthy and strong we would never have known our heart-break. But the small, warm bundle that was placed in my arms was to know months of sickness when it seemed that not even all the love and pride and joy I lavished on him would bring him through. With a mother's fierce instinct, I sensed that anything less than complete devotion would lose this son of ours and so I would allow no one else to care for Derek, even when it meant nightly vigils that lasted until dawn's cold gray warmed into the soft rose of the sunrise.

I didn't realize at first what the strain and worry were doing to Arnold, but as Derek passed his first birthday and we could see the first real promise that he might soon be well and strong I could no longer overlook Arnold's attitude. It was as if the more I had shielded and protected and caressed Derek, the more Arnold had held himself back. And when he explained to me, falteringly, with an almost tragic expression, how he feared that the early need to nurse my son into health would become a habit with me and Derek would grow up to be the weakling Arnold's father was, I pitied Arnold and sympathized.

But as Derek grew older and had passed forever the days of illness, it grew worse. For Arnold could not rid himself of his obsession. Playing with his son, I could see him reject his instinctive urge to be gentle, to shower on Derek all of a father's love. He was fair to Derek in the matter of reward and punishment, but he never completely gave of himself. At times he



*His arms went around me and his lips came down to mine. They were urgent, seeking. For a moment I stood still, then gently I pushed him away.*



even seemed cold and unapproachable, as if he feared any show of real emotion would make the child soft.

At first I tried to talk to Arnold, to reason with him. But our talks turned to arguments, sometimes bitter discussions that did no good but only seemed to convince Arnold that he was right.

"You'd make a mollicoddle of him, Janet," he said.

Would I? It was a rather lonely life at best for Derek. He went to school in town and he had friends, good friends his own age to play with there. But his happy hours in school only served to sharpen the contrast with those hours when his father was home. He was missing entirely that fine thing that can grow between father and son.

It was a small thing, but very real, that showed me so clearly how it stood with Arnold and Derek. We had gone shopping and I sent Arnold and Derek on ahead to another store while I finished my grocery list. I watched after them as they went off down the street. Derek reached up instinctively to take his father's hand, and Arnold—at what cost of inner struggle I'd never know—refused the boy's hand because he thought Derek should be more self-reliant. So there strode Arnold with little Derek a few paces behind, struggling to keep up.

That was when I felt my heart was divided by a knife. How I pitied Arnold and yet, in that moment, al-

most hated him, too. What would become of Derek? Would he grow up warped and distorted in character because of this frustration Arnold was building up in him? And what would become of me, with this hated grievance against the man who was my husband? How many anguished questions I asked myself that sleepless night after we had returned from the village!

I asked myself even more, when I met Lance McCrae.

I SAW Lance for the first time the day he brought Derek home, wet, muddy, and trying hard not to be scared. Playing alone in the woods, he had fallen into a dangerously boggy piece of land and was struggling to extricate himself when Lance heard his cries and pulled him out.

I quickly found the child wasn't really hurt, and over hot milk, in front of the fire, I had an opportunity to thank his rescuer and get acquainted with him.

From that first meeting, there was something exciting about Lance McCrae. He was about thirty, I reckoned, tall, sinewy, with deeply shadowed gray eyes and a face marked by thinly etched lines as if, in spite of his youth, he had known suffering or pain. There was an air of mystery and adventure about him, as if those eyes which looked so directly into yours masked something behind them. Perhaps it was the unconventional life he led. With the small indemnity for his injured leg, he had built a shack in the woods by his own labor. There, alone except for some books, his gun, and his fishing rods, he lived like a hermit—fulfilling his simple needs by his own efforts and apparently needing nothing of the world to complete his happiness. He told tales of the sea and the far places he had seen as a sailor, as we sat there, and I found myself as enthralled as my young son.

Derek was already gazing at him with the adoring eyes of hero-worship when he left, and when he asked the boy to come hunting with him the next day, Derek's joy knew no bounds.

From then on, things were different. Those two spent hours together tramping the woods, fishing, talking. On rainy days they puttered in our basement, building things, or talking. Lance was good for Derek. He persuaded him to join the Boy Scouts. He worked to get him to curb the uncontrollable fits of temper that I had seen growing and was unable to cope with myself. But more than anything, he offered companionship and friendship to a

lonely and bewildered little boy.

As I watched them together, I had strange thoughts. "What a fine father Lance would make. If only Arnold were like that!" Those were the thoughts I had. He spent more and more afternoons at our house, and I found myself awaiting his visits almost as eagerly as Derek. It was as if the sense of mystery and adventure brought a touch of romance into my own rather staid life, and brightened it.

Arnold, of course, did not approve of him. He met Lance on a few occasions when he came home from the office early, and he was no more than formally polite to him.

"I can't understand why you allow Derek to spend so much time with that wastrel," he said to me one night. "The man is no more than an itinerant loafer, living out there in the woods as he does."

"He's far, far more than that!" I cried heatedly. "He lives that way because he has no money. But he owes nobody anything. And he's good for Derek. Look at the way the boy has changed in the few months he's known him!"

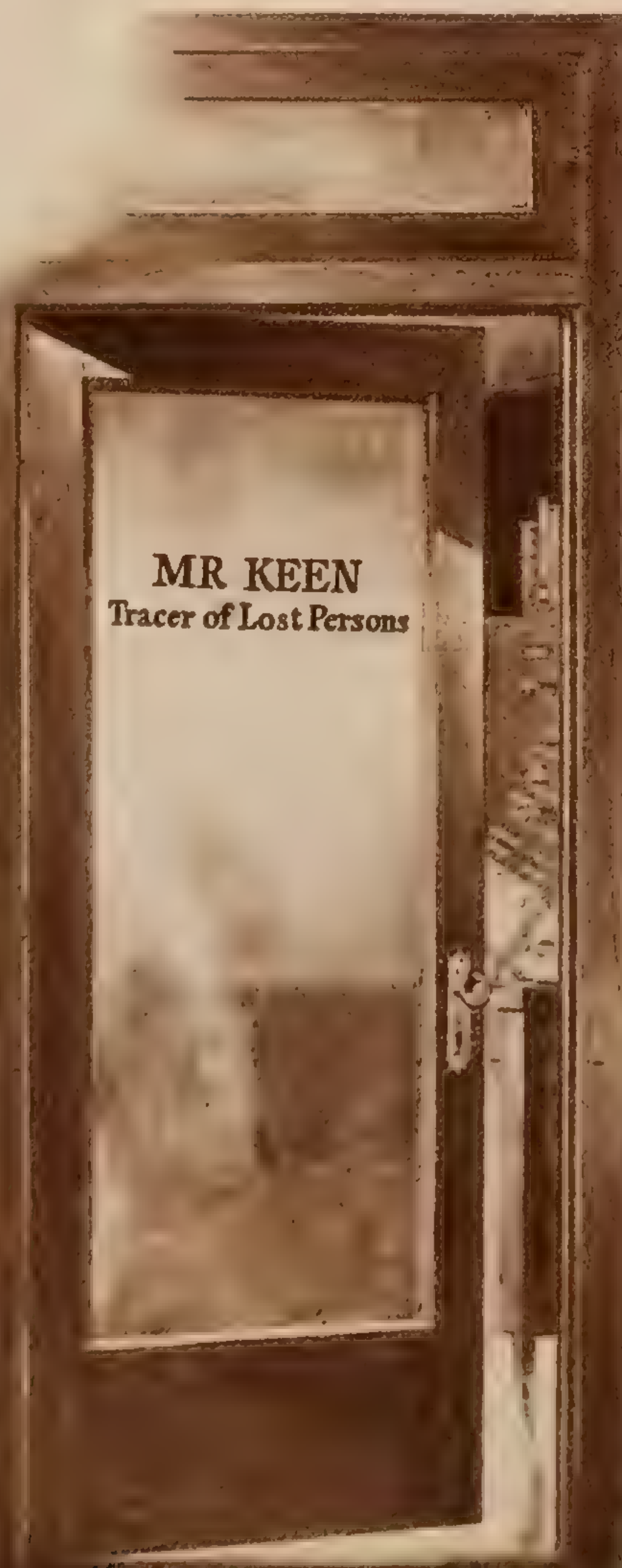
"Yes, he's changed until all he can think of is Lance McCrae. It's 'Lance this' and 'Lance that' from morning until night, till I'm sick of the fellow's name. What do you know about him anyway? Nothing! He might be a thief, a gangster—anything. I don't like it, Janet!"

My resentment burst its bonds. Was Arnold to ruin this, too, this one thing that had enriched my child's life? "You don't like it because you've never made any effort to understand Derek, and Lance has. I know enough about him. I know he's fine and decent and honorable. I know it just by looking at him, by being with him!"

Arnold glanced at me strangely. When he spoke again, his voice held a new note. "Aren't you defending him rather strenuously, Janet? The man certainly means nothing to you, does he?"

I flushed. I was suddenly aware of the vagrant feelings I myself had for Lance, and that awareness made me, somehow, guilty. "I—I don't know what you mean. I have no more interest in Lance than as a good friend for our son."

But the words sounded lame. Arnold's face closed tight, and I could not tell what he was thinking. But after that I noticed that he sometimes came home earlier than usual, once even in the middle of an afternoon he knew that Lance would be there, on the excuse he had forgotten some important papers. He seemed to watch me, too—covertly, as if he *Continued on page 66*



MR KEEN  
Tracer of Lost Persons





*"We're going to be married," he said. But Betty Winkler looked at the young man with his arms full of roses and shook her head. This was no time for a wedding!*



## "THE MAN I Married"

*Betty Winkler is the star of The Man I Married, on CBS—the man she married in real life is Robert Jennings, handsome radio executive.*

FROM where the young actress stood, in an NBC office high in the Merchandise Mart, she could see the winding, muddy Chicago river. She could see the lake front and a wind-swept Michigan Boulevard, which seemed to stretch endlessly. Behind her, pacing up and down in the office, a radio director was talking about a new show.

The girl's eyes, which were a deep, warm brown in a lovely, oval face, turned away from the window and she looked at the director and tried to concentrate on what he was saying. But she kept thinking about the city. I've been here a long time, she thought, it's a nice city, but maybe I've been here too long. Maybe I ought to try it someplace else. She knew where she wanted to go. New York. All her life she had wanted to go to New York.

"Listen, Betty," the radio director was saying, "I know you can do the part. I don't think any actress in town could do it better, but," he paused, "well, this fellow Jennings, he's very particular and I want you to do a good job for him."

"Jennings?" Betty Winkler said, listlessly. "Oh, yes, Jennings. What is he like?"

"He's a vice-president at the Kastor Agency," the director said. "Quite important. He knows radio acting and he knows what he wants."

"I see," Betty said, half listening. "Well, I'll do my best."

The next day, while dressing to go in for the audition, she wondered about Jennings. He's probably, she

thought, a round, funny, fussy little man. She pictured him with a cigar in his mouth, which tilted out over a fat tummy and she saw a vest, covered with ashes. That's probably Jennings, she thought. I'd like to get on his show, but I'd rather go to New York.

The show the Kastor Agency was auditioning was "The Golden Theater." Bert Lytell had flown in from New York to play the male lead. There were fourteen other actresses also trying for the part. Betty went into the studio. There were, as always, several men in the control room waiting to listen to the audition. Betty read. When it was over, she wasn't quite sure how she had been. She put on her coat and started for the door.

"You did that part beautifully," Miss Continued on page 46

By Jack Sher



# Lovely

*A beautiful melody, sung by a handsome tenor on his own program—Hear this lilting new hit featured by Lanny Ross on his night time CBS musical broadcasts*



*Lanny is sponsored by Franco-American Products.*

Words by  
ED LANE

Based on the theme from Boris Godounov

Music by  
BEN SELVIN

**CHORUS**

*Bb9+5 Eb Cmi Fmi7 Bb7 Eb Cmi Fmi7 Bb7*

You're LOVE - LY \_\_\_\_\_ You're ev - er so LOVE - LY \_\_\_\_\_ Like star-light a-

*Eb Cmi Fmi7 Bb7+5 Eb Edim Fmi*

bove me \_\_\_\_\_ when heav-en is near - est \_\_\_\_\_ You are the moon - glow \_\_\_\_\_

*mi C Fmi Bbmi C Fmi Fmi7*

\_\_\_\_\_ a night-in-gale sing - ing \_\_\_\_\_ The fragrance of spring - time \_\_\_\_\_



Bb7 Eb dim Eb Bb dim Bb7 Gmi Bb+ Bb7 Eb G7

E-ter-nal-ly cling-ing in ev-ry kiss we share a thous-and

Fmi C7 Fmi C+ Ab Bb7

dreams come true and in my ev-ry prayer each word is

G7 5 C7 F9 Bb7 D7 Eb C mi F mi 7 Bb7

you You grow more LOVE - LY En-chant-ing-ly

Eb C mi Fmi Bb7 Eb C mi Fmi 7 B 7

LOVE - LY The more that you love me the more I love

Eb A dim Bb7 Bb9+5 Eb

you. You're you



## THE COOKING CORNER SAYS:

# Save

but not brown. Combine with other ingredients and turn into casserole. Pour on one cup of liquid from peas and tomatoes (if there is any left be sure to save it for soup or gravy) and bake in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) 25 minutes. And here is an idea: Make this the basis of an oven dinner by serving with it tangerine and sweet potato casserole with chocolate gingerbread for dessert, using lettuce or cabbage for salad.

### Tangerine and Sweet Potato Casserole

4 sweet potatoes  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup margarine  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water  
 2 tangerines  
 Salt and pepper to taste

Boil potatoes with their jackets on (20 minutes), peel, slice and arrange in shallow baking dish (this is better if there is only one layer of potatoes). Heat margarine, sugar and water together until sugar is dissolved and pour over potatoes, with salt and pepper to taste. Bake at 375 degrees F. for 20 minutes, basting occasionally with syrup. Place tangerine sections on potatoes, baste with syrup and cook for 5 minutes more.

### ASK YOUR GROCER ABOUT —

Cream of potato and black bean soup—recent and delightful additions to a famous soup line.

Canned small white onions—no tears, no trouble; just heat and serve.

Dried onion, parsley and celery leaves—keep them on hand for last minute seasoning when there isn't time to prepare fresh ingredients.

Small containers of dried or powdered herbs or spices—basil is tops with any tomato dish, savory for egg dishes. Sprinkle your roasts lightly with herbs before putting them into the oven—sage for pork, rosemary for beef, marjoram for lamb. And I like a faint dusting of mace on cauliflower.

Condensed pea soup and condensed beef consomme. They're not new, but heating them together is flavor news. Incidentally, try this combination plus cooked onions and cooked leftover meat for a super-delicious, hurry-up stew.

*For a delicious, economical meal, prepared in a jiffy, try serving piping hot Philadelphia scrapple discs with Brussels sprouts and whipped potatoes as shown above.*

I KNOW that you have read many articles during these tense war-filled weeks about the enormous responsibilities that rest on the shoulders of women, and I'm pretty sure that many of them have emphasized the fact that one of the major responsibilities of every homemaker is to be more alert than ever before to provide nourishing meals for the members of her household. I'm proud and happy to know that here in RADIO MIRROR'S Cooking Corner we have been helping you to do that in the past—your letters assure me that we have done so—and this month I want to continue that important work by telling you of new food products which will result in better and more varied—and more economical, too—meals for your family.

We might call them replacement foods, for one of them, margarine, can be used in place of butter and two are meat products to be served instead of the expensive meat items which are always the heaviest loads our budgets have to carry. Now don't, please, get the idea that these are substitute foods, recommended for use in the event of a food shortage. There isn't any real food shortage, you know, and there isn't going to be one as long as we all keep our heads and don't

let ourselves be influenced by hysteria-born suggestions that we start hoarding. I'm telling you about these replacement foods for one reason only and that is that they are news—important news—from a nutritional and an economical standpoint.

Margarine itself isn't new, of course; it has been a standard commodity for years. What is new about this valuable vegetable product is that it has been further enriched by the addition of Vitamin A (that's the vitamin essential for healthy skin and for good vision, you remember) and that the saving between butter and margarine, at current prices, is about sixteen cents a pound—which is certainly worth thinking about very seriously. I like it especially for dessert and vegetable cookery and seasoning and once you have tried this month's margarine recipes I am sure you will agree with me that they can't be excelled.

### Vegetable and Shrimp Casserole

1 onion  
 1 green pepper  
 4 tbs. margarine  
 1 can shrimp  
 1 can tomatoes  
 1 can peas  
 Salt and pepper to taste

Slice onion and green pepper and sautee in margarine until tender



# with replacement foods

## Chocolate Gingerbread

1 egg  
1 cup New Orleans type molasses  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup melted margarine  
2 cups flour  
2 tsps. ginger  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chocolate bits  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  tsp. soda  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup hot water

Beat egg, stir in molasses and melted margarine. Add flour, ginger and salt and beat hard for 3 minutes. Fold in chocolate bits. Dissolve soda in hot water and beat in quickly. Bake in loaf pan at 375 degrees F. 25 to 30 minutes. This makes a soft gingerbread and is best served hot, either plain or with whipped cream or chocolate sauce.

**N**OW for our meat replacements.

First, there's scrapple, that tasty blend of pork, cornmeal and spices for which Philadelphia was famous even before the days of Betsy Ross and the Liberty Bell. Now it comes in cans, so that you can have on hand at all times the makings of a fine substantial meal. To serve it as illustrated here, cut it into slices, roll in flour or cornmeal and brown on both sides. Serve with mashed potatoes—beaten until white and fluffy with margarine—and Brussels sprouts.

Our other meat dish is chip

steak, paper thin slices of choice beef pressed together and frozen, as delicious as it is economical. These chip steaks take only a moment to cook—simply brown them in sufficient margarine to prevent sticking, first on one side then the other. My favorite way of serving them is with French fried potatoes and sliced or savory tomatoes.

## Savory Tomatoes

1 can tomatoes (whole or pulp)  
1 onion, chopped  
1 tbl. minced green pepper  
1 tbl. minced celery leaves  
1 tbl. minced parsley  
2 tbs. margarine  
1 tsp. dried basil  
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
Salt and pepper to taste

Sautee onion, pepper, celery leaves and parsley in margarine until onion is tender. Add remaining ingredients and serve piping hot.

*When the budget's low and it's steak you're craving, ask your butcher for chip steaks. They are more economical and take only a moment to cook—just fry in margarine.*

*Something new and good, too.. It's tangerine and sweet potato casserole. It goes well with the vegetable and shrimp casserole and both can be baked in the oven at the same time.*



*By Kate Smith*

**Radio Mirror's Food Counselor**

*Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night show, both on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.*



*You'll be on the alert if you know the recipe for this vegetable-shrimp casserole (left). A cabbage salad and a chocolate gingerbread for dessert complete the meal.*





# Woman of Courage

*How blind she had been! She had thought she was saving their marriage—  
but instead she had been robbing them both of their chance for happiness*

## THE STORY

WHEN Jim Jackson fell from a scaffold and injured his spine so severely he was unable to walk—perhaps for the rest of his life—it was Martha, his wife, who shouldered the task of supporting him, their daughter Lucy, and their adopted son Tommy. But Martha soon learned that money was not her greatest problem. It was easier to make both ends meet than it was to sustain Jim's belief in himself, his self-respect. All her love for him could not make up for the crushing sense of dissatisfaction and frustration which his helplessness brought to him.

Martha tried many ways of helping Jim to help himself. Perhaps the most successful was persuading him to submit plans and a bid for a new airplane plant to be built in Farmington—for Jim won the contract. On top of this piece of good fortune came the news that Martha's uncle had died and left her a fortune. In order to collect the inheritance she was forced to leave Farmington and go East, and during her absence Jim, carried

away by the prospect of sudden wealth, invested the five thousand dollars Martha had left with him in real estate, believing that he was cleverly acquiring the site for another defense plant. But he had been swindled, and when Martha returned with the news that her inheritance was much smaller than it had appeared at first, the swindle came to light. All Martha could salvage from it was an old, run-down farm, nearly worthless.

Martha could have forgiven Jim—but he could not forgive himself. Once again he had proved the weaker of the two. She realized that he almost hated her for his own weakness and foolishness. And Martha wondered if it were too severe a test of any woman's courage.

WITH a little shudder of distaste, Martha closed the creaking, warped door of the farmhouse. Its every wall and window and door practically cried out of years of neglect and slovenliness.

Martha cleared her lungs of the unpleasant, musty smell of the house with deep gulps of the fresh, bright, autumn air.

The sun was warm on her uncovered head and, as she walked around the corner of the house, she began to lose some of that strangely uneasy, lonely feeling that going through the empty, dirty rooms had aroused in her.

Somehow, Martha still could not feel any sense of possession about this place. It was theirs, of course. They had the deed to it, all signed and legal. She had seen to it that William Moore straightened out all legal details before he went back East to Old Port. It occurred to Martha, suddenly, as she stumbled across the rutted barnyard, that it was because the whole thing had been her idea that Jim had refused to come out there with her this morning.

She recalled very clearly what Jim had said when she told him that she'd forced Wilkins to hand over Jim's note for twenty thousand dollars and the deed to the farm by threatening to expose his part in the swindle. Until she had cornered him, the farmer had been able to hoodwink people into thinking that he, too, had been taken in by Albert Silvers' smooth talk about the defense factory that was going to be built on his land. Faced with the certain evidence Martha had found against him, however, Wilkins was only too willing to agree that the five thousand dollars Jim had paid him in cash was more than the farm was worth and that the farm rightfully belonged to Jim, now.

"Well," Jim had said sourly. "I'd never have thought of that. I'd just have let it go as a costly mistake. I'm afraid I'm not much good as a businessman."

"Nonsense," Martha had said. "You're just worrying about too many other things."

Jim had glanced at her sharply and then looked away quickly. Martha knew that he understood what she was talking about, but she knew, too, that he wasn't going to bring it out in the open. It was that old distrust and fear of his, which always sprang into life whenever Martha had occasion to spend any time with other men, normally healthy men, whether on business or in a friendly way.

Martha had spent many sleepless nights trying to find a way to combat this fear of Jim's. He had slipped back into that old habit of shutting himself away from everyone, most of all from her. Martha looked forward with dread to the rapidly approaching day when the airplane factory would be built and Jim would be left without even his work.

High trellises, heavily overgrown with grapevines, on which the ripe



Read it as a thrilling story, fictionized by Madeline Thompson, then listen to *Woman of Courage* daily at 10:45 A.M., E.S.T., over CBS, sponsored by Octagon Soap in the East, Crystal White in the West. Photo posed by Esther Ralston as Martha, Albert Hecht as Jim.





*Now they were close together again, happy in the warm, comfortable kitchen, making plans.*

fruit attracted clouds of buzzing, tiny flies, marked the path to the orchard. The orchard itself was full of tall weeds and Martha had to watch her steps to avoid the fallen apples and late pears that lay rotting underfoot.

Martha decided that, if they kept the farm, they'd do some work on it next year. There was still some fruit clinging to the branches. Well, it need not all be wasted. She could make some apple butter and, maybe, preserve some of the pears in brandy. And, as she walked back up through the long grape arbor, she remembered an old recipe of her grandmother, a recipe for grape catsup.

She thought, a little sadly, at least they could have some preserves for the winter. Maybe five thousand dollars was a lot to pay for a few jars of canned fruit, but it was better than not getting anything for their money.

Martha started walking back toward Farmington, her head full of strange, nagging half thoughts. Seeing the farm had made her sad, somehow, and a little hopeless. She realized she was giving it too much importance, but still, it seemed to her to be a symbol, not only of Wilkins' stupidity and laziness, but of Jim's frustration, which drove him to grasp im-

practically at any idea that suggested itself for building his ego.

Without realizing it, Martha walked right past the big house where they now lived. This was another thing she couldn't get used to, this huge, white house Jim had bought for her and the buying of which had eaten so heavily into her inheritance. They'd been living in it a month, now, but Martha still found herself thinking of the house behind the grocery store as home. Now, she smiled at her absent-mindedness and retraced her steps.

George Harrison's car was parked in front of the house and, going up

the path, Martha could hear George's voice through an open window. He was saying something about driving out to get her. And then, a little girl's voice, high and eager, said, "Can I come, too, Uncle George?"

George jumped to his feet as Martha entered the living room. "Martha," he said happily, "I'd like to introduce my brother-in-law and my little niece. They just got here from Hawaii." He pointed to a strange man, who had got to his feet, too. "This is Joseph Benedict. And this is his daughter, Susan."

Joseph Benedict was tall and thin and his eyes had a sort of



burning sadness in them. The little girl was thin, too, and dark, with very large eyes. George bustled around them happily and said they were going to stay with him for a while and wasn't it wonderful that he was going to have a family, too.

THEY talked and had some tea and gradually Martha found herself watching Lillian. As they sat there in the living room, Lillian was changing in some strange way. All the petulance had disappeared from her face and her eyes and voice were soft, almost beautiful. At first, Martha thought it was little Susan. The little girl had snuggled close to Lillian, hunching her small hand in the woman's. Martha decided it couldn't be just that, though. It was obvious that Lillian liked the child, but it was equally clear that she was interested in Joseph Benedict. And the next few days proved that Martha was right. Lillian scarcely talked of anything but Joseph Benedict and his daughter.

So, it was partly for Lillian's sake that Martha arranged a fruit picking picnic out at the farm. She wanted to give Lillian a chance to get better acquainted with the Benedicts without making herself look too aggressive.

The day was warm for that time of year and bright with sunlight. The orchard had come alive with the crowd of them in it. Martha stopped picking grapes, for a moment, and let her eyes wander down the slope to where the others were working.

Her eyes lingered fondly on Lucy and Johnny Long, for a brief time. Johnny's a fine boy, she thought. And she was glad that Lucy seemed to be getting over her unhappiness about Steve Holbert. Nearer to Martha, Lillian and Joseph Benedict and Susan and Tommy were picking apples and laughing a great deal. It seemed strange to hear Lillian laugh so lightly and gayly. And Martha knew she wasn't the only one who was surprised. She could see Cora, kneeling beside the lunch baskets, with her head in the air, listening and looking amazed. Martha smiled to herself.

"Dreaming?"

Martha jumped. George was standing beside her. "No," she said. "Just listening to Lillian."

George listened a moment, too. He grinned. "You know," he confessed, "I'm really beginning to see her resemblance to you, Martha. I never suspected she could be soft—and—sort of gentle."

"She's happy," Martha said. "I think—well, Susan loves her very much and love—being loved—al-

ways makes a difference."

"Yes," George said.

Martha looked past George to the end of the grape arbor, where Jim was picking grapes in a desultory fashion. If only, she thought, Jim could believe how much she loved him and it would really make a difference to him.

"He'll get over it," George said quietly, as though he had read her mind. "Think I'll go help him."

Later, when they were loading the fruit on George's station wagon and Johnny's car, Martha decided that, all in all, it had been a successful day. Lillian and Joseph Benedict seemed to be getting along nicely. And Jim had brightened a good bit, too.

## Next Month

*Lovable Lorenzo Jones  
has brought you many  
hours of pleasure on  
the air . . . Next month  
meet him in a delight-  
fully warm and human  
novelette, complete in  
the May Radio Mirror*

The very next morning, early, Martha hunted up her old preserve recipes and set to work before the others were up. Hard work though it was, the canning was actually relaxation and fun for her, and she worked at it, at intervals, all day.

It was midnight before she had finished. The kitchen was steamy with the sweet, pungent smell of the cooking grapes. Martha lowered the flame under the jars she was sterilizing.

Suddenly, the night quiet of the house was broken by the slamming of the front door and, a moment later, Lucy came ambling into the

kitchen, her young face peevish and bored. Martha reprimanded her for making such noise.

"I'm sorry, Mother," Lucy said. "It's that Johnny Long. He makes me so mad. He's such a stick in the mud."

Inwardly, Martha felt the pinch of fear. So, Lucy had not forgotten Steve Holbert. She was still making comparisons in her mind. And Martha could see how Johnny Long, sincere and adoring though he was, would not come off too well in any such comparisons. Well, she thought, something would have to be done to perk Johnny up a bit.

Lucy was poking around the stove, aimlessly. "Imagine," she laughed, "Johnny's asked me to go to the Homemakers Club Bazaar—and—" she giggled, "he acts as if it was really important."

"Aren't you being a little snobbish?" Martha asked wearily. "This isn't Old Port, you know."

"Of course, I know," Lucy said. "Every minute of the day I know." There was something that sounded like tears in her voice. She turned away quickly and, just for something to do, she stirred the grape catsup and took a taste of it from the tip of the spoon. "Gee," she said, "this is good stuff."

"It's an old recipe of my grandmother's," Martha said.

Lucy took another taste. "Mother!" she exclaimed. "I have an idea. Why don't you enter some of this in the Homemakers Club contest?"

"Oh, Lucy," Martha laughed. "You know I'm not interested in competitions."

"Yes, but look," Lucy said. "All this stuff—it would take us years to eat it. But, if you got some publicity on it at the Bazaar, you could sell it at the store."

"Well, now," Martha said, "that's really an idea."

So, Martha entered her grape catsup, apple butter and brandied pears in the Homemakers Club contest. And, not only did Lucy go to the Bazaar, but she was very excited about being there. Martha, too, felt some excitement, but not because of the contest. For her, it was good to get back into this kind of activity again. Since Jim's accident, she had not had much time for these friendly social affairs.

The Bazaar was held in the High School gymnasium and the place had been cleverly transformed with sheafs of corn and sprays of autumn leaves and flowers. The tables were all attractive and the buffet supper looked inviting. Martha was enjoying herself immensely, talking to all her old friends, comparing recipes, *Continued on page 72*



# INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

## SUNDAY

PACIFIC TIME	CENTRAL TIME	EASTERN TIME
	8:00	CBS: News
	8:00	Blue: News
	8:00	NBC-Red: Organ Recital
	8:30	Blue: Tone Pictures
8:00	9:00	CBS: The World Today
8:00	9:00	NBC: News from Europe
8:15	9:15	CBS: From the Organ Loft
8:15	9:15	Blue: White Rabbit Line
8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Deep River Boys
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
9:00	10:00	Blue: Musical Millwheel
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
9:30	10:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
9:30	10:30	Blue: Southernaires
10:00	11:00	CBS: News
10:00	11:00	Blue: News
10:05	11:05	CBS: Milestones of Music
8:15	10:15	Blue: Al and Lee Reiser
8:30	10:30	CBS: Invitation to Learning
8:30	10:30	MBS: Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	Blue: Revue in Miniature
8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Music and Youth
9:00	11:00	CBS: Syncopation Piece
9:00	11:00	Blue: Foreign Policy Assn.
9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Sunday Down South
9:15	11:15	Blue: I'm an American
9:30	11:30	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	Blue: Radio City Music Hall
9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Emma Otero
10:00	12:00	CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: Upton Close
10:15	12:15	MBS: George Fisher
10:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Silver Strings
10:30	12:30	CBS: What's New at the Zoo
10:30	12:30	Blue: Josef Marais
10:30	12:30	NBC-Red: The World is Yours
11:00	1:00	CBS: Spirit of '42
11:00	1:00	Blue: Great Plays
11:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Sammy Kaye
11:30	1:30	CBS: Columbia Workshop
11:30	1:30	NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
12:00	2:00	CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.
12:00	2:00	Blue: Wake Up America
12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Bob Becker
12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
12:30	2:30	Blue: Tapestry Musicale
12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Listen America
1:00	3:00	Blue: Sunday Vespers
1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Tony Wons
1:30	3:30	CBS: Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	Blue: Behind the Mike
1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Plays for Americans
2:00	4:00	CBS: The Family Hour
2:00	4:00	Blue: Moylan Sisters
2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Metropolitan Auditions
	5:15	Blue: Olivio Santoro
2:30	4:30	MBS: The Shadow
2:30	4:30	Blue: Musical Steelmakers
2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Nichols. Family of Five
2:45	4:45	CBS: William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	CBS: SILVER THEATER
3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
3:05	5:05	Blue: New Friends of Music
3:30	5:30	CBS: Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	MBS: Bulldog Drummond
3:30	5:30	Blue: Pearson and Allen
3:30	5:30	NBC-Red: The Great Gildersleeve
4:15	5:45	Blue: Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt
4:00	6:00	MBS: Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	Blue: News from Europe
8:30	6:00	NBC-Red: Jack Benny
4:15	6:15	CBS: Public Affairs
4:30	6:30	MBS: Nobody's Children
4:30	6:30	CBS: Screen Guild Theater
4:30	6:30	Blue: Capt. Flagg and Sgt. Quirt
4:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
5:00	7:00	CBS: World News
5:00	7:00	Blue: Blue Echoes
5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: CHARLIE MCCARTHY
8:00	7:30	CBS: Crime Doctor
8:00	7:30	Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery
8:30	7:30	NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
5:45	7:45	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00	CBS: FRED ALLEN (Mar. 8)
6:00	8:00	MBS: Old Fashioned Revival
9:00	8:00	Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
9:15	8:15	Blue: The Parker Family
8:15	8:30	Blue: Irene Rich
6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
6:45	8:45	Blue: Dinah Shore
7:00	9:00	CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	Blue: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	CBS: They Live Forever
7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Sherlock Holmes
8:00	10:00	CBS: Headlines and Bylines
8:00	10:00	NBC: Dance Orchestra



## FROM COMIC TO QUIZZER...

PHIL BAKER was one of the first comedians to use a "stooge"—a heckler in a stage box who kept interrupting the funny man's act. When Phil entered radio the stooge came along as "Beetle", the cynical ghost who insisted that Phil was gypping the sponsors every time he stepped in front of a mike. But times change. Beetle's remarks don't seem so funny in 1942, and he has been discarded, while Phil himself steps into a new role—that of stooge to the contestants who appear on Take It or Leave It, the CBS quiz show Sunday nights. In many ways, it's a much harder job than Phil used to have, because quiz shows are necessarily unrehearsed and all of the comedian's jokes must be thought up on the spur of the moment.

It was a spur-of-the-moment joke which started Phil off on a comic career. Barely out of school, he got his first job as office-boy to Carl Laemmle, then a big movie executive. In his spare time Phil studied the piano and accordion and filled out his income with prizes won at theater amateur nights. One day he failed to answer his boss' buzzer because he was out getting a haircut. When he returned Laemmle furiously demanded to know where he'd been. Phil's explanation didn't satisfy him. "What right have you to get a haircut on company time?" he demanded. Phil gulped and said, "Well, it grew on company time, didn't it?"

All right—so you've heard that joke. But Phil says it was original with him at the moment. It was not appreciated by Laemmle, and that night Phil was out of a job and free to devote his entire time to the stage. After making the rounds of the local vaudeville houses he teamed up with an obscure violinist with a taste for cigars who was named Ben Bernie. They were getting along all right as a team when World War Number One came along, and for two years Phil shelved his stage ambitions to serve in the Navy.

After the war he went on and up to become one of America's most famous comedians, first in musical comedies and revues and then on the air. But the last couple of years haven't been very lucky for him. He's seemed to have difficulty in finding just what he wanted to do. His program went off the air, and for a while he toured in "Idiot's Delight," the stage play. Then there was a musical show in which he invested a good deal of his own money, and which came to a disastrous and costly end.

Phil's one of the most friendly and likable men in radio, and there are a lot of people who are wishing him all the luck in the world with his new quiz-master job.

## MONDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	EASTERN TIME
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
1:30	2:30	Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:45	9:45	CBS: School of the Air
8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
8:30	9:00	CBS: Hymns of All Churches
10:15	9:00	NBC-Red: Bess Johnson
1:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
9:15	10:15	Blue: Helen Hiatt
10:30	9:15	NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:30	CBS: Stepmother
9:30	10:30	Blue: A House in the Country
9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	CBS: Woman of Courage
9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: The Road of Life
8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:00	10:15	CBS: The Man I Married
8:15	10:15	Blue: Alma Kitchell
8:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Right to Happiness
11:00	10:30	CBS: Bright Horizon
10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: The Bartons
11:15	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: David Harum
9:00	11:00	CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00	MBS: John B. Hughes
9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	MBS: Government Girl
10:15	12:15	Blue: Ted Malone
10:30	12:30	CBS: Vic and Sade
10:30	12:30	MBS: Front Page Farrell
	12:45	CBS: Road of Life
4:15	1:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	NBC-Red: The Mystery Man
11:30	1:30	CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30	Blue: Into the Light
11:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	CBS: Kate Hopkins
11:45	1:45	Blue: In Care of Aggie Horn
11:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
	2:00	CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	CBS: News
12:15	2:15	Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
	3:00	CBS: Helping Hand
1:00	3:00	Blue: Arthur Tracy
1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	CBS: Spotlight on Asia
1:15	3:15	Blue: Club Matinee
1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	CBS: Mark Hawley
1:45	3:45	MBS: Boake Carter
1:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
	4:00	CBS: Mary Marlin
	5:00	Blue: Adventure Stories
2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: When a Girl Marries
	4:15	CBS: The Goldbergs
	5:15	Blue: Secret City
2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	CBS: The O'Neills
2:30	4:30	Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: We the Abbotts
2:45	4:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	5:45	Blue: Tom Mix
	6:00	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	CBS: Frank Parker
7:30	9:30	Blue: Lum and Abner
3:45	5:45	CBS: The World Today
	6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
8:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	CBS: Lanny Ross
4:15	6:15	Blue: Edward Tomlinson
7:30	6:30	CBS: Blondie
7:30	6:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Cavalcade of America
5:00	7:00	CBS: Vox Pop
9:15	7:00	MBS: Cal Tinney
8:30	7:00	Blue: I Love a Mystery
5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: The Telephone Hour
8:30	7:30	CBS: GAY NINETIES
7:30	8:30	Blue: True or False
8:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
5:55	7:55	CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00	CBS: LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Doctor I. Q.
6:30	8:30	MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	Blue: For America We Sing
6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: That Brewster Boy
7:00	9:00	CBS: Freddy Martin
7:00	9:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	Blue: Merry-Go-Round
7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Contented Program



## TUESDAY

P. S. T.	C. S. T.	Eastern Time
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00 Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
8:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Stories America Loves
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Hymns of all Churches
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Bess Johnson
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Helen Hiatt
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Alma Kitchell
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:00	10:15	11:15 CBS: The Man I Married
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Right to Happiness
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Prescott Presents
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: The Bartons
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: Government Girl
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Ted Malone
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
10:30	12:30	1:30 MBS: Front Page Farrell
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: The Mystery Man
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Into the Light
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: In Care of Aggie Horn
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Renfro Valley Folks
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
	3:00	4:00 CBS: Helping Hand
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: What Freedom Means
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Mark Hawley
1:45	3:45	4:45 MBS: Boake Carter
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	5:00	5:00 Blue: Adventure Stories
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: When a Girl Marries
	4:15	5:15 CBS: The Goldbergs
	5:15	5:15 Blue: Secret City
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: The O'Neills
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: We the Abbotts
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	5:45	5:45 Blue: Tom Mix
	6:00	6:00 CBS: PAUL SULLIVAN
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Dorothy Kilgallen
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Bob Edge
7:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Lum and Abner
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
9:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Helen Menken
6:00	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Burns and Allen
	6:45	7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Are You a Missing Heir
5:00	7:00	8:00 MBS: What's My Name
10:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Cugat Rhumba Revue
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
9:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Bob Burns
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Meet Your Navy
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Horace Heidt
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: We, the People
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Famous Jury Trials
9:30	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Report to the Nation
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: NBC SYMPHONY
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: McGee and Molly
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: BOB HOPE
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Wherever You Are
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Red Skelton
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World



### SHE WANTED TO ACT...

IT isn't every actress who can turn from being the witty mistress of ceremonies on a quiz show like What's My Name to portraying Linda Emerson, the tender and womanly heroine of Help Mate, the NBC-Red serial, but Arlene Francis takes such changes of pace in her stride. Arlene is a radio veteran, and that means she's versatile. In addition, in spite of every obstacle, she has wanted to be an actress ever since she was a child—and that means she loves acting enough to do it well.

Arlene's real name is Arline Francis Kazanjian. She dropped the Kazanjian because it's too hard to pronounce, and Arline got changed to Arlene when a proofreader made a mistake in her first radio listing. She adopted the new spelling for luck. That's characteristic of her. She got her start on the stage, before radio, by walking into the office of a producer she didn't even know, just because "his name sounded friendly to me."

The dark-haired and vivacious Arlene is one of those actresses who had to persuade her parents that the stage was a fit place for a young girl to be. They weren't easy to persuade, either. She was born in Boston, and sent to study at the convent of Mount St. Vincent and the fashionable Finch Finishing School. This didn't help cure her theatrical ambitions, because she enthusiastically took part in all the school amateur dramatics. Then her father, a painter and photographer, sent her on a trip to Europe—but she came back still determined to act. He got her a job managing a gift shop in New York. She was bored. She wanted to act instead. With a school friend, she opened a photographic salon in New York, and this was a little more interesting, but not much. Her father finally gave up, and Arlene has been happily acting ever since.

Acting is the one thing she does take seriously, though. She's always ready, as they say around the studios, "to make with the flip cracks," and keeps others on her programs laughing during rehearsals. One of her major disappointments is that no actress in New York has been in more unsuccessful Broadway plays than she has. Critics always give her performances good notices, but the plays close just the same. Once, only once, she says, she'd like to be in a hit. Another thing she'd like is to be in a play by William Saroyan. Like Arlene, he's Armenian, and she admires his work very much.

Arlene is married to a motion picture executive, Neil Agnew, and they have an apartment in New York and a farm near Southbury, Connecticut. The estate covers 110 acres and is called Kettletown Farm because it was originally bought from the Indians for a kettle. On it Arlene and her husband raise dogs, cats, chickens, cows, pigs, and horses. But though Arlene loves the country she won't live there permanently. She wants to be in the city, where you get a chance to act.

## WEDNESDAY

P. S. T.	C. S. T.	Eastern Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
8:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Stories America Loves
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Betty Crocker
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Bess Johnson
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Helen Hiatt
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:00	10:15	11:15 CBS: The Man I Married
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Right to Happiness
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Prescott Presents
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: The Bartons
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: Government Girl
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Ted Malone
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
10:30	12:30	1:30 MBS: Front Page Farrell
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: The Mystery Man
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Into the Light
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: In Care of Aggie Horn
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
	3:00	4:00 CBS: Helping Hand
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Arthur Tracy
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Children Also Are People
1:15	3:15	4:15 Blue: Club Matinee
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Mark Hawley
1:45	3:45	4:45 MBS: Boake Carter
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	5:00	5:00 Blue: Adventure Stories
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: When a Girl Marries
	4:15	5:15 CBS: The Goldbergs
	5:15	5:15 Blue: Secret City
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: The O'Neills
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: We the Abbotts
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	5:45	5:45 Blue: Tom Mix
	6:00	6:00 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Frank Parker
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
9:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: EASY ACES
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: European News
7:30	7:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Meet Mr. Meek
9:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Quiz Kids
	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: The Thin Man
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian
8:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Manhattan at Midnight
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Plantation Party
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Basin Street Music
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Eddie Cantor
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
9:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Mr. District Attorney
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: American Melody Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Kay Kyser
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Great Moments in Music
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Hillman and Clapper
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World



# THURSDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
8:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Stories America Loves
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Hymns of all Churches
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Musical Millwheel
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Bess Johnson
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Helen Hiatt
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:00	10:15	11:15 CBS: The Man I Married
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Right to Happiness
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
	10:30	11:30 Blue: Prescott Presents
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: The Bartons
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: Government Girl
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Ted Malone
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Pin Money Party
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
10:30	12:30	1:30 MBS: Front Page Farrell
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: The Mystery Man
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Into the Light
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: In Care of Aggie Horn
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
	3:00	4:00 CBS: Helping Hand
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Highways to Health
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Mark Hawley
1:45	3:45	4:45 MBS: Boake Carter
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	5:00	5:00 Blue: Adventure Stories
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: When a Girl Marries
	4:15	5:15 CBS: The Goldbergs
	5:15	5:15 Blue: Secret City
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: The O'Neills
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: We the Abbotts
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	5:45	5:45 Blue: Tom Mix
	6:00	CBS: PAUL SULLIVAN
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Dorothy Kilgallen
7:30	6:30	6:30 Blue: Lum and Abner
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Heirs of Liberty
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
	6:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
9:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: European News
8:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Maudie's Diary
7:00	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Al Pearce
	6:45	7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
9:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Death Valley Days
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: March of Time
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Maxwell House Show
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Duffy's Tavern
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Service With a Smile
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: THE ALDRICH FAMILY
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Major Bowes Hour
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: America's Town Meeting
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Big Town
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
	9:00	10:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: The First Line
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Hillman and Clapper
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Frank Fay
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World



## HE'S DOIN' FINE, THANKS . . .

If you have a small son whom you would like to see grow up to be a successful and highly paid master of ceremonies on a network question-and-answer program, here is what you must do:

First, be a school teacher yourself and fill the boy with information about every subject under the sun. Second, at an early age start teaching him to speak in public and encourage him to think up retorts and funny comments on the spur of the moment. Third, see to it that he appears in school plays, entertainments, debates, and so on. After that, give him his head. He'll probably turn out to be a book-keeper.

The system worked with Bob Hawk, though, even if his mother, at the time, didn't know there ever would be such a thing as a radio quiz program. One coincidence helped. Bob had graduated from college and was all set to become, at the age of twenty, teacher of public speaking at Northwestern College in Oklahoma, when he visited his mother in Chicago. Idling in a candy store one afternoon, he heard someone reading poetry on the radio. On impulse he stepped into a telephone booth, called the station and made an appointment for an audition. To his own surprise he was hired as an announcer—although for the first year or so no money was attached to the job. The lack of pay didn't make any difference: the radio bug had bit him.

For three years he worked announcing programs on different Chicago stations, but it wasn't until 1931 that he came into his own as a master of the ad lib, or spontaneous, unrehearsed remark. That was when he was given the duty of introducing the numbers on a program of records called Red Hot and Low Down. Even the title of the show popped out of his mouth one day at the mike.

In 1932 he scooped the entire radio world by interviewing Franklin D. Roosevelt on the day of his nomination. The broadcast had been planned for Chicago, but when Bob heard that F.D.R. was going to be at the Gary airport hours earlier he arranged secretly for a transmitter to be installed there, met the future President, and put him on the air ahead of everyone else. Another of his history-making exploits, in 1935, was conducting a "man in the street" interview with Jean Harlow which caused 50,000 people to block traffic in the Chicago Loop district while it was being held. From there it was only a step to becoming master of ceremonies on quiz shows—first one called Fun Quiz, then Foolish Questions, then Name Three, then Take It or Leave It, and now How'm I Doin'—on which you can hear him every Friday night over CBS.

Bob is a bachelor, and is violently fond of two diversions—playing golf and going to the theater. It's nothing out of the way for him to attend three plays a week or spend five successive afternoons on the golf links.

# FRIDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:15	9:15 NBC-Red: Isabel Manning Hewson
8:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Stories America Loves
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Betty Crocker
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Musical Millwheel
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Bess Johnson
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Helen Hiatt
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: The Road of Life
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:00	10:15	11:15 CBS: The Man I Married
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Right to Happiness
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Prescott Presents
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: The Bartons
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: Government Girl
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Ted Malone
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
10:30	12:30	1:30 MBS: Front Page Farrell
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Music Appreciation
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Mystery Man
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Kate Hopkins
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: In Care of Aggie Horn
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Orphans of Divorce
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: Honeymoon Hill
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: John's Other Wife
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Just Plain Bill
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
	3:00	4:00 CBS: Helping Hand
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Arthur Tracy
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 Blue: Club Matinee
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Sing Along
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Mark Hawley
1:45	3:45	4:45 MBS: Boake Carter
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	5:00	5:00 Blue: Adventure Stories
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: When a Girl Marries
	4:15	5:15 CBS: The Goldbergs
	5:15	5:15 Blue: Secret City
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: The O'Neills
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: We the Abbotts
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
5:45	5:45	5:45 Blue: Tom Mix
	6:00	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Frank Parker
7:30	6:30	6:30 Blue: Lum and Abner
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
	6:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Paul Douglas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: European News
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: How 'm I Doin'?
7:30	7:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	7:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Grand Central Station
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH HOUR
9:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Old Gold Show
	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Three Ring Time
	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: INFORMATION PLEASE
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
8:30	8:00	9:00 CBS: Philip Morris Playhouse
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
8:30	8:00	9:00 Blue: Gang Busters
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: First Nighter
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Dog House
6:55	8:55	9:55 CBS: Ginny Simms
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Ransom Sherman
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Elsa Maxwell
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Wings of Destiny
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World



# SATURDAY

PACIFIC TIME	CENTRAL TIME	Eastern Time	
		8:00	CBS: The World Today
		8:00	NBC: News
		8:15	NBC-Red: Eton Boys
		8:30	NBC-Red: Dick Leibert
		8:45	CBS: Adelaide Hawley
		8:45	Blue: String Ensemble
		8:45	NBC-Red: News
		9:00	CBS: Press News
		9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
		9:00	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
		9:15	CBS: Kenneth Spencer
		9:15	NBC-Red: Market Basket
		9:30	CBS: Old Dirt Dobber
		9:30	NBC-Red: Hank Lawson
		10:00	CBS: Burl Ives
		10:00	Blue: Musical Millwheel
		10:00	NBC-Red: Reflections in Rhythm
		10:30	CBS: Jones and I
		10:30	NBC-Red: The Wife Saver
		10:45	NBC-Red: Betty Moore
10:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Lincoln Highway
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: God's Country
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: Ask Young America
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: America the Free
	10:45	11:45	CBS: Hillbilly Champions
	10:45	11:45	Blue: Fables For Fun
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: News
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Consumer Time
10:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Iika Chase
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Matinee in Rhythm
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Adventures in Science
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue: Vincent Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Call to Youth
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: Juan Arvizu
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Of Men and Books
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue: METROPOLITAN OPERA
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: U. S. Marine Band
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: Brush Creek Follies
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: County Journal
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Patti Chapin
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: On the Home Front
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: F. O. B. Detroit
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Music For Everyone
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: Matinee at Meadowbrook
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Weekend Whimsy
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Air Youth of America
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Cleveland Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Doctors at Work
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: In a Sentimental Mood
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: War Reporter
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Calling Pan-America
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue: Dance Music
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Elmer Davis
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Religion in the News
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue: Edward Tomlinson
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: Three Suns Trio
9:45	6:00	7:00	All Networks: THIS IS WAR
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Kay Thompson & Co.
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue: Little Ol' Hollywood
	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Elly Queen
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Guy Lombardo
5:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: The Green Hornet
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Abie's Irish Rose
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Hobby Lobby
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: Ted Steele Variety
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Truth or Consequences
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue: Spin and Win
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue: Rochester Orchestra
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue: Bob Ripley
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Bill Stern Sports Review
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: Public Affairs
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Hot Copy
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: News of the World

Rose Marie Lombardo, Guy's sister and first feminine vocalist, collects for Defense Bonds from Guy and Liebert.



## Princess of Sweet Music

A TINY young person with black hair, liquid brown eyes fringed with long lashes, and an olive complexion is the only girl who has ever been permitted to sing regularly with Guy Lombardo's band. She's Guy's little sister, sixteen years old, and—since she was born in Canada—appropriately named Rose Marie.

Nobody has ever quite known why Guy was so prejudiced against the presence of girl vocalists in his famous orchestra, but now the reason appears. He's always hoped that some day Rose Marie would take her place with him, and he wanted to keep the spot open for her. Ever since Rose Marie was a youngster and first showed the family inclination toward music it's been a Lombardo tradition that she'd eventually join the band. A few months ago, smack on her sixteenth birthday, the well-laid plans were carried out, and now you can hear her singing one song on each of Guy's commercial broadcasts, Saturday nights on CBS. Later on, she will be given two and then maybe three songs per program, and still later, Guy plans to have her with him in theater and hotel dates.

But right now everyone except Rose Marie feels she is too young for the late hours complete participation in the band's activities would entail. There's school to be considered. She is a Junior in high school, although she'd just as soon forget the whole business. The only concession she's been able to gain on the school problem so far is permission to leave every day at one-thirty in the afternoon. This is necessary some afternoons be-

cause she has to come into New York from her home in Connecticut, where she lives with her father and mother, to take singing lessons with the arranger for the band. Other days, when no lesson is scheduled, she likes to travel into New York anyway, to do some shopping or see a movie.

Saturday, of course, is the big day in Rose Marie's week. In the afternoon there's the rehearsal for that night's broadcast, and at night there is the broadcast itself. But the high point comes afterwards, when she goes with the band to the Roosevelt Hotel Grillroom, where it's playing now. She loves to dance, and on Saturday nights she gets her opportunity.

She wasn't frightened at all, she says, when she sang on her first broadcast. She wasn't a bit nervous—only her knees kept knocking together and she couldn't seem to stop them.

Guy is her idol and unquestioned boss. She wouldn't dream of arguing with him about the selection of a song or the way to sing it or anything else.

Besides singing, Rose Marie's one official duty in connection with the band is to collect, each week, a percentage of every member's salary and convert it into United States Defense Bonds. The entire band has signed up for voluntary weekly deductions for this purpose, and Rose Marie is their "book-keeper."

You'll likely be hearing more and more of Rose Marie's voice as the years go by. If Guy Lombardo is the king of sweet music, as the majority of fans seem to agree he is, Rose Marie is the princess of the royal family.





## Another Pond's Bride-to-be

MARION LYNN, exquisite daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude E. Lynn of the prominent Chicago family. Her engagement to Bertram L. Menne, Jr., of Louisville, Kentucky, was announced New Year's Day, 1941.

HER RING is a beautiful brilliant-cut blue-white solitaire, set fairly high, and on each side a single round diamond set a little lower. The band is platinum.



## She's ENGAGED! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

See how Marion Lynn's soft-smooth Glamour Care will help *your* skin. Marion says: "I think Pond's Cold Cream is splendid for skin that's thin and sensitive like mine. It's so light, so soft and soothing itself—and softens and cleans my skin beautifully.

"I always use it *twice* each time—like this:

- "1. I SLATHER Pond's Cold Cream *thick* over my face and throat and pat all over with brisk little pats. This helps to soften and take off dirt and make-up. Then I tissue it all off.
- "2. I RINSE with a *second* creaming of lots more Pond's. Then tissue it off. This twice-over leaves my skin *shining* clean—every little smitch of soil comes right off."

Use Pond's Cold Cream—Marion's way—*every* night—and for daytime cleanups. See how it helps *your* skin have that lovely fresh-as-a-flower look. You'll see, too, why so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Buy a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today—at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes. The most economical—the lovely *big* jars.



**PRECIOUS LEAVE—** Marion and Bert a few hours before he was called back to the officers' training school at Quantico, Virginia. She teased him about that close-cropped Navy haircut—but he had only adoring looks for her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.



## Pond's Girls Belong to Cupid

Hurry today to *your* favorite beauty counter for Pond's soft-smooth Cold Cream—the glamour face cream used by so many lovely engaged girls and by leading society beauties like Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt and Mrs. Vanderbilt Phelps. And Pond's makes for you four other famous beauty aids:

Pond's *Vanishing Cream*

Pond's lovely new *Dry Skin Cream*

Pond's new *Dreamflower Face Powder* (6 shades)

Pond's "LIPS" that *stay on longer!* (5 shades)



*It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream!*



# "The Man I Married"

Continued from page 33

Winkler."

Betty stopped. She had to look up, because the voice came from a good foot over her head. She saw a tall, well-built young man. She saw deep, blue eyes and a smile and very dark hair.

"Thanks," she said, wondering who he was. And then, the director came over and said, "Miss Winkler, this is Mr. Jennings."

"Mr. Jen—" Betty stammered, "Oh, Mr. Jennings!" she said, surprised—but very surprised.

"You were swell," he smiled. "You're just right for the part."

When Betty got home that night, she had forgotten all about New York, at least for the time being. He's awfully tall, she thought, looking, with round, brown eyes at her five feet, not quite three inches in the mirror. He looks, she thought, about six feet, five. Actually, Mr. Jennings, whose first name was Bob, was six feet, three. Well, Betty thought, I think I'll like

together. Betty looked up at him and smiled. "Thanks," she said, "for seeing me home." He looked down at her amazed. "You see," she explained, not able to hold back her laughter, "I live here."

At first, the tall, young radio executive looked embarrassed. Then, he managed a wry smile. "Well," he said, "I certainly got you home fast, didn't I?"

**N**OW, these days, most young men are very glib and romantic and forward when they meet a girl they like. The sweep-them-off-their-feet technique is very much in evidence. But, Betty was soon aware that young Mr. Jennings had never heard of such an approach, or, if he had, it wasn't his style.

During the run of the radio show, he asked her out several times, but always, invariably, he also asked anywhere from two to a dozen other people to accompany them. When two

"Okay," Bob said, "suppose we meet at Huyler's."

That next day, Betty walked down Michigan Boulevard toward their designated meeting place, feeling very gay and excited and just a little bit relieved. At long last, they'd be able to talk and have fun together without a small gang around them. Coming from the bright sunlight into the restaurant she was temporarily blinded, and then, she saw him. He was sitting at a table, smiling. She smiled back. Then, her smile faded. Sitting at the table with him were two young men she had never seen before. They were also smiling.

They all got up when she came over and Bob said, "Good morning. I'd like to have you meet some friends of mine. They just got into town."

Betty managed to get a smile back on her face. "I'm very glad to know you," she said.

"They're going to be in town for a couple of months," Bob said, "and I thought it would be nice if we showed them around."

"That sounds fine," Betty said.

After that, every morning for months, Betty and Bob and his two friends met for breakfast. When they went out at night, the friends were always there. In spite of the fact that she wanted to be alone with Bob—just once—she grew very fond of his two pals. They managed to have wonderful times together.

Then, one night, the incredible happened. When Betty opened the door to her apartment, Bob was standing there alone! She looked up and down the hall. Not a soul was in sight. "Where are they?" Betty said, holding her breath.

"Oh," Bob smiled, "we're supposed to meet them at the Edgewater Beach." He looked puzzled for a moment. "I think that's where we're supposed to meet them."

"I don't suppose," Betty smiled, hopelessly, "we could possibly miss them?"

"I don't think so," Bob said. "I'm almost sure that's where they said I should meet them."

When they got to the Edgewater Beach, Bob's friends were nowhere in sight. They started into the main dining room. The headwaiter stopped them. "I'm sorry," he said, "we can't let anyone in unless they're in evening clothes."

Bob was in a business suit and Betty was wearing a street dress. "Tell you what," Bob said, "let's both go home and get dressed and come back. They're sure to be here by that time."

**A**S Betty was dressing, she thought, for some reason, about New York, about the plans she had made before she met Bob. All of a sudden, she had the old desire again, the desire to get out of Chicago, to go to New York, the one place she had always wanted to go. When she met Bob in the lobby, she told him how she felt. He didn't say anything for a moment and then he said, "Let's not go to the Edgewater Beach. Let's go over to the Drake, instead, and see Wayne King."

Wayne was an old friend of theirs. When he came over to their table and

Continued on page 48



*Silly question: Is it the typewriter or lovely Madeleine Carroll that Gene Raymond (left) and George Murphy are so engrossed in? This was a moment's relaxation at rehearsal of a Gulf Screen Theater broadcast.*

being on that show. And, although she wouldn't quite admit it to herself, she knew why.

The night "The Golden Theater" show went on the air for the first time, Bob Jennings asked Betty Winkler to go to the Ambassador Hotel with him—along with all the other members of the cast. I hope, Betty thought, as they were all gaily riding over to the hotel, that he doesn't ask me to dance. I'd love to dance with him, she went on thinking, but how in the world could I ever dance with a man who's so tall!

And then, shortly after they were all seated at a table in the Pump Room, Bob turned to Betty and said, "Would you dance with me?"

"Of course," Betty said, and whispered a little prayer.

But, when they were out on the dance floor, she forgot all about how tall he was because he danced so well and she was having so much fun. It was a wonderful evening. When it came time to go, Bob said, "Can I take you home?"

"Yes," Betty said, her eyes dancing mischievously, "you can take me home."

They walked out to the main lobby

people are surrounded by a small crowd, romance has a very difficult, if not an impossible, time. And Betty could never quite forget that the shy, important young executive was not only her escort, but her boss.

Bob Jennings would call up and say, "How would you like to go out with me tonight, Betty?"

And Betty would say, "Fine, I'd like to go out with you." And an actress knows how to accent words.

But when Bob called for Betty, there was always that small crowd in back of him. What, Betty thought in the months that followed, can you do with a young man with whom you might be falling in love, but who is too shy to take you out alone?

Then, the day arrived when the show was finished. Now, Betty hoped, maybe they could be together without the cast. Now, she thought, if he wanted to take her out alone, he would. And, the next day, when the phone rang and she heard Bob on the other end of the wire, she thought, "This is it!"

"I wonder," Bob said, "if you'd like to have breakfast with me, tomorrow?"

"Swell," Betty said.





Your fingers will be as lovely as jewels;  
and this polish "stays on" amazingly

You'll love Dura-Gloss, for it is no ordinary nail polish. Perhaps you've wondered why you hear so much about it, why so many have adopted it. Well, Dura-Gloss is made with a special ingredient—CHRYSTALLYNE\*! Perfected through laboratory research, Chrystallyne is a magnificent resin that (1) imparts exceptional powers of *adhesion*, and (2) jewel-like *sparkle* and *brilliance* to Dura-Gloss. This wonderful substance is the reason Dura-Gloss resists ugly "peeling," and "fraying," so stubbornly day after day. Why it radiates sparkling gloss, luster, *life*! Dura-Gloss will make your nails a king's ransom in jewels . . . good enough to be kissed . . . brilliant, beautiful, lovely—at all cosmetic counters.

\*Chrystallyne is a special resin-ingredient developed by chemistry-experts who were dissatisfied with existing nail polishes. Before being blended into the superb Dura-Gloss formula, it looks like glittering diamonds.



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3 New Colors  
for Spring  
Blackberry  
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It's **DURA-GLOSS** for  
*the most beautiful fingernails in the world*

LORR LABORATORIES  
Paterson, New Jersey  
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

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sat down to talk to them; Bob said, "Wayne, Betty has a silly idea. She wants to go to New York."

"That's crazy," Wayne said and launched into a sales talk on Chicago, not forgetting to put in a great many words about how he and *certain people* who loved her would miss her terribly. The things Bob was too shy to say, Wayne managed to say for him. After a little while, however, Bob managed to get in a few pleas of his own. Betty, to this day, feels very indebted to Wayne King.

"You'll stay then," Bob said, when they were driving back to her hotel. "You and Wayne really think I should?" Betty asked.

"I really think you should," Bob said. He smiled, shyly. "I guess Wayne was speaking for me."

Every day after that Bob sent flowers. And almost every night they went out together—alone. It didn't take long for Bob to get used to being with Betty—sans crowd—and it didn't take long for him to get over his shyness and begin talking about how

marriage can be an awfully fine thing if two people are in love.

Then, suddenly, he had to go to California on business. He was to be gone a week. One morning, a day before she expected him back, the doorbell rang and there was Bob with an armful of roses and a very funny expression on his face.

"Come on," he said, "let's go."

It wasn't until they were in the lobby that Betty thought to ask where they were going. "To Wheaton, Illinois," Bob said, matter of factly, "to get married."

"Oh," Betty said, "I thought we were going to breakfast. Say," she said breathlessly, "I'm not going to get married today."

"Oh yes, you are," the shy, young man said.

"But I'm not," Betty said, firmly.

Betty continued refusing to marry Bob right up until they faced the Justice of the Peace. Then she kept very quiet until it came her turn to say "I Do," and be kissed.

When they got back to Chicago,

Betty's mother had her suitcases all packed. There were ten in all, and—you know the way mothers feel about their only child—Betty's mother had packed almost everything Betty had ever owned, including her first pair of baby shoes. The Jennings honeymooned in Bermuda and Bob struggled with the ten suitcases. But you don't mind something like that if you love someone, just as you'll put up sharing someone you love with a crowd—if you really love him.

THAT was two and a half years ago. Now the girl who wanted to go to New York all her life is starring in a radio show that originates in New York. The show is called "The Man I Married." But, all week long she keeps looking forward to Friday afternoon, because just about dusk she boards a plane that takes her back to Chicago, to a beautiful, three story home on Schiller Street, and a young fellow named Bob Jennings, who is still shy, but no longer cares for crowds.

## My Heart Was True

Continued from page 17

see her face, and anyway she wore a veil, but she was small and slender and—Maude Sanborn, discussing it with Ken, said—

"It's about time I took Carol into a corner and told her the facts of life. She's too swell to get herself talked about."

Ken said, "If anybody dares to talk about Carol I'll knock him loose from his front teeth!"

But Maude shook her head. "A gentleman can't knock women loose from their front teeth, my pet—" she murmured—"and it's mostly women who are talking. Jealous women."

"Jealous of what?" grated Ken.

Maude said, "Stanley Breen is the catch of the season—he's the catch of any season for my money! I hate his guts, Ken, but if he asked me to walk down the street with him I'd buy a new hat and a gardenia. Just to do him proud."

Ken said slowly, "Maybe he's in love with her."

"That guy couldn't be honestly in love with anybody," Maude said, "but—" the glance she darted at Ken was sympathetic—"but Carol's in love with him and I don't mean maybe. He's putting on the heat, Ken, and Carol can't cope with it—she hasn't had enough experience."

SWIFTLY—unexpectedly—Ken Williams lost control of himself—he was a mild chap usually, Maude had never seen him go off the deep end before.

"Why should she be able to cope with it," he raged, "Stanley Breen knows all the tricks, and on top of that he's good looking and wears swell clothes! He has more glamour than anyone in radio, and more earning power. Naturally Carol's had no experience. She isn't the sort men paw and push around. They treat her gently—" his voice broke here—"gently and reverently."

"Listen here, Ken," said Maude, "no woman likes to be treated reverently—when a man treats a woman reverently he's insulting her. Why the dickens didn't you rush Carol off

her feet when you had the chance? Why did you stand like a goon, with your hat in your hand, saying prayers?"

Ken Williams answered very simply, "Because she was my whole heart and soul—because I didn't want to startle her; because I wanted her to sense the way I felt about her and respond naturally. . . . I always thought Carol and I would be married some day and have a little place in the country, with a room for me to write in and a garden for her to walk in. A garden with hollyhocks and a sun dial."

"Did you ever give her a hint of your—er, plan?" queried Maude. "Did you ever take her into your big secret?"

"Once," said Ken very low, "I wrote a poem about the—the house and garden. . . . She thought it was a nice poem."

"Stan hasn't wasted a second writing verse," Maude said. "Probably this very minute he has Carol in his arms, kissing her deaf, dumb and blind. Ken—" her voice was pleading—"ask Carol to marry you, and ask her in words of one syllable, before that rat has her so dizzy that she doesn't know what she's doing. Go to her flat this evening and don't take hollyhocks or verses with you—take T. N. T. Show her that you're jealous, show her that you love her, kiss her and show her that Stan hasn't a monopoly on technique. It may turn the trick."

Long after Maude had gone her way Ken sat where she had left him, staring into a horizon that was only a blank wall. And then he got up and went to his apartment and dug the ring box out from under his shirts and put on the Sulka tie that he'd been keeping for an emergency and started toward the door, with his chin jutting forward at a rather surprising angle. He opened the door just in time to save a messenger boy the trouble of knocking.

"Mr. Williams?" asked the messenger. "Mr. K. Williams?" and when Ken nodded he thrust a thin yellow envelope into his hand. "It's collect," he said.

Ken paid for the telegram and after the messenger had gone ripped open the envelope. The message ran well over ten words and it was signed with Stanley Breen's name.

"Carol and I," Ken read through a mist, "are bound for Virginia to be married. I wanted you to be the first to know." Not *we*. I.

Even as he dragged off the Sulka tie that was choking him, Ken knew that Stanley Breen had sent the telegram on his own hook, and that Carol would never know he'd sent it.

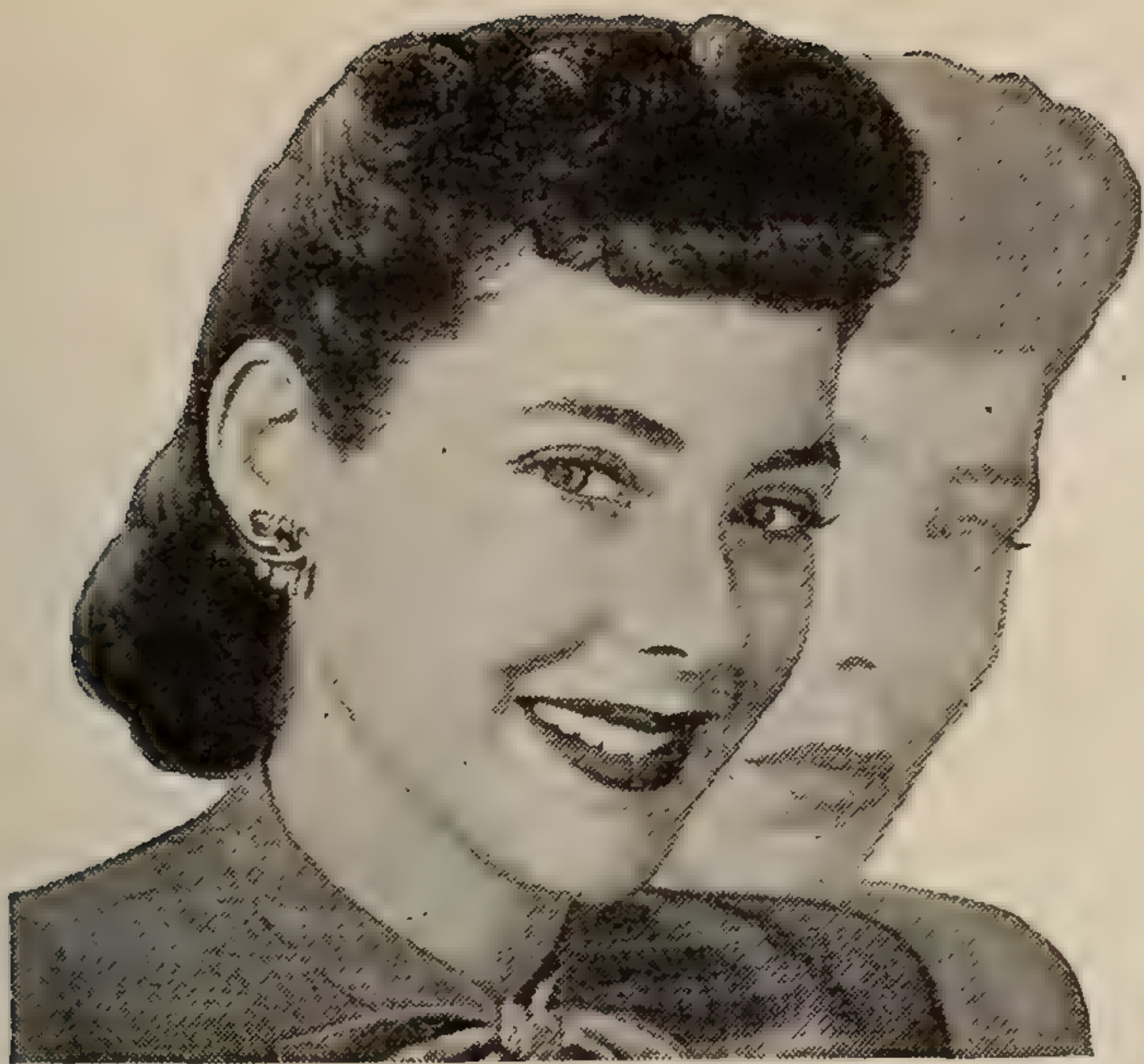
THE Breens' honeymoon only lasted for a weekend—Stan had to be on the air every morning, or else. The day he came back from the honeymoon, a Monday, he swaggered into the studio and accepted congratulations with one eyebrow raised. He told the ones who kidded him about losing his freedom that they were old-fashioned—that marriage was no longer a pair of handcuffs—and he told the director of Ken's show that he had married Carol because he couldn't get her any other way. The director grinned as he repeated the line to Ken, but Ken didn't think it was funny—his hands clenched so hard that his knuckles looked faintly green and it was lucky that Stan wasn't within arm's reach. Even though Stan was bigger than Ken—well, it was lucky.

That Monday Stan—for the first time in weeks—didn't take Carol to lunch, he took another girl. Nobody in particular—just a girl with nice legs who happened to be hanging around the studio. Ken, hearing that Stan was engaged during the noon hour, called Radio Registry and learned where Carol and Stan were staying—it was the city's smartest hotel—and called Carol and asked her to have lunch with him. "For old sake's sake," he said. "Champagne!"

Brides are popularly supposed to be radiant on their return from the honeymoon. Carol was radiant but the radiance wasn't of the high white incandescent variety—it was a shaded candle. She met Ken with no sign of

Continued on page 50





# LUCY'S "Double Life"

*She Smiled...to Hide  
A Breaking Heart !*



**JANE:** I don't understand Lucy. She hardly ever has dates and yet she always seems so happy.  
**SUE:** Don't let her act fool you, Jane. She'd give her eye-teeth to be popular with the men.  
**LUCY:** Why—they're talking about me!



**LUCY:** And what they said is *true*, Aunt Edith. But I'm always so tired and draggy-looking—no man ever looks at me twice!  
**AUNT EDITH:** Well, if I were you, I'd try to build up some freshness and sparkle!



**LUCY:** Build up sparkle? But how can I?  
**AUNT EDITH:** Haven't you read about those rarer food elements they've discovered, like minerals and vitamins? The magazines say it's a miracle the way they make over so many people.



**SO—LUCY** Started Taking Ovaltine Regularly 3 Times a Day—To Get Extra Supplies of Rarer Food Elements Needed for Vitality and Freshness—And Always at Bedtime to Foster Restful Sleep.



**JIM:** (Some Time Later) Say—isn't that Lucy Jordan? I hardly knew her, the way she's blossomed out lately.  
**JOHN:** By George—it is Lucy! She's changed so much . . . she looks like a different girl!



**JOHN:** (Still Later) Gee honey, I must have been blind to have gone all these months without realizing how wonderful you are. I could spend the rest of my life with you like this.  
**LUCY:** Flatterer!

## Unattractively "Lifeless," Rundown or Under Par?

### TRY THIS PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

If fatigue, jangled nerves, or lack of sparkle are robbing you of social success, you should know this. Now there's a *new way* to build up radiant freshness and vitality—a way government authorities, magazines and newspapers are urging, and thousands are adopting for buoyant, vigorous days.

For, as you've read in countless magazine articles, there are certain new-found *food elements* widely called "miracle foods." Elements which—taken in larger quantities than commonly found in average American diets—are credited with astonishing powers to increase physical stamina, build sounder nerves,

combat fatigue—give vitality and sparkle to millions now tired, nervous and under par.

In light of this new knowledge, thousands are drinking Ovaltine regularly. For Ovaltine provides a wider variety and wealth of important food elements—than any single natural food. It supplies not just two—or four—or six—but eleven important food elements, *including* Vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, D and G, Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron and complete proteins.

Equally important, clinical tests show that Ovaltine increases the energy fuel in the blood in as little as 15 minutes—thus helping to ward off attacks of fatigue.

So if you tire quickly, are nervous or sleep poorly, try drinking Ovaltine regularly each day. See if you don't begin to sleep better, feel far fresher mornings—enjoy more energetic days. See if people don't start telling you how much better you *look*.

## Mail for free samples

OVALTINE, Dept. A42-RM-4  
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free samples of Regular and Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine, and interesting new booklet about certain new-found miracle elements in food and the promise they hold. One sample offer to a person.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

**Ovaltine** THE PROTECTING  
FOOD-DRINK



Continued from page 48

embarrassment—none whatsoever—and Ken, noting the softness of her eyes, tried to forget about the tiny box that was back again under his shirts.

"I don't have to tell you," he said huskily, "that I'm wishing you all the happiness in the world!"

"I think I have it," said Carol, but she said think, so Ken swallowed hard and went on. "Stan," he said, "can be the biggest man in radio. He can give you everything."

"He has given me everything," said Carol, and her voice was husky and excited. "Ken," she said, "we're going house hunting on Sunday—in Connecticut. We're going to have a lovely house, with a garden. I—" her voice trembled—"I showed Stan that poem you wrote about a house and a garden, and he thinks it would be fun to have it illuminated and hung in the front hall."

Ken swallowed again, even harder this time. "What about your work?" he said. "There's a nice part coming up in my new sequence. I've written it especially for you."

Carol said a shade regretfully, "I'm giving up radio. Stan says nobody'll miss me. . . . We're going to have a pretty big house, Ken, and it'll take all my time running it. We'll probably entertain a lot, too."

"I hope you'll invite me to the house-warming," said Ken, "but don't let's talk about that now. I promised you food—and champagne."

Carefully, very carefully, Ken steered Carol away from the restaurant which would have been their logical choice and where he knew that Stan was ensconced in a corner booth with the girl who had just happened along. He took her to a roof with a wide view of the city below it, and they had their champagne and lobster salad, too—and then they walked down the avenue and Ken bought Carol a wedding gift. It was something she had wanted very much for quite a long while—a white jade picture frame, cunningly carved, which had been standing in a shop window for months. Ken bought it even though he knew that Carol would probably put Stan's picture in it. On the night of the house-warming he tried to walk past the picture frame and its contents without gagging.

**T**HE night of the housewarming! It happened incredibly soon. Stanley Breen seemed anxious to get his wife out of town and so he bought the first house that came anywhere close to specifications. It was a big house, completely furnished, even down to linen and dishes.

"We were full of luck," Stan enthused. "We met a woman at a cocktail party and she'd just divorced her husband, and she got tight and said she didn't want to see the place again, what with its memories, and I wasn't tight so I paid a deposit then and there. It was a big bargain. I bet the woman kicked herself when she sobered up."

Ken was in the group. He said to Carol, "How do you like your mansion?" and Carol answered slowly, "It scared me at first, when the woman we bought it from talked about her memories. Memories can be like ghosts. . . . In a way, I'd rather have a new house where Stan and I could build our own memories."

Stan said with rare gentleness, "We'll put a layer of new memories on top of the old ones." He turned to Maude Sanborn, as if ashamed of the lapse—"I'll be glad when Carol's up in Connecticut," he said, "a wife cramps a feller's style."

"I—I try not to," said Carol.

Stan was genial. The commercial had gone especially well that day. "It isn't a question of trying or not trying" he said. "It's just a question of *being*. A wife's nice to come home to when you're tired, and a swell alibi when you've talked out of turn, but aside from that—" he laughed. "Are you a good cook, Carol? You never told me whether you were a good cook."

Carol said soberly "I'm a very good cook. And as long as you can use me—even for an alibi—and as long as you do come home eventually, it's okay—" She laughed also, but her laughter was muted. "I like being married," she said, "and I'm going to like the house, too. When will we have our house-warming, Stan?"

Stan said—"Next Saturday. Saturday's a slick day. Everybody—" they were in a place with tables and a circular bar and it was crowded—"everybody's invited. House-warming Saturday. Everybody."

Everybody came. Everybody who had been in the restaurant and everybody's friends, and a few others who hadn't been in the restaurant. The blonde girl, the White Russian, was there in a black dress that looked as if it were made out of fish scales. And there was a Chinese butler who darted around like a flea, with a cocktail shaker in his hand. Carol wore ivory satin, with glints of blue to it—a chaste, icy dress—and her hair was done a new way, and her eyes were anxious, and her pride in the new house—it was a beautiful house, at that—was diluted with a strange reticence as if she were just a visitor there

and didn't really belong. Many of the guests hadn't met Carol—she'd never been a mixer—but Ken and Maude formed themselves into a bodyguard of two, one on either side, and kept her from being too badly bumped by elbows and conversation. When people said, "Stan's a good provider," or "Don't go social now that you're up in the world," Maude made the answers. When women who hadn't seen Carol since her marriage were catty and congratulatory, Ken made the answers.

After the initial hour or two of the house-warming the air grew dense with alcohol fumes and cigarette smoke and some of the jokesters began to throw pate sandwiches, and the white jade picture frame was knocked over and cracked, and Stan was nowhere in evidence. He'd been very much in evidence at the beginning, until he got tired of hearing people say he had good taste, and "Boy, what a house!"

It was when Carol began to get violet shadows under her eyes and sway slightly on her slim ankles, that Ken went hunting for Stan—it's the host's job to send the people home when the hostess is ready to collapse. He found him finally on a little back porch, a carefully screened porch, with the big blonde girl in his arms. She'd quite obviously been in his arms for a rather long while.

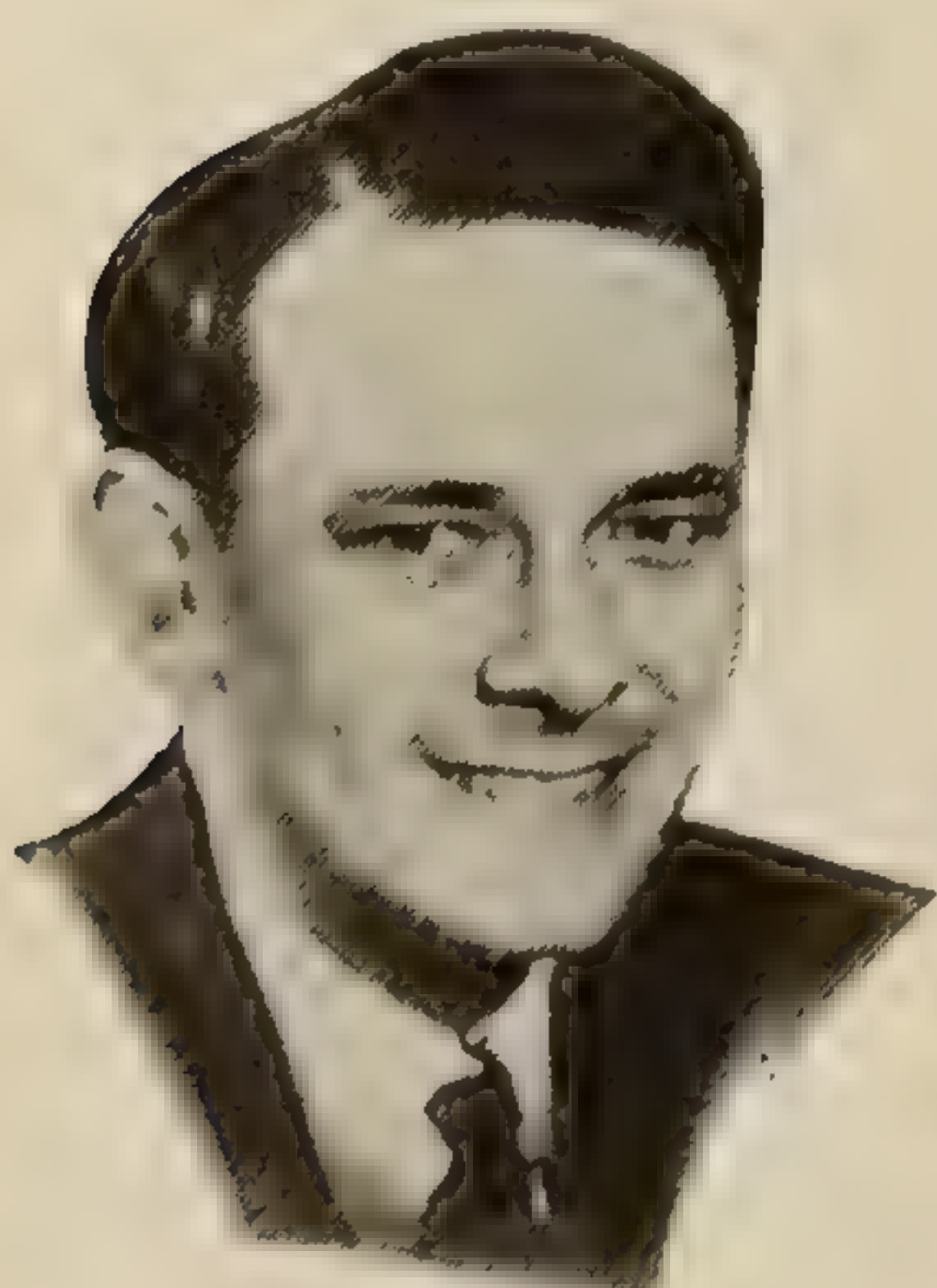
Ken didn't say anything to either of them—there wasn't anything to say, and besides they didn't know he was there. He just pushed another screen in front of the entrance to the porch so that none of the gossips would find fresh fuel, and then he went back to Carol. He was so very gay and amusing that, after a while, she stopped being tired and accepted a long frosty drink and went to sit in the hammock on the wide unscreened front porch. Ken kept her there until Stan, slightly disheveled, came wandering out to ask for scrambled eggs.

**T**HE Breens entertained a lot—their house-warming was just a starter. Even though Stan made tons of money it must have strained his resources to pay the liquor bills alone. Few of the invited guests brought a spare bottle along with them—none of the uninvited guests ever brought anything. But Stan didn't mind, for playing host was his meat. The moment he was in his own living room or behind his own bar, he was the golden voice, sending out vocal rays. He was doing the commercials for Stanley Breen—Lochinvar, Incorporated—God's gift to women. He bought himself a set of what Maude Sanborn called "he-hostess gowns"—silk shirts open at the throat, well cut slacks made of multi-colored sharkskin. Nothing sissy about Stan's home outfits, but they would have been sissy on any other man. Stan was big enough to wear a shirt open at the throat, with mauve slacks slightly to the south. Nobody dared make a crack, dirty or otherwise—and besides he was paying for the liquor. Paying for everything.

Carol went in for less stylized sartorial arrangements. She didn't pose against the background of her home—she *was* the background. She wore the sort of tailored suits that she had worn when she drifted from studio to studio looking for work, the same soft little rayon crepe dresses. Her type didn't change—but with all that she

Continued on page 52

## Say Hello To—



**WALTER COMPTON**—master of ceremonies on Double or Nothing, the quiz show heard Sunday afternoons on Mutual. Walter has been many things in his time. Aged ten, he was touring the South as a boy pianist. Aged 21, he was teaching dramatics and public speaking at Roanoke College in Virginia. Today, aged thirty, he's star of a quiz show that's broadcast over more stations than any other commercial program in the United States. He was born in Charleston, S. C., and first entered radio in 1935, coming to WOL, Mutual's affiliate in Washington, in 1937. He's still WOL's star special-events, news, and Presidential announcer, and commutes to New York via plane every week-end for Double or Nothing, which he originated. He's never missed a broadcast.



"Girls with *Romance Complexions*  
win out!"

**LORETTA YOUNG**

Get 3 cakes of Lux Toilet Soap and begin now a month's trial of this gentle care that helps protect million-dollar complexions, the care screen stars depend on! See for yourself what a wonderful aid it is in keeping *your* skin smoother, lovelier—more attractive!

Star of Columbia Pictures'  
"Bedtime Story"

"This  
**ACTIVE-lather**  
care is a  
wonderful  
beauty aid.  
*Try it for  
30 days.*"

LUX SOAP HAS  
SUCH WONDERFUL  
CREAMY LATHER.  
I PAT IT LIGHTLY  
INTO MY SKIN—

RINSE WITH  
WARM WATER,  
THEN A DASH  
OF COOL

THEN I PAT MY FACE  
GENTLY TO DRY. THIS  
**ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL**  
LEAVES SKIN FEELING  
BEAUTIFULLY SMOOTH  
AND SOFT!



**9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**





## Say Hello To -

**JOAN DAVIS**—the film comedienne who is branching out these days as a radio star too, by appearing every Thursday night to heckle Rudy Vallee and John Barrymore on their NBC program. Joan is a pretty girl who makes a living by emphasizing her worst features; as you can see by the picture, she's really sort of glamorous when she wants to be. Joan went into vaudeville as soon as she was out of school in St. Paul, her home town. In 1931 her manager teamed her up with another vaudeville performer, Si Wills, and it wasn't six months before she was Mrs. Wills. They have one daughter, Beverly, and own a beautiful home in Hollywood. Joan likes to ride horseback, go to the movies, eat chow mein, and listen to music. At comedy falls she's an expert.

*Continued from page 50*

was nearly a hundred per cent perfect in the hospitality setup. When Stan urged too many drinks on a budding genius it was Carol who put the girl (the genius was always a girl) to bed. It was she who saw that the aspirin bottle in the powder room was always full, and that went for bromo seltzer, too. She seemed to love having "our friends" drop in, she especially seemed to love having a crowd arrive on Friday afternoon and stay until Monday morning, for—as long as he was surrounded by eager ears, mostly in pairs, and hands that were willing to clap—Stan was content to stay at home. And as long as he was content to stay at home Carol was content to be combination wife and alibi and manager. But, though her smile was eager and her voice calm, her transparency increased as day followed day. She was more than fragile—she was gossamer.

"A good puff of wind would blow her away," Maude told Ken Williams. "A good slap would knock her over."

**K**EN'S answer was on the bitter side. "She can't stand this constant tension," he told Maude. "She's living in a whirlpool. She never climbs down from the merry-go-round horse. Carol needs some rest—and even Stan should have a few quiet moments!"

"When they have a quiet moment Stan finds an excuse to go to town," Maude said. "Are we a couple of heels, Ken—running out to Connecticut for weekend after weekend, eating Breen food and lapping up Breen highballs, and feeling the way we do about—" her voice grew thoughtful. "I could make up a poem on the subject," she said. "I feel so mean about Stan Breen. He is—"

"Shut up," interposed Ken. "We don't go to Connecticut on account of Stan. We go there to see Carol."

"I'm just a fifth wheel," said Maude, "but the fact that you hang about just gives Stan a lot of pleasure. I'll bet he never puts his arm around Carol unless you're in the room—I'll bet he never kisses her unless he knows you're watching out of one eye."

Ken said, "Shut up!" again, but he spoke wearily. "It's Friday now and we're in for another couple of ghastly days. . . . Do you think Carol will ever get wise to him?"

"Do you?" countered Maude, but Ken only said, "The weather reports are lousy. It'll probably rain for the entire weekend."

It did rain for the entire weekend. It rained cats and dogs. The Stanley Breen household tried to amuse

themselves in their various ways—each guest after his own fashion. There was ping-pong and backgammon and bridge and poker for high stakes, and the blonde Russian girl sang throaty things and told Carol that she'd forgotten her weekend case, and could she borrow a nightgown? Carol's largest nightgown would have been like a bib on the Russian and they both knew it, but Carol brought out a chiffon number and handed it over without blinking. The Russian held it against her more than ample bosom and it gave Stan a chance to make a wisecrack.

Rain Friday night—more rain Saturday—Ken and Maude took a long tramp, rain or no, on Saturday afternoon, and came back to see a fire lighted on the living room hearth and people sprawled about drinking hot Tom and Jerrys which were slightly out of season. More rain Saturday night—and a veritable cloudburst Sunday, with ping-pong growing brittle and pocketbooks empty because of bridge and poker, and tempers wearing thin. When it was late afternoon and Stan began to make ready for his trip to town—the Sunday night job was there, come hell or high water—he was being short with his guests and snappish to Carol.

"You should have arranged games to keep the gang amused," he told her. "Not that I go for games usually, but three days in the house has been an eternity—to say nothing of lousy, unimaginative food. Roast beef and lamb and chicken. Carol, can't we ever have anything but roast beef and lamb and chicken?"

Carol said, "I order the sort of food that will stretch—I never know how many people we'll have. . . . Darling, be sure to wear your muffler and your raincoat. I always worry for fear you'll take cold."

The blonde Russian laughed and said, "She thinks you're made of sugar, Stan. She thinks you'll melt," and Stan said angrily, "Why should I wear a raincoat and muffler when I'm going to town in a car?"

The Breens had two cars now and a station wagon. "Take the sedan," begged Carol. "It has the best heater and—"

But Stan interrupted, "One more word out of you—" he growled—"and I'll go in the convertible with the top down. I don't like interference, Carol."

It was then that Ken Williams said quietly, "That's a stupid way to talk, Stan. You're being absurd. Carol's only thinking of your best good."

Stan said, "Keep out of this, Ken. If I'm being absurd it's my own busi-

ness." He rang for the Chinese butler—the sixth successive butler they'd had since they moved into the new home. "Bring around the convertible, Chang," he said, "and make it snappy, and put down the top. Don't stand blinking at me like a Mongolian goop—do as I tell you."

**S**OMEHOW, after Stan left the house, the crowd brightened up. Carol did suggest games—kid games, like musical chairs—and they played hilariously, without having to nod approval and roar at jokes they'd heard before. Sunday night supper was buffet as usual—cold lamb and roast beef weren't bad, taken along with chicken salad. The crowd grew very cheerful and without benefit of the bar, but when Stan came back about eleven, wringing wet and in a vile mood, the laughter died away and people went quietly to bed. Carol gave Stan hot whiskey and some of the ever present aspirin, and he went to bed, too, but the next day—before any of the crowd left for the city—he had developed a nasty cough. He went into town for his regular show but when the director saw how he was coughing he sent post haste for a substitute and told Stan to go home and soak his feet in a mustard bath. Stan went home, choking and sniffing, but he didn't bother about the mustard bath. He drank straight Scotch until it was coming out of his ears, and blamed Carol for the whole thing.

"You deviled me into riding in the open car," he told her. "It's your fault I'm this way."

Carol had taken a lot since she became Mrs. Stanley Breen. She said now—"That's a lie, Stan. If you have a cold it's your own fault." Crossing the room on staccato feet she called the doctor, and Stan was so surprised that he didn't offer any suggestions. By the time the local M.D. got there he was being pathetic and lonely, and the doctor gave him something to make him sleep. But it didn't stop the approaching laryngitis.

The first week Stan was away from the studios they used the same man who had substituted for him on the first off day. The second week they began to cast around for someone better—not that there was anyone who could duplicate Stan's golden voice, but beggars can't be choosers. On the weekend between the first and second week Carol canceled all invitations and sent the people who came uninvited back to town in the station wagon.

**T**HE third week, Ken—riding out on a way train to spend an evening with Carol and Stan—was told by Carol in a hushed voice that Stan's laryngitis had settled in his vocal chords—that there seemed to be something malignant about it. To use her own words, "The chords were tied in hard knots and the doctor couldn't untie them!" She told Ken that they were going to have a consultation—that a big man was coming up from Baltimore, that another one was flying in from Minnesota—and that, together with the local man, they were going to make Stan open his mouth and say "ah."

When Ken asked if he could do anything Carol turned away with her shoulders shaking, and Ken—loving her like crazy—made a stupid excuse and took the train back to town.

No one ever knew what the special—  
*Continued on page 54*





"See how this Polish protected my nails for 7 days!" *Mrs. Jut Kent*



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MRS. JUT KENT is one of the busy younger set who has lately fallen in love with Cutex . . . "My nails stayed practically perfect for a whole week! I finally changed the polish only because the moons grew out!" Try Cutex Black Red, Gingerbread, Lollipop, Butterscotch, Sugar Plum, Sheer Natural! See if you don't agree that the way its beauty lasts is truly amazing! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in the U.S.!

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APPLY 2 COATS FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL LOOK AND LONGER WEAR



ists said when they talked to Stanley Breen after looking down his throat and punching and poking him and using stethoscopes. Perhaps they didn't talk the matter over with Stan at all—perhaps they told Carol, instead, and let her break the news to her husband. It must have taken some doing to tell a man whose voice is his living that the voice is gone forever. It must have taken extreme courage to tell an announcer that his career—the most promising career in radio—is at an end. Nobody who knew Carol well—though who except Ken Williams and Maude Sanborn knew her well?—doubted that her courage was up to any test, but Carol—watching Stan's cold, hard eyes, hearing his voice rail at her huskily—knew that she had come up against more than a crisis. The hurdle she took was much more than a hurdle for she had to take it alone—Stan didn't give her any help. When he finished blaming

scarf, the latter twisted around his throat—greeted them with a small crooked smile that spoke volumes.

"Well, here I am," he grated. "Take a good look at me and laugh. I used to be an announcer and now I'm in the ash can."

Everybody was enormously embarrassed; there wasn't a hint of laughter. Stan's big shining voice had been so much a part of him—his bravado had been so much a part of him—his conceit had been as typical as his white teeth and his blue eyes. Stan—with a crooked smile and air of apology and a voice that got into the mass spinal column of the listeners and made them ache with the agony and effort of it—Stan, like that, was out of character! One of the men hastily suggested going into the bar for a Scotch and soda—anything to take the tension out of an uncomfortable moment—but Stan told them in his husky whisper that there wasn't any Scotch.



*This year Tommy Dorsey gave the members of his band their bonuses in U. S. Defense Bonds. He's handing them to his drummer, Buddy Rich and his vocalist Connie Haines. Tommy's been twice featured on Mutual's Spotlight Bands.*

her for everything, beginning with their meeting in the Mulberry Room, he rasped—"For God's sake, don't keep the crowd away this weekend. I've seen only you, unadulterated you, for the past fifty years—or so it seems." and Carol said, "We'll have a big party over the weekend, darling. You need cheering up—I realize that."

SO the crowd came, the usual crowd, summoned by phone calls, letters, even telegrams. But when they arrived on the front porch and Carol—instead of a yellow man in a white coat—opened the door, they began to realize that something was different. Carol explained that she was doing the work herself, that she and Stan were retrenching but that she was a pretty good cook and they needn't worry. She asked them to be tactful and sympathetic with her husband. "He's been through such a strain," she said. And then she took them into the living room and Stan—very pale and decorative in an invalid chair and lounging pajamas and a rabbit's wool

"We have some gin," he said. "Maybe we have enough to last the weekend—after that it will be a water diet. . . . Has Carol given you the business?"

Carol said, "I told them we were retrenching."

Stan's husky whisper had a hint of bravery about it. "Retrenching is the least of it," he said. "Call a spade a spade. We're fresh out of money—oh, I know I've always made a pile but I never saved anything, and what with specialists and the rest of it—but I don't have to go any further. . . . We've sold the convertible and the station wagon and we'll probably have to sell the house or let it go for taxes. We're flat."

It was the blonde Russian girl who spoke up. She had moved away from Stan when he said that they didn't have any Scotch—though she wasn't passionate about Scotch, it was a symbol. "Carol used to be an actress," said the Russian. "Can't she keep things going?"

Stan's whisper was no longer brave. For that matter it was no longer a

whisper—it was a loud voice that ran like a file across the assorted nervous systems of the crowd. "Carol," he said, "was always a punk actress. She could never make enough to run this place."

The blonde sneered openly at Carol, and something naked and ugly raised its head between them. "Here's another idea," she said. "Why don't you take a boarder—a boarder with a regular salary? Somebody like—well, like Ken Williams? He's on his own, being a bachelor. And he's fond of you, Stan—and he's devoted to Carol. Everybody knows that."

Ken spoke quickly, as if the words were forced from him. "Carol," he said, "isn't up to running a boarding house—she's not strong. It would take too much out of her. She'd fall by—the wayside."

Maude Sanborn started to back Ken up but Stan's voice—throbbing like a rusty outboard motor—was barging in and she couldn't make herself heard.

"I might have known, Ken," said Stan, "that you're the kind of a guy to raise objections. We're on our uppers—but what's it to you?—you've always taken everything for nothing. . . . At that—speaking of everything—" his voice lowered reflectively—"I don't get your slant on this thing. You and Carol are such old friends that I should imagine—" he left the sentence hanging.

Ken's face was flushing—the flush started at the chin and worked up to the line of his hair. A stranger might have thought that the reproof had found its mark, but Maude knew and Carol knew—yes, and Stan knew—that Ken Williams was angry enough to do murder. He swallowed hard—not once, twice. And then at last he replied. But not to Stan.

"Carol," he said, "do you want me to move in?"

Carol answered—"Yes, Ken. As far as I can see, it's the only way. I—I am a punk actress. I—I couldn't hope to—to support us on a couple of jobs a month. . . . Yes, Ken. Yes—I do want you."

THE weekend was not a howling success, especially after the gin ran out, but it bore immediate fruit. Ken Williams, giving up his comfortable apartment in town, moved to Connecticut, bag and baggage, and took possession of the two least attractive rooms on the third floor. One he used as a bedroom—one as a study. He didn't pay a regular sum per week—Carol wouldn't bring herself to put a price on hospitality—but he went over accounts with her and sent his own check to the butcher and the baker and the candlestick maker. He also helped her with the dishes of an evening, and was downstairs early in the morning, before she was up, to put on the coffee pot and start the eggs.

Stan took to the role of invalid as a duck takes to water. He enjoyed lolling in an easy chair with a copy of *Esquire* and a snifter of brandy. Brandy, he said, was good for his throat. The only cigarettes that he could stand were imported ones—English tobacco was more soothing than the domestic kind—so Carol sneaked enough from the budget to buy about a carton a week, and Ken didn't make any objection. He only paid the next installment on the car that was left and tried to make Carol hire a laundress.



It was the night Carol fainted over the dishpan that Ken asked her to go away with him. He hadn't meant to ask any such thing—not ever—but when Carol went down in a heap with a sound that was half sigh and half sob, he lost control of himself. He had her in his arms so fast that he was surprised at himself, and he was kissing her when she came to.

"Darling! Darling!" he said. "You're dying by inches. . . . Come away with me—and after a while you can divorce Stan and we can be married."

Carol said, "I didn't faint because I was tired. Stan—this afternoon—was talking about his wasted opportunities and it upset me." She stopped short and let Ken think that the wasted opportunities were business ones—she didn't explain that Stan had been needling her for hours about the rich women he could have married if he hadn't come into the Mulberry Room on a certain night and fallen for a girl who had nothing but big eyes and glossy hair.

Ken kissed Carol again. He said, "Why you fainted doesn't matter—the fact that you fainted is enough. . . . Oh, my dearest, your marriage to Stan is through—and it never was a *real* marriage! Come away with me—to-night."

Carol said, "Not tonight or ever, Ken—so long as Stan needs me. Our marriage is a real one and it always was and it always will be—so long as Stan needs me. . . . No, Ken, you mustn't kiss me again—no, you *mustn't*."

**A**FTER that evening when Carol fainted and announced her platform in regard to Stan, Ken began to keep to himself. He wasn't quite as helpful as he had been and Stan—smoking and drinking brandy and finding fault with Carol's meals—accused him of getting lazy.

"I thought you were assistant cook and bottle washer around here," he told Ken. "Once upon a time you used to help Carol with the dishes for your board and keep but nowadays, as soon as dinner's over, you run upstairs and start pounding on the typewriter. How come?"

Ken said slowly, "I'm trying to get ahead on my scripts so that I can take a vacation. . . . Why don't *you* help Carol with the dishes for a change?"

Carol murmured, "Stan can't dabble around in a dish pan—not with his throat."

"I was suggesting that he use his hands," said Ken, and turned on his heel and went upstairs—a man can be pushed just so far, even by the one woman. A few seconds later his door slammed and the typewriter started going at a double quick tempo. When it had been clicking for perhaps half an hour, Stan threw down his paper and turned on Carol furiously.

"I wish to heaven Ken would go on that vacation!" he said. "Instead of talking about it."

Carol told him very slowly, "I'll always remember how you looked that night you came into the Mulberry Room. I thought I'd never seen anybody so handsome and so distinguished and so fine—my heart stopped beating. It's a pity I couldn't see inside you, Stan. It would have saved us all a lot of—of tragedy."

Stan said, "It would have saved me my voice. You deviled me into going out in an open car in the rain."

Carol said, "I'm tired of hearing about that open car episode—I'm very

## "Can't Make It— TODAY WAS WASH-DAY!"



Bill is beginning to wonder . . . "It's funny how Jane always folds after wash-day. I see other women . . ."

**H**OLD it Bill! Washing a tubful of clothes is no pushover. If you saw the time it takes, the way Jane has to rub—and *rub*—just to get your shirts clean, you'd get a shock.

She doesn't *have* to work so hard though. Not if she'll use Fels-Naptha Soap. Fels gives her a combination of gentle naptha and richer *golden* soap that gets dirt out *much* faster.

No matter how it's ground in.

She won't spend so much time bending over the washtub if she uses Fels-Naptha Soap. She won't have to break her back, nor ruin her hands, *rubbing*. You'll have whiter shirts and they'll probably wear better . . .

We've been trying to get Jane to use Fels-Naptha Soap—like 'those other women.' Maybe you can persuade her.

*Golden bar  
or Golden chips—*

**FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





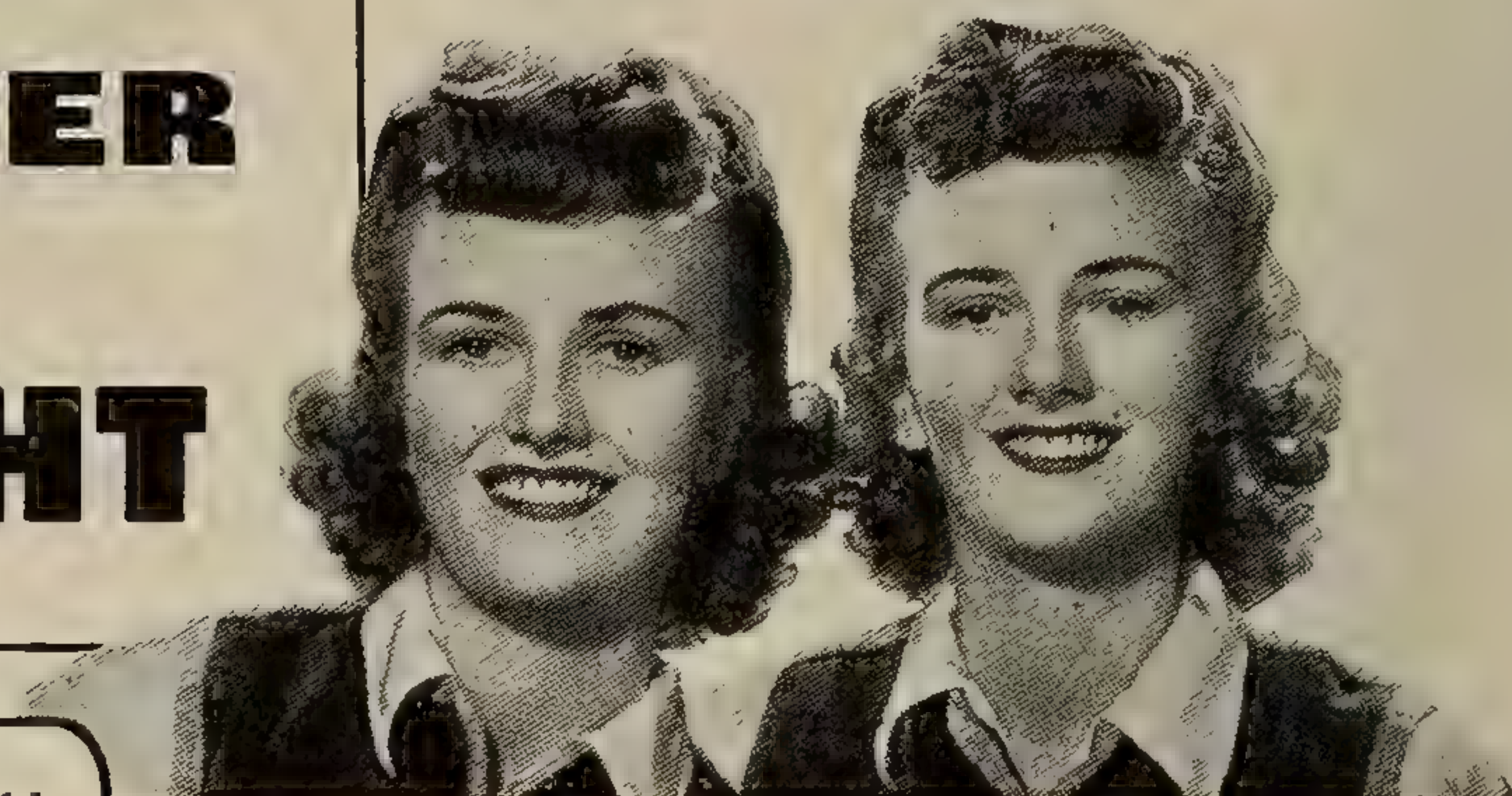
*Fitzgerald Twins see amazing proof that*  
**PEPSODENT POWDER**  
*makes teeth*  
**TWICE AS BRIGHT**

**"CHECK"**

says Bernice,  
radio network accountant

**"DOUBLE-CHECK"**

says Bernadette,  
Chicago business girl



"We used to dare teachers and friends to tell us apart. But that was before we made a tooth powder test. Lucky me! We flipped a coin and I won Pepsodent. Bernadette chose another leading brand."



"Who'd have thought it would be so noticeable! Everyone remarked about it. My teeth became *twice as bright* as Sister's. Even Dad marveled that Pepsodent made such a difference...so Pepsodent's the choice of the whole family now!"



"Seeing was believing! Nothing but Pepsodent for us!"

**FITZGERALD TWIN TEST  
 CONFIRMS THIS FACT:**  
 INDEPENDENT LABORATORY  
 TESTS FOUND NO OTHER  
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 OTHER LEADING BRANDS!



**For the safety of your smile...  
 use Pepsodent twice a day...**

**see your dentist twice a year.**

tired of hearing about it. You did a stupid childish thing to show off, and you're paying the price for your childishness. So, incidentally, am I."

Stan's mouth fell slightly open. Carol had never been so clear and concise before—she'd never been so much of a person before. "What's the big idea?" he asked.

Carol said, "This. I won't have you picking on Ken. Ken's paying for the food we eat and the roof over our head, and even the soles on our shoes. I won't have you picking on him."

Stan rasped nastily, "Food and shelter and shoes—is that *all* he's paying for?"

Carol said, and her tone was opalescent with frost—"I wish I could leave you, Stan. I wish I could leave you... But no matter what you say I know you need me."

Stan's mouth closed again and he sat for a long moment in complete silence while the typewriter upstairs clicked out a devil's dance. When he finally spoke the nastiness had gone from his voice.

"Carol," he said, "I do need you, and you mustn't hate me too much for going on this way. Here I am, shut in by four walls—doing nothing, seeing nothing, being nothing. Once upon a time I'd enter a tavern and everybody'd turn to look at me and I'd be surrounded by a crowd in two shakes. I was Stanley Breen, then—the biggest announcer in radio—and now I'm an invalid cooped up in a house in the suburbs, and I haven't anybody but you."

Carol said, not melting even in the slightest degree—"You're no longer an invalid... Why don't you go to town every once in a while and see

your friends?"

"But they won't look at me—they won't crowd around," Stan told her. "I'm just a broken old has-been, without a future or a voice."

Carol melted then almost, but not quite. "Stan," she said, "I've been meaning for ages to suggest something. Why don't you get a job? You're strong as a horse—even though your voice has gone. And we can't sponge off Ken forever... And then, too, it would give you something to think about. You'd stop sitting around and brooding."

"What could I do?" asked Stan.

"You know radio," Carol told him. "There are agency jobs that you might handle."

"Oh, you want me to be an office boy," said Stan, nasty again. "You begrudge me the space I take up in my own house. Is that it?"

"No," said Carol, "that's not it."

Ken had announced an imminent vacation but he didn't go on one. Night after night he banged on the typewriter and whatever came out of that typewriter was locked in a deep dresser drawer. And then finally the surplus typing stopped and he took to going to town more often, and earlier, and sometimes he phoned and told Carol he wouldn't be home for dinner. Sitting opposite her at the dinner table, Stan told Carol significantly that Ken must have a new girl, but Carol only gave him an extra helping of steak and held her peace.

AND then one afternoon, along about cocktail time, Ken dropped in at Maude Sanborn's office—she kept a small office in town—and told her that he wanted to use up a couple of hours

of her valuable time.

"Are you propositioning me?" asked Maude, and laughed her fat comfortable laugh. "You're a sight for sore eyes, Ken. I haven't seen you for a month of Sundays. Speaking of Sundays, do you remember those horrible weekends when Stan was in the money?"

"Do I?" said Ken. "Those weekends were the Spanish Inquisition plus, as far as I'm concerned. Look, Maude, do you mind if I read something to you?"

Maude asked anxiously, "Is it a radio script?"

Ken shook his head and told her—"No. It's a play. A mystery play."

Maude asked, "Where did you get it? Who wrote it? Why do you want me to listen as you read it?" and Ken replied, "I got it out of my head—I wrote it. And that's why I want you to listen."

Maude didn't express any surprise—every script writer in the world has dilly-dallied with the idea of writing a play—why should Ken Williams be an exception to the general rule? She just leaned back in her desk chair and folded her hands and said, "Shoot—but if it gets too bad I'll stop you." And so Ken curiously devoid of self-consciousness, opened his brief case and took out a thick wad of paper and flicked over a page and started off from scratch. After the first five pages Maude had stopped leaning back and her hands weren't folded—they were clenched. When Ken came to the climax of his first act and paused for breath, she said—"Go on, you genius—what are you waiting for?" By the end of the second act

*Continued on page 59*



# Say Hello to —

# Our Cover Girl

**S**HE'S Esther Ralston, once a glamorous star of the screen, still glamorous, and now the star of *Woman of Courage* on CBS, on which she plays the appealing role of Martha Jackson.

Esther—if you know her well enough, you can call her by her nickname of "Tee Tee"—has been an actress all her life, practically. Her parents were billed as "The Ralstons, Metropolitan Entertainers, in Scenes from Shakespeare, Playlets, Sketches, Songs, Dances, Mimicry," and when Esther was a little girl they toured the United States, playing in high schools, at church socials, or in town halls. They weren't big time, by any means, but those early years taught Esther a great deal about acting.

The Ralstons started their theatrical career in New York, where Mr. Ralston ran a gymnasium for crippled children. He also gave lectures on physical education, using Esther, aged two, and her brother Clarence, four, as living examples of scientifically raised children. Today Esther says doubtfully, "I'm not so sure about the scientific part." The family was always poor, even after it took to the road in its vaudeville act.

Their travels finally brought the Ralstons to Los Angeles, where a financial crisis sent Esther into the chorus of a burlesque show—until



police authorities discovered she was less than sixteen years old. She got bit parts in the silent movies, but success passed her by until she was cast as "Mrs. Darling" in "Peter Pan," with Mary Brian. Remember it? The picture and Esther were both hits, and for years afterwards she was a top star. When she finally left Hollywood it was with the idea of appearing in a Broadway play, but she got interested in radio instead, and now devotes all of her time to it, when she isn't busy running a beautiful home in Great Neck,

Long Island, a New York suburb.

Great Neck people know her as Mrs. Ted Lloyd. Ted is a New York radio commentator and columnist, and they met when he interviewed her for a story. She's been married before, and has a ten-year-old daughter, Mary Esther, whom she and Ted both adore.

Esther would give up acting if it ever interfered with her marriage, but it never has. She could probably make a good living as an interior decorator. Just as a hobby, she planned and furnished her mother's home in California, and the job turned out so successfully that she did the same for her own home out there and later in Great Neck. Her greatest extravagance is buying material to make dresses for herself and for Mary Esther. She's a handy person with a needle.

If you think of an actress as someone who lies in bed until noon, you aren't thinking of Esther. *Woman of Courage* is heard at 10:45 in the morning, and each day's rehearsal starts a couple of hours before that, so she arises at six every day in order to arrive at the studio on time. After the broadcast, unless there's something important to keep her in New York, she hurries back to Great Neck and becomes as housewifely as Martha Jackson herself.

## NEW!

# Pond's Dreamflower Powder

**Radiant new Dreamflower shades** don't simply match your skin—but tinge it with alluring dream-girl color magic!

**Tender new Dreamflower smoothness** suffuses your face with an angelic, clinging "soft-focus" finish . . .

**Dainty new Dreamflower box**—all garlanded with miniature dream blossoms!

**2 BIG sizes! Unusual values**

**New Pond's "LIPS"**  
—stays on longer!

Shatter his heart with your stay-lush new Pond's "Lips"! 5 wicked Stagline shades. Try "Heart Throb"—its magenta hue is fashion's darling!

Pond's new Dreamflower Powder is ideal! I haven't found a powder with more luxurious texture—or lovelier shades—at any price. And the box is adorable!"

WHITNEY BOURNE

**Free—All 6 new Dreamflower Powder shades**

POND'S, Dept. 8RMPD, Clinton, Conn.

I want to see how the new Dreamflower shades and smoothness make my skin look lovelier. Will you please send me FREE samples of all 6 Dreamflower shades?

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

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(This offer good in U. S. only)





# Hatching Health

*When the world is again at peace and philosophers can renew their age-old arguments, we may learn which comes first—the hen or the egg.*

*But all the experts agree that chickens and ducks and turkeys and the lesser varieties of poultry belong high on the list of foods that will build a strong nation.*

*And alongside them in the same list—perhaps even more important because they are used more often and in more ways—are eggs.*

**I**RON—several of the members of the B-Complex vitamin family—easily digestible forms of protein—delicate, assimilable and nourishing fats—all these come from both the meat of the fowl and the egg.

Remember this, that a fully formed chick—healthy, ready to begin its life—grows from a single cell with only the contents of an egg to nourish and develop it.

Eggs, the nutrition experts tell us, are so packed with important food factors and they add so much to the flavor and taste of such a wide variety of the foods we like and need, that they are almost irreplaceable in our diets.

This nation, caught in a crisis where stamina and health and energy are terribly important, can thank itself for a plentiful supply of poultry and eggs. And you, the individual citizen, owe it to yourself and to the nation to see that you and your family include eggs and poultry regularly on your tables.

Our poultry raisers and the stores which offer their products for sale are doing much to aid our government in its program to make America strong.

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Radio and Television Mirror.

## THE MAGIC FOODS

It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.



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**MEAT**, eggs and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.



**GREEN AND YELLOW** vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.

**FRUITS** and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.



**BREAD**, enriched or whole grain, and cereals with milk or cream, for B vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

# Food will build a NEW America



# My Heart Was True

Continued from page 56

she was making pleats in her handkerchief and her only comment was, "I hope to God somebody gets that villain. He carries the play—but he's a stinker."

The third act—it was the first act multiplied and the second act through a magnifying glass. Ken was going more slowly now and Maude was drumming, but noiselessly, on the arm of her chair. And then it was all over but the shouting and Ken patted the pages together and thrust them back into his brief case and zipped the case shut. "What do you think of it?" he asked. "You're a pal of mine, Maude—tell the truth."

Maude obeyed him rather regretfully. "I wish to heaven I'd written it," she said. "Our children, if we ever have children, will be seeing that play in stock fifty years from now.... You've got an 'Abie's Irish Rose,' Ken—or a 'Tobacco Road'—you've got what it takes. You won't have any trouble selling the thing if that's what's worrying you. Play rights, movie rights, radio rights—the whole works. Look, angel—I know a good agent. Do you want to—"

Ken interrupted—"I don't need an agent, Maude. I've sold the play already—I have an advance in my vest pocket but money's the least—consideration. You see, I sold it with a stipulation."

Maude gurgled, "Anybody who can sell a play with a stipulation is good. I take off my hat to you."

Ken said, "You must do more than take off your hat to me, old dear—you must help me finish the deal. It means—" his tone was pleading—"everything to me. I came here this afternoon to read the play and get your opinion, but I also came here to ask you nine or ten favors. First of all, will you keep it a secret—nobody must know that I'm the author."

"Huh?" queried Maude. She was puzzled. "Publicity never hurt a script writer, Ken."

Ken told her—"I realize that and I'm not one to hide what might be called my light under what might be called a bushel, but in this case it's necessary, Maude, I'm going to introduce you to the man who is producing the play. He's all set to do his stuff—but we need you. Will you be a heavy conspirator?"

"I lost five pounds last month," Maude told him, "but I'll do my best. Shoot the works, Ken."

So Ken, bending over until his head almost touched Maude's head, started

to talk.

The next day Carol and Ken and Stan were having breakfast, the phone rang and it was Maude Sanborn, asking if she could bring a friend of hers—a theatrical producer—out to dinner. Carol told her that they'd adore company if the company didn't mind taking pot luck, but Stan said—"Maude has a hell of a nerve to horn in for grub and bring strangers with her!" Ken didn't say anything at all, but that afternoon when Carol was doing the marketing he went to a liquor store and bought wine and Scotch in a square bottle with a crystal stopper—Stan's old brand. He bought roses, too, for the table.

MAUDE arrived with the twilight, her producer in tow. The producer was a small man and stocky, with an accent that might have meant anything, and did. He bowed low over Carol's hand, he acknowledged an introduction to Ken very casually, he told Stan that he had followed the Breen career as an announcer and that he was "so sorree" about the unfortunate accident to the vocal chords. Stan, warming to sympathy from a new source, immediately became the gracious host and when Ken brought out the square bottle of Scotch it was he who poured the drinks and urged them on the stranger. His harsh rasping voice said pleasant things and Carol, listening, could scarcely believe her ears.

It was a good dinner. The roses and candlelight helped and so did the wine. Maude led Stan on to take the center of the stage, Carol was quiet, and Ken—who ate sparingly—listened with an odd concentration. It was toward the demi tasse stage that he asked the producer a direct question.

"Anything interesting coming up this year," he asked, "in the way of plays?"

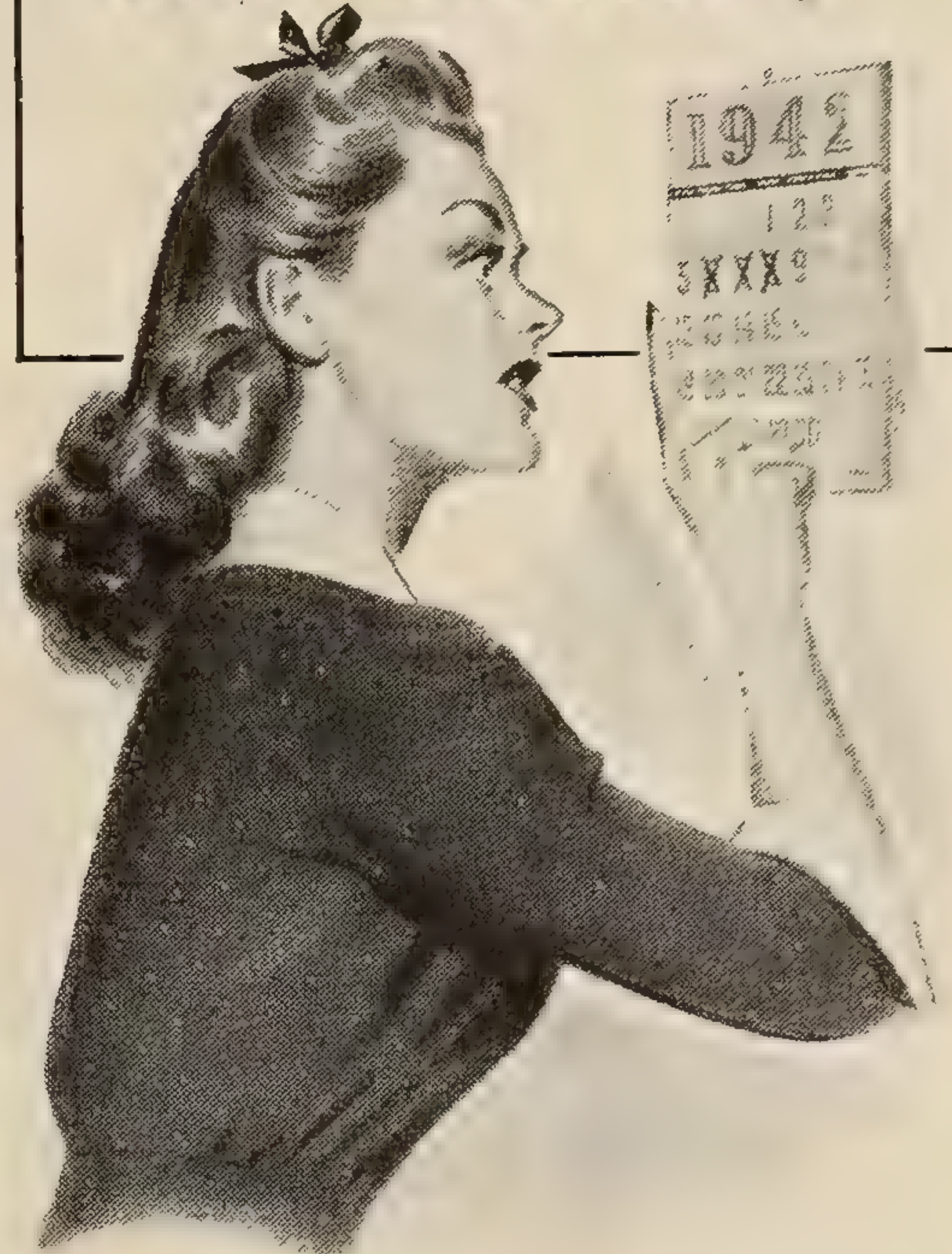
The producer said, "I have only one int'resting possibility." He laughed. "Possibility ees the wrong word. I must say more, for I have a hit upon my desk. Until tonight I would not have dared call eet so, for until tonight I was unable to cast eet—even in my mind." The producer was very suave. No one—no one on earth—could have suspected a frame-up. Maude, when she spoke, was equally suave. She queried innocently, "Why until tonight? What are you getting at?"

"The play ees a murder mystery with a villain who ees—but superb. The whole success of the play hinges

## "Listen:..."

I SAID TO THE CALENDAR,

*"you can't do this to me!"*



"BOB'S telephone call—and my cramps—came just at the same time.

"Bob said, 'Big news, honey! I've picked up two good seats for tonight—you know, the show you've been wanting to see. We'll splurge a little, afterward—supper, where we can dance. See you at 7:30!'

"All the while the calendar was saying, 'Tell him no.' But I was sick of its tyranny! Right then I did something I'd been meaning to do for a long, long time. I tried Midol.

"Bob and I enjoyed that show. Yes, we danced, too. And nobody knew—even I almost forgot—that sheer habit of giving in to 'regular pain' had almost wrecked our fun!"

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on the villain and his voice quality." "Voice quality?" whispered Carol, and the producer nodded in her direction.

"But yes, Madame Breen," he said. "Oh, you do not know the troubles of a man in my position! To find someone of handsome appearance, with a voice that holds frightfulness—a voice that is harsh and dreadful, deep in the throat—dramatic—" He turned swiftly to Stan. "Have you ever thought of going upon the stage?"

Stan asked—"Who? Me?" For once he was flabbergasted and the producer nodded, "Yes. You're a finished radio performer—you know the tricks. Added to that you have the looks that will make women fall from their chairs, and the voice that will make children run home screaming to hide behind their mothers' skirts. . . . You will not be risking anything if you play the lead in the play, Mr. Breen. You can safely give up your other commitments."

Carol started to say, "He hasn't any other commitments," but Stan silenced her with a ferocious glance. "You interest me strangely," he said to the producer. "What's your proposition?"

Swiftly, very swiftly, the producer was all business. He even lost his accent. He said, "Come to my office tomorrow morning and we'll talk terms and contracts—I think I can guarantee a motion picture production as well as—Broadway. If you create the part you will have to do it in every version—because it will be *you*."

Stan said, "If Maude and Ken and my wife will excuse us—" was he faintly sarcastic or just commanding?—"you and I can go into the living room right now and talk things

over. Of course, I'll have to read the play before I make a decision—I can't rely on the other fellow's judgment, not even yours. But if it's as good as you seem to think—"

Maude Sanborn and the producer left around midnight and Carol—worn down with combined excitement and bewilderment—went out to the kitchen to tidy up. The dinner dishes were still standing on a table, they hadn't even been scraped. Ken followed her and picked up a knife and started to transfer greasy morsels to the garbage pail.

"We should have a dog," he said, "to eat the scraps."

Carol told him, "It's like magic. . . . Do you realize, Ken—Stan will be rich again!"

Ken said, "He'll have the world by the tail, and no mistake. He can buy a dozen convertibles and another house and the weekend parties can begin all over again."

"Yes," said Carol. She started to run water from the faucet but it wasn't quite hot so she dabbled her fingers in it and waited. "Yes," she said, "the weekend parties—can begin again."

SHE laughed hysterically and while she was laughing Stan came and stood in the kitchen doorway.

"You folks at it again?" he asked.

Ken said, "You mean washing dishes?"

Stan said, "You know damn well what I mean—and it isn't washing dishes. Oh, you may think I'm a blind fool, but I'm not. I've been watching and listening for months and I'm wise to your game. Ken, you've wanted Carol since before we were

married, and you still want her." Ken told him, "For one of the first times in your life you're right about something."

Carol was still dabbling her fingers in a stream of water that was growing warmer. She said, "Please—please!"

"Well," Stan said, "you can't have her, Ken. Carol's my wife."

"You don't love her," said Ken. "You never did."

"Whether I love her or not makes very little difference," said Stan, "to you. Carol and I are married and we'll stay married. A wife's very useful when a man's on the stage. He needs a good hostess and if he talks out of turn—" Stan was quoting himself—"a wife acts as an alibi. Ken—" his voice rose; it had the power and hatefulness of a grinding machine—"you can get the hell out of my house."

Ken smiled at Carol. "Do you want me to go?" he asked.

Carol turned off the water faucet. She said slowly, "Yes."

All at once Ken Williams was white—white to the lips. He had gambled—with those yellow chips of the spirit—and he had lost. He put down the plate he was scraping and closed the garbage pail. He said—"I'm sorry, Carol. I'll be packed in half an hour."

He started toward the kitchen door and Stan stood aside to let him pass. But he was only halfway through the opening when Carol spoke again. She said—

"Stan doesn't need me any more, Ken, so I'm free—but it may take me three-quarters of an hour to get packed. Do you mind waiting?"

THE END

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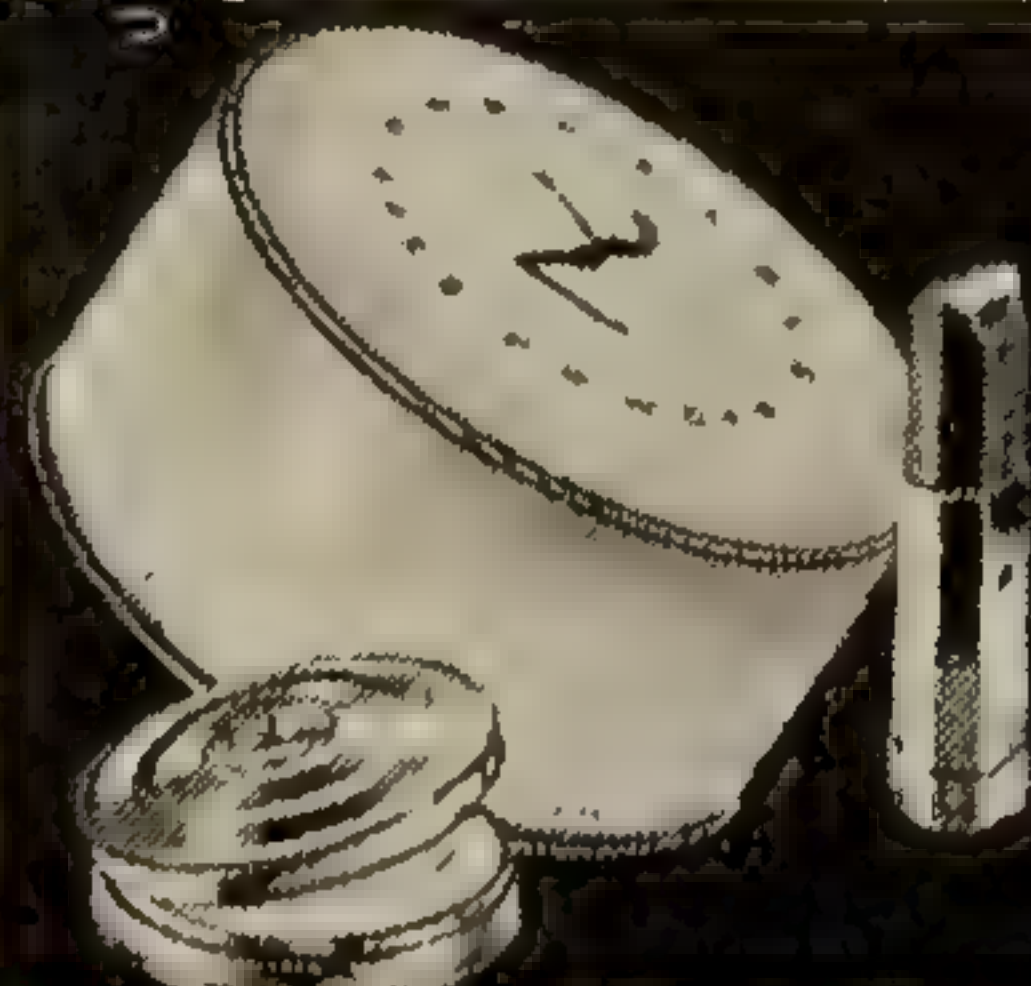
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## The Story of Mary Marlin

Continued from page 28

reception room, saw the door of Joe's private office open a few inches and heard a light, caressing voice say:

"All right, Joey honey. I'll be seeing you."

While Mary stared, aghast, the door opened farther and Sally Gibbons came out. She had changed but little in the year since Mary had seen her last—a bit more heavily made up, perhaps, a bit harder. When she saw Mary she tilted her chin defiantly and marched past without a word.

The office stenographer, unaware of the drama that had just gone on before her, said, "Mr. Marlin is free now, Mrs. Marlin. I'll tell him you're here."

Wondering how her face could fail to betray the tumult in her heart, Mary stammered wildly, "No—don't tell him. I—I just remembered—there's something I must tell Mr. Post. I'll see him instead." Without waiting for the girl's assent, she almost ran into David's office. It did not strike her as strange that she should turn to him for comfort.

At sight of her he leaped to his feet, came swiftly around the desk, saying, "Mary! What's the matter?"

She clung to him, sobbing, trembling with shock. She had been so sure Joe was cured of his infatuation for Sally Gibbons, so foolishly sure! She had thought she needed only to wait until he was ready to speak. But it had all been an illusion, a sandcastle that a single chance wave had crumbled into nothingness.

With David's arms around her, she

fought to regain her self-control, and after a moment was able to say, "I'm sorry. If it hadn't been so sudden—"

David was intent upon what she was saying. Neither of them heard the door to Joe's office open. Neither knew that for a few seconds he stood on the threshold, watching with deep pain in his eyes, before he closed it again.

Wearily spent after the onslaught of emotion, Mary raised her head, and David dropped his arms. "I suppose I'm a fool," she said, "to let it hit me like this. It's only that I just heard something which proves I can never again trust Joe, or believe anything he says."

TO Joe, sitting alone at his desk in the next room, it did not even occur that Mary had overheard Sally Gibbons' parting words. They had vanished from his own memory as if they had never been spoken. He had not lied to Mary when he said he wanted to make a new start. His connection with Sally actually was finished, had been finished for months, ever since he learned that she had lied when she said she was going to have a baby, hoping to trick him into an immediate divorce and remarriage. Still, because he once had loved her, and because he pitied her childishness and cheapness, he had wanted to help her, and her visit to the office this afternoon had been simply to receive the rather large check he made out as a final token of friendly farewell. Her goodbye was so characteristic in its flip-

ness and insincere affection that he had scarcely heard it, certainly had not thought how it would sound to anyone else who happened to be listening.

So it was that when he opened the door of David's office and saw Mary in his partner's arms, he did not even think of Sally. He could not see Mary's face, and did not know she was crying. But he did see David's, and on it there was a look of tenderness impossible to read incorrectly. When he softly closed the door he was certain of something he had long suspected: David was in love with Mary. And since he had seen her in David's arms, he believed that Mary loved David.

He pressed his forehead against a clenched fist, and wished he could press regret out of his brain. He had had Mary's love, but he had thrown it away—partly out of chivalry to Sally, partly out of a real desire for a child. Even Mary had never known how deep and firm this wish for children was in Joe. Well, he told himself, the chivalry was mistaken, and the child was a lie, and now he was left with nothing—nothing except his ambition to be United States Senator from Iowa. And, ironically, even that would be taken from him. Eve Underwood had told him plainly that a reconciliation with Mary would be necessary before he could hope to run successfully. He hadn't paid much attention at the time. He wanted the reconciliation for its own sake, not for its



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**THAN THE NAPKIN THEY'D BEEN BUYING**

Pronounce Modess to rhyme with "Oh Yes"

political help.

Probably Mary would come back to him if she knew he needed her to attain his ambition. But this he would never tell her. He did not want her on those terms.

After a long time he took a small, shabby notebook from his pocket. It was his private journal—not so much a diary as a repository for all the secret thoughts which burned so deeply inside him that they must be expressed somehow. Only Jonathan knew of its existence. Between two of the pages, near the back, was pressed a slip of arbutus, brittle now and brown—the arbutus Mary had picked and given to him on a spring afternoon many months before.

He picked up a pen and on a blank page wrote a few words: "I found out today that I've lost you, Mary darling. But I'll go on loving you—even though you'll never know it."

Then he closed the book and slipped it back into his pocket. Silently, he resolved never to write in it again, because that chapter of his life was finished.

**JONATHAN** appeared to use all his spare time in writing a novel which absorbed him completely, but he was more observant than he seemed. He was quick to sense the change in Joe, who had returned to Cedar Springs full of such high hopes, and just as quick, by adroit and oblique questions, to learn the reason.

He wasted only a few hours, after that, in pondering the rights and wrongs of his conduct. He had none of the conventional scruples where the happiness of his friends was concerned. Probably, he reasoned, Joe was mistaken in his belief that Mary had stopped loving him and had turned to David. Mary, in Jonathan's shrewd view, wasn't that kind of a woman. In any case, he could see no harm in doing a little investigating, and so, one evening, he called alone on Mary, bringing in his pocket a small object which he had unobtrusively lifted from Joe's dresser drawer.

"I guess I'm butting in where it's none of my business," he apologized. "But I hate to see two swell people making a mistake when it isn't necessary. Why don't you and Joe get together again? I thought you were going to."

"I thought so too, Jonathan," Mary said simply, tacitly granting the little man's right to intrude on her emotions. She looked lovelier than ever tonight. She had not been sleeping well, and the violet shadows under her eyes accented their more brilliant violet. Above her pale skin the heavy hair glinted darkly in the subdued light. Yet, with all her beauty, she seemed listless, weary.

"Joe thinks you're in love with somebody else," Jonathan told her. "Is he right?"

A flush came to Mary's cheeks. "In love with— Of course he's not right! I've never loved anyone but Joe. Who in the world would he think—"

Jonathan ignored the implied question. "I was sure he was crazy. But it's the idea he's got into his head. It's why he hasn't been near you lately."

"Oh, it *can't* be!" Mary burst out. "No, you're wrong, Jonathan. Joe has found out he doesn't—care for me any more. He's still infatuated with Sally Gibbons."

"That's all over—been over a long

time. Joe and I've lived together for months, and I'd be sure to know."

Twisting her hands together, fighting against the sudden new hope that threatened to engulf her, Mary cried, "But she was at his office just the other day! I saw her—I heard her—" She stopped, biting her lips. Not even to Jonathan could she repeat what she had heard.

"Sure, I know it," Jonathan shrugged this aside. "He called her up there to give her a check and write 'period' to the whole business. He told me all about it."

Wide-eyed, Mary stared at him. "Oh!" she whispered. "I *can't* believe—"

"Joe's still crazy about you, Mary," Jonathan insisted. He reached into his pocket and drew out a black booklet. "Here's the proof—in his own handwriting." He selected a page and held the booklet out to her, open. With luck, he thought, he could return it before Joe got home. Unless Mary told him, Joe would never know it had been gone.

**MARY** read the words written in Joe's tiny, characteristic hand—and she knew, while her brain whirled dizzily, that this was the truth. "It is—it is" she gasped. "Oh Jonathan, thank you! I must see him—I must go to him now—excuse me, you darling!"

She was already in the hall, tearing a coat from its hook, when she heard Jonathan saying lightly, happily, "Guess if you hurry, Mary, you can find him at the office."

The dark, wintry streets whirled past her as she ran. Hurry! hurry! her heart called out. So much time has been lost already, there must not be another minute, another second!

There was a light in his office. She flung the door wide and rushed through, crying, "Joe—my dearest! I've come back to you—I thought you didn't love me—but now I know—Joe! Joe!"

Then she was in his arms, pressed close to his heart, pressing him close to hers.

Cedar Springs gossiped, as was its way, but on the whole it was well satisfied to see Joe Marlin and Mary Marlin once more occupying the old Main Street house together, satisfied to see Joe crossing the Square at the usual eight-thirty every morning on his way to the office, to read the formal announcement of his candidacy for United States Senator.

It seemed to Mary, in that enchanted first year of her reconciliation, that she had never been so happy—not even in the twelve months following their marriage. For now there was a deeper, richer contentment—a maturity in their love that was like the fulfilled calm at the end of a summer day. And there was another reason, a reason greater than they had ever had before, for happiness. . .

**SHE** could not go with Joe on that last whirlwind campaign tour of the state, late in October. But she could crown the joy of his victory over the other candidate for Senator, Daniel B. Burke, with an intenser joy. David Marlin, their son, was born on Election Night.

"I don't deserve to be so lucky," Joe murmured, bending over the bed where she lay with the small Davey cradled in her arms. It was her first day home from the hospital, and she



was comfortably aware of being well and relaxed and loved. Looking up from Davey's sleeping face, she drank in the worshipful, adoring look in Joe's eyes. Lucky? she thought. But we're both lucky. To think of how near we were to being parted forever!

"He's the first thing we've ever had that truly belonged to us both," she said. "And because he does, we can never be separated again."

"Separated? Not a chance!" Joe agreed. "Think I'm going to be that big a fool again?" He leaned over and lifted one pink, crumpled hand with the tip of his finger. "This young man's going to be proud of his father, Mary. Maybe—keep your fingers crossed—he'll be living in the White House some day!"

"Maybe," Mary said, her eyes shining. "But even if he doesn't, he'll still be proud of you. As I am now."

Gently he lowered Davey's hand, and said a little huskily, "Are you, Mary? I want to be—good enough for you."

SHE wondered, often, when they were in Washington, if Joe remembered the sincerely felt emotion with which he had said that.

From the very first, Washington was a different world—and Joe was different, too. It was purest chance, of course, that among the first people they met were the Secretary of the Interior, Frazer Mitchell, and his wife. Events would have followed another course entirely if they hadn't, and if Joe hadn't had the immense luck (as it seemed then) of winning Frazer Mitchell's regard and friendship. They might so easily have slipped into the relative obscurity that surrounds most junior Senators and their wives. Instead, under the guidance and patronage of the Mitchells, they were swept up into the gay, whirling center of Washington's brightest, most sophisticated—and most lawless—society.

Frazer Mitchell was white-haired, dignified, the bearer of a name and heritage famous in American history. His wife, Bunny, was much younger. At times, in her thoughtless quest for excitement, she was like a pretty, greedy child, snatching at colored baubles on the Christmas tree. She wanted so many things: clothes, luxury, admiration, social position . . . there was nothing desirable in this world that Bunny Mitchell did not scheme and plan to have. And yet her greed was so naive, so innocent, that you could not hate her for it. Rather, you pitied her.

And Mary pitied Frazer Mitchell, too, one afternoon when Bunny, over some trifling cause, flew into a rage and revealed how little she really cared for him. Contempt for his age, for his dignity, even for his helpless adoration of her, were all implicit in that petulant outburst, Frazer seemed to shrink into himself as he listened, like a man being stripped of self-respect, and his apologies to Mary and Joe were terrifyingly humble.

"She should never have married him!" Mary said to Joe when they were alone. "It's tragic, the way she makes him unhappy, and herself unhappy too!"

"Yes, it is," Joe agreed gravely. "Mitchell should have known when he asked her to marry him that anyone as—alive—as Bunny needs a husband her own age."

Mary glanced at him in surprise. "I imagine," she said dryly, "knowing



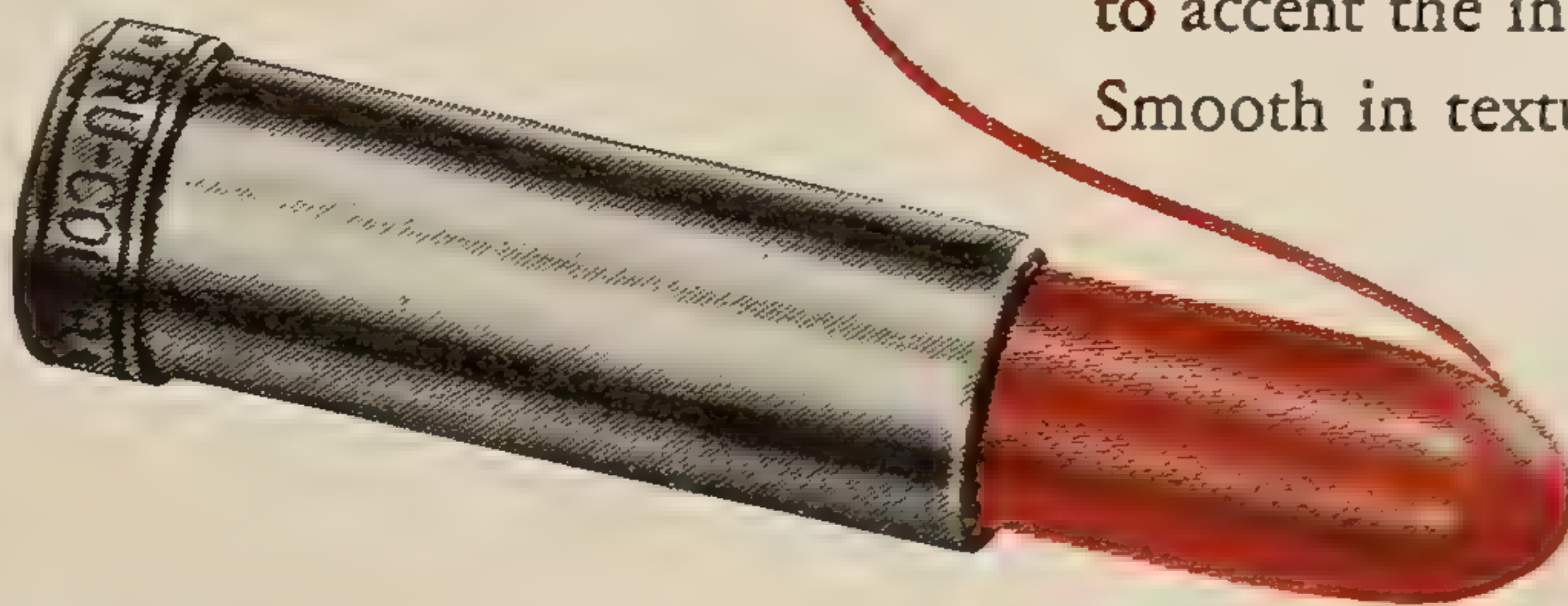
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Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	1/2 Hair is Gray check type above and below <input type="checkbox"/>
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE _____	



SHE'S

# A Dream



SHE'S

## Irresistible

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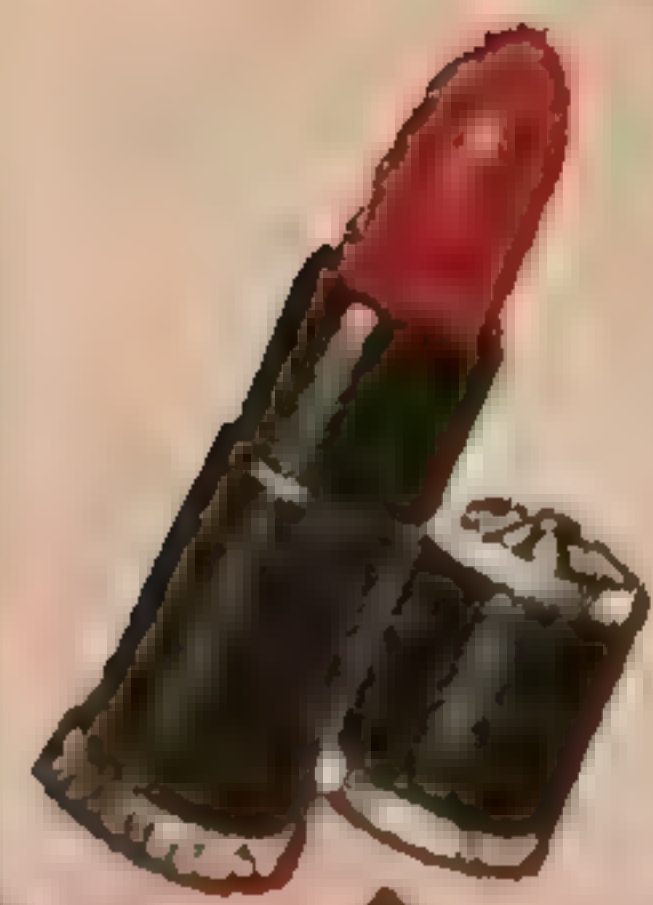
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Bunny, that it's more likely *she* did the asking."

At her tone, Joe's lips tightened. "I wouldn't jump to conclusions," he said in a voice that indicated plainly he didn't want to continue the conversation.

JOE was using that kind of voice more and more lately, Mary found. He was tired, she knew. It was impossible for Joe Marlin to tackle a job without throwing himself into it completely, and he was giving every bit of energy he could to the task of being a good Senator. This was to be expected, and Mary approved; but it was not to be expected, and she did not approve, that all his precious leisure hours should be taken up with social activities initiated by the Mitchells and the people they had met through them. Parties, dinners, weekends at Frazer's estate, "The Shadows"—frequently Mary longed for just one quiet hour for them to spend together with Davey. But when, timidly, she expressed this wish, Joe said coldly, "I understood you were as interested in my career as I am."

"Of course I am! But—"

"Darling," he said with restrained patience, "surely you see it's important to be close friends with one of the most influential men in Washington. I've been unbelievably lucky to know him—and through him, other influential people who make or break careers."

"It's the people back in Iowa—who will make or break your career, Joe," she reminded him.

"Oh—well—in a way. But I can't possibly do a job for them unless I'm strong here in Washington... Besides," he added, "I like Frazer and—Bunny. I enjoy their company."

Was it imagination, or had he hesitated, ever so slightly, before pronouncing Bunny's name?

Mary faced, honestly, the problem brought up by that doubt. She did not believe she was jealous of Bunny or any of the other beautiful, smartly gowned women who moved in Bunny's set. She did not believe that this could be, even partly, the basis of her wish that she and Joe could live a simpler, less active life. But she was forced to admit that always, in the background, there was the memory of another time when Joe had been irritable, impatient of her opinions and of anything that resembled interference in his movements or activities. That other time, the explanation had been Sally...

Gradually, as the weeks passed, she came to believe that there was still another reason why Joe should see less of the Mitchells. They were not, she was convinced, the best ones for him to know, even politically. Frazer was an old-line conservative, an aristocrat, who believed in privilege and property and distrusted both the ability and the intelligence of the common people. He and his like, Mary thought, were remnants of a world that was dying. She did not want Joe to be part of that decadent world. She wanted him to be a leader toward a better, newer world.

All this she would have expressed,

not to Joe, but to Eve Underwood, who was in Washington now and who had not lost her interest in Joe's future. But when the chance came to speak, she was silent. It seemed too much like disloyalty, although she was certain Eve would have agreed with her.

Certainly, Mary was much less happy in Washington than she had expected to be. She and Joe lived in a large and expensive house on Woodley Road; Davey had an English nurse named Miss Fairweather; and a stiffly correct butler served their meals when—rarely—they dined at home. She would gladly have exchanged it all for Main Street in Cedar Springs and old Annie bustling noisily about in the kitchen.

Annie was with them here in Washington, but that, oddly enough, brought Mary only one more small irritation. Annie was jealous of Miss Fairweather, and stubbornly took it as a personal affront that she had not been given full charge of Davey. In the end, it was this minor feud that precipitated a crisis between Joe and Mary.

They were at a very gay party—too gay, as usual—at the Mitchells' when Mary was summoned to the telephone. It was Annie, reporting that Davey, who had been sniffing all day, was worse.

"We'll be right home," Mary promised, fear thudding in her breast.

But Joe, when she told him of Annie's call, saw no reason to leave.

"Why did Annie call?" he asked suspiciously. "Isn't Miss Fairweather with Davey?"

"I—I suppose so," Mary said, anxious only to hurry home. "I didn't think to ask."

"Well, I'll ask." He left her, and when he returned he was smiling. "I talked to Miss Fairweather. She says Davey is perfectly all right and for us not to worry."

"Oh, Joe—I don't know—" Mary demurred. "Annie's so loyal..."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, stop fussing!" he interrupted her roughly, and suddenly weeks of hidden, stifled irritations stood naked and ugly between them.

White-faced, Mary looked around the room, at the laughing, dancing, drinking people. "You mean," she said, "all—all this—is more important to you than your son?"

"I mean I don't see any reason to leave a place where we're having a good time—where I am, at least—because Annie is having a nightmare."

"Shall I go alone, then?"

Joe's face became expressionless. "If you insist on it—yes."

Without another word, Mary turned and left him.

It did not help that, in the end, Joe proved to be right. Davey was not seriously ill, and Annie's zeal had been excessive. But their quarrel had not really been over whether or not to leave that particular party, and they both knew it. It had been over the entire situation—and the situation was unchanged. Joe, when he apologized, was for a few minutes the man she loved—tender, considerate. But when, emboldened, she begged him

COMING NEXT MONTH—

**THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS IN LIVING PORTRAITS**

See the people you hear on radio's great serial as they really are.



once more to drop the Mitchells and their friends, he stared at her coldly. "Haven't we been over all that much too often? I've told you, Mary, that I can't afford to ignore the Mitchell crowd. Even if I wanted to."

Mary gave up the argument, but the breach between them was still there, unhealed.

Summer came early to Washington, and still Congress deliberated in that sweltering heat. June passed, and July. Davey grew thin and pale, and it was almost with relief that Mary decided to take him and Miss Fairweather to Cedar Springs until Fall. She herself would go with them, see them settled there, and return to Washington in a few days.

But once in Cedar Springs she felt herself possessed by restlessness. She could see things in a new, clearer light, away from Washington—or so it seemed. Looking back at the last few months, she thought guiltily that she had been unreasonable; that it would have been better to smother her distaste for the Mitchells and all they represented, and to have been Joe's companion more, his critic less.

**FILLED** with new resolves, she returned to Washington a day earlier than she had planned. The train got in at six in the morning, and she took a taxi straight to Woodley Road.

She was surprised, letting herself into the house with her latchkey, to find Arnold, the butler, in the hallway just hanging up the telephone receiver. Who in the world would be calling so early in the morning?

Arnold's well-trained face, as he greeted her, showed no astonishment at her unexpected arrival, but she sensed a certain embarrassment in his manner when she asked who had telephoned.

"Er—Secretary Mitchell, Madame," Arnold said hesitantly. "He wished to speak to Senator Marlin."

"Oh. Well—it's terribly early, I know, but maybe you should have called him, if it was Mr. Mitchell."

"Yes, Madame. But," Arnold stood a little straighter, "Senator Marlin is not in."

"Not in! You mean he's gone out already?"

"No, Madame. Senator Marlin did not return home last night."

Quick fear tore her. Something must have happened—

She flew upstairs to Joe's room, unable quite to believe Arnold without the evidence of her own eyes. But the room was empty, the bed uncreased. Back to the head of the steps she went, and heard there the sound of voices below as the front door opened and closed again. Joe's deep tones and—Bunny Mitchell's brittle laugh.

"But I must get my bag, Joe! And I know I left it here!"

A tiny scuffle. More laughter. Slowly, one lagging footstep after the other, Mary went down the stairs. The couple in the hall turned, gazing upward. Joe's hands dropped from Bunny's arms, the merriment faded from his face.

"Oh, Joe!" Mary breathed weakly.

So Mary's distrust of Joe, vague until now, has at last taken on definite shape. Can two people ever find happiness together again after one of them has once proved unworthy? Be sure to read next month's chapter of this dramatic marriage novel—in the May issue of RADIO MIRROR.



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# A Love Divided

Continued from page 32

half expected to surprise some secret in my face.

It was ridiculous. It made me uneasy. And yet, it made me more aware of Lance, as a man, than ever. And gradually I noticed a subtle change in his relationship to me. He was at the house more often, and he seemed always to want me near when he and Derek tinkered with their tool box or studied their pictures of birds. He seemed to talk to me as much as Derek when he told his stories. And I knew, with swift feminine intuition, that Lance had stopped seeing me as the mother of his little friend. He saw me now as an attractive, desirable woman.

AND then one day Lance came when Derek was not there. It was spring and I was weeding in the garden. He knelt beside me for a while, pulling at the weeds with his long, tanned fingers. Then suddenly he made an impatient exclamation, and seized my wrists. Startled, I turned to face him and he pulled me to my feet.

His shadowed gray eyes seemed to burn, and his voice was shaken when he spoke.

"You're lovely, Janet," he whispered brokenly. "You're the loveliest thing that was ever in a man's life. I can't stand it any more—your not knowing what you mean to me."

His arms went around me and his lips came down to mine. They were urgent, seeking. For a moment I stood still. Then, gently, I pushed him away.

"I'm sorry, Lance. I'm proud, but I'm sorry too. For I don't love you. And I never will. I love Arnold."

His arms dropped and he stood looking at me with the saddest face I've ever seen. "I knew that, I suppose. But I hoped. You see, I've figured that things sometimes weren't so good between you and Arnold and—and you mean so much to me, I couldn't help but hope. . ."

"There's only one thing that isn't good between Arnold and me, Lance. That's Derek, and maybe that has made me seem to feel—differently than I do. But if that should ever be so unendurable that I left Arnold, it would never be for another man. It would never be for anything but Derek's own sake."

"I see. You'll have to forgive me. Derek means a lot to me, too—more perhaps than you realize. Some day you'll know. But—" He gave a crooked smile—"meantime, can we go

on, just being friends?"

Tears welled up in my eyes. "Of course we can, Lance. I hope for always and always."

I hoped it had ended there. I hoped that intangible tension was cleared away, forever now that I knew and Lance knew exactly how I felt. But the very next night something happened that brought it back again.

Derek announced at the dinner table that he had invited Lance to have dinner with us the next evening.

His father exploded. "That's impossible! It's all right for you to tramp the woods with this fellow, if your mother permits it," he said, "but to have him here as a family friend—no, Derek, you'll have to take back your invitation."

"But father," Derek protested. "I can't. That wouldn't be right. And besides, why can't he be here for dinner?"

"I have said why."

"That's not fair, Arnold," I said. "The child has a right to have his friends here. Perhaps he should have consulted you before he extended the invitation, but I don't think you should humiliate him by making him take it back now. I—I can't let you do that."

Arnold again gave me that strange, penetrating glance. He was silent for a moment, his face set in harsh lines. Then he said with an effort. "Very well, Derek. As long as you have invited him, he may come. But I shall want to talk with him—alone—afterwards."

Apprehension gripped me. What did Arnold want to say? What was he thinking? And Lance—what would he say, if he were angered? I knew I should never get an answer by asking questions. So I kept silent. . .

I FINISHED my long story and looked across at Mr. Keen, who had listened so intently and so patiently.

His intelligent gray eyes were fixed on mine, and, behind them, he seemed to be putting two and two together.

"It was after that dinner Lance McCrae disappeared?"

"The very next day. I can't help but think it had something to do with whatever Arnold said."

"How was the dinner itself? Pleasant enough?"

"Pleasant," I admitted, "but there was a decided sense of strain during it. Afterwards, Derek went up to bed. Then Arnold said he and Lance wanted to talk, so I went up too.

They talked for about an hour, and then I heard Lance leave. He slammed the door after him and strode down the walk, as if he might be angry."

"Did your husband seem pleased that Lance left the next day?"

"It's hard to know what Arnold feels these days, he's so shut within himself. But he has seemed rather relieved that it was all over, since it looked as if Lance were gone for good."

"Why did you wait so long, Mrs. Ford, before taking steps to find him?"

I took a deep breath. "I kept hoping against hope that he would come back. I thought he might have been suddenly called away and had no chance to say goodbye. And I didn't want to do anything to add to the tension between Arnold and me. It's grown to be—almost unbearable, Mr. Keen. Then, yesterday morning I was awakened about five o'clock, and discovered Derek slipping quietly out of the house. He had a kit with him and a little money, and he had left a note saying he was going off to hunt for Lance. I couldn't stand that! Nothing was worth such heartbreak as that. So I brought him to you."

"I see." Mr. Keen leaned back in his chair. "Well, Mrs. Ford, it's a bad situation but I think we can get it straightened out. The first thing I'm going to do is drive up with you so that I can see Lance's shack, go over whatever papers may be there, and see if I can get a lead on where he may be. After that, I'll tackle Mr. Ford at his office and find out—if I can—what it was he said to Lance that night after dinner."

Mr. Keen took charge so completely that I felt a sense of reassurance and peace for the first time in days. I couldn't help but admire the meticulous thoroughness with which he went over Lance's few belongings—disturbing nothing, but missing nothing either. And I agreed with him that the shack did not look as if its owner had planned to go away for any length of time. There were clothes in the crude closet, guns in the corner, food on the shelves. It looked as if he might walk in the door at any moment.

Later that afternoon, Mr. Keen telephoned me from town. "I've talked to your husband," he said. "He told Lance that night that he would have to stop coming to the house. Lance said he would stop coming only when you asked him to. I'm rather inclined to believe he meant that, Mrs. Ford. We'll have to look elsewhere for the reason for his disappearance."

"I'm glad," I murmured. "I should hate to think—or have Derek think—that it was Arnold who made him go."

"One other thing I found out," he went on. "Arnold was jealous of you and Lance. He realizes you're a young and very attractive woman and that McCrae was a handsome, romantic man. I reassured him on that point, without giving away any of your confidences, and I'm sure he knows now he was wrong. Now, don't worry. I'll keep you informed."

I hung up the telephone, wearily. Poor Arnold! Poor lonely, unyielding man who loved so deeply in his

(Continued on page 68)



## Say Hello To-

ARTHUR TRACY—who earned fame as the Street Singer, and now is back on American radio after a long absence. You can hear him on the Blue network three times a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 4:00, Eastern time. Arthur was born in Philadelphia, where he spent his childhood wandering on the streets, singing for pennies and incidentally learning several languages. His career was cut short when a teacher, forcing his young voice, caused it to snap, so that for seven months he couldn't speak above a whisper. He recovered, went into musical comedies, and in 1933 turned to radio, soon becoming one of its biggest stars, first here and then in England, whence he returned only a year or so ago. He's also very talented as an amateur artist.



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PENETRATES THE FABRIC PROTECTS THE FIBRES

Continued from page 66

own peculiar way and derived only unhappiness from that love!

But even my pity could not ease the sense of strain between us. I kept seeing Derek's small, anguished face as he crept down the stairs that morning intent on a desperate boy's mission of finding his friend. I kept hearing the pleading in his voice as he asked Mr. Keen to trace Lance. A mother doesn't forget those things. Even the deep tenderness that had been between Arnold and me, our moments of fine companionship, seemed dim and distant now.

AND so for several anxious days, the three of us, each in our separate ways, waited for news from Mr. Keen.

It came the evening of the fourth day. Derek had gone to bed, vacillating from hope to despair and back again. Arnold and I sat in the study, pretending to read. About ten o'clock the door knocker sounded. It was Mr. Keen.

"I came in person," he said quietly, "because I have news for you of rather a shocking nature. Lance McCrae has been found—in prison."

"In prison," I gasped. "But why? What's he done?"

"Nothing lately, but he's been wanted for a long time. Years ago he escaped from a state prison where he was serving a term for robbery."

"I knew it," Arnold said grimly. "This confirms my worst suspicions."

"Now just a minute, Mr. Ford." The older man's voice held authority and force. "You don't know the circumstances. I've talked to Lance and to the officials, and I do. It is true he is a convicted criminal, as you say, but there are extenuating facts."

"Lance was a wayward boy, without much parental attention. He got caught up in bad company, as often happens, and he was more sinned against than sinning when he acted as lookout man during a robbery when a storekeeper was killed. He was sentenced to a fairly long term. He escaped, and became a sailor. He's gone straight all these years—and more than that: he told me he had been so moved by the faith of a woman and a small boy in him that he was about to give himself up to serve the rest of his unexpired term, so that he might, forever after, face the world as a free man."

"That's a likely story," Arnold cried. "It's just an effort to get sympathy—"

"I think not, Mr. Ford. A detective recognized him in a sportsgoods store where he was buying an expensive fishing rod for your son's birthday. We all know Lance had very little money and that it had to last him a long time. The fact he was spending most of it then seems to me conclusive evidence that he wasn't going to need money much longer because he did, indeed, plan to give himself up."

Arnold was silent. All sorts of emotions were whirling through me. Shock, pity, grief. I suppose I said the thing that was uppermost in my mind.

"Derek! How can we ever tell Derek?"

"We are not going to tell Derek the truth," Mr. Keen said gently. "I've arranged for Lance to be brought to my office under special guard. There he will have an interview—alone—with your son and tell him a story

we have concocted. It is an innocent one, about his being called away on a special mission for the government, and Derek will have his illusions left intact."

"I won't allow it!" Arnold burst out. "I won't have my son consorting with a fellow like this—this escaped convict, even for a moment. Lord knows what kind of influence he's had on him, as it is. I'll never give my consent."

Mr. Keen turned to Arnold then. His gray eyes flashed, and he seemed to grow in stature as he talked. "I think you will," he said sternly. "This escaped convict, as you choose to call him, has already had a far, far better influence on your son than you yourself have ever had. He has shown more interest in moulding his character than you, his father, ever did. Now, through prejudice, you would rob him of one of life's most precious possessions—faith in another human being. Derek will never again trust another soul, if he believes now that Lance, his friend, has deserted him. No, Mr. Ford. You are not going to do that."

There was silence. A look of deep pain, of suffering crossed my husband's face. Was it hurt pride? Was it defeat? I couldn't tell. When, at last, he spoke his words were muffled.

"Very well, Mr. Keen. Since you and Janet feel so strongly, I can only accede to your wishes. But I must make two conditions. First, that I be present at this interview. And second, that, after it, Lance McCrae never see either my son or my wife again."

"The second condition Lance has already suggested himself. He feels it would be better if this goodbye to Derek were really a final farewell to your whole family. And your first condition I have already arranged for. You will not be able to be present at the actual interview, but you and Mrs. Ford and I will be in an adjoining room where we can hear what goes on between them. It was, in fact, only with that understanding that the warden of the prison agreed to my rather unusual request."

"Very well. At ten tomorrow morning, then." And with a short, stiff bow Arnold left the room.

It was a miserable, sleepless night for me. I thought of Lance. "Derek means a lot to me... Someday perhaps you'll know." That was what he'd said in the garden, and this was what he'd meant... these prison bars in expiation for an old crime. And I thought of my husband and of us. The gap that had grown between Arnold and me of late was now at its widest, its most unbridgable. Would it ever be bridged again? Would we ever go on as before?

THE three of us drove into town early the next morning, Arnold grim and silent at the wheel, Derek knowing nothing except that we were to go to Mr. Keen's office. When we got there, Derek was shown at once into the private office. Silently, Arnold and I slipped into an adjoining one. Presently Mr. Keen opened the dividing door and joined us, leaving the door slightly ajar. There was silence for a while. Then we heard footsteps, the opening of another door, and then Derek's excited voice. "Lance! Oh, Lance."

"Hello there, pal. How are you?"



The words were strong and cheerful but I could sense what lay behind them—all they were costing this man to preserve the trust of one boy.

"Oh, I'm all right—now I know you're all right. But Lance, where have you been? You went away and didn't even say goodbye."

"I couldn't help it, Derek. I took it for granted you'd trust me. I got a summons to go away and do some work—I can't tell you any more about it than that. Except that it's for the government—and pretty important."

"Secret service! That's what it is. Gee, Lance, isn't that swell? When'll you be coming back?"

Lance's voice was low. "You see, I have to keep faith with something bigger and more important than we are now. And—I tell you this as man to man—I probably won't be coming back from this job—ever. This'll have to be goodbye, Derek."

"Oh, no!" It was a stricken cry. I pressed my handkerchief to my lips and choked back tears.

"Now listen, Derek. We're talking man to man. Don't go to pieces over this like a child. You're strong—you can take it. It's tough to be separated, but we each must do our duty, you as well as I. We've been friends and we'll always be friends. You've got to face realities and be brave about them."

I could almost see Derek struggling with his tears. Then my heart rose with pride as I heard him say, without a tremor. "Yeah, you're right. I won't be a baby. I can be strong, too—like you've taught me. So I guess I'll—I'll just say, 'Good luck, Lance.' And here's our private grip to seal it."

**S**UDDENLY Arnold's hand gripped mine. The strength in his fingers was almost crushing. "That took courage," he whispered. I looked at him. There were tears in his eyes—Arnold's, who had never in all our fifteen years shown a sign of what he called weakness. "I've been a fool—a blind, criminal fool. Forgive me, Janet. I—" He stopped, unable to go on.

I turned and clung to him then, burying my face in his shoulder. His arms went around me and held me tight. Mr. Keen stood watching, an inscrutable smile lighting his face.

Then, from the next office, there were footsteps again and the closing of a door. In a little while we went in. Derek was standing by the window, dry-eyed and quite calm. He looked older, somehow. He came up to Mr. Keen.

"I want to thank you for finding Lance," he said. "He's a grand guy and he means a lot to me. I—just want to say thank you, and if there's ever anything I can do for you I hope you'll let me."

Straight and sturdy, he walked out of the office. His father followed him. I looked after them for a moment, and then I turned to Mr. Keen. The happiness I saw in his face was, I knew, mirrored and magnified a thousand times in mine.

"I want to say 'thank you', too—from the bottom of my heart," I whispered. "Look what you've done, Mr. Keen. Look!"

I gestured through the open door. Father and son were walking through the long outer office, walking hand in hand, walking together. And I knew then, from that day onward, they always would.

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# Superman in Radio

CLARK KENT, star reporter of the *Daily Planet*, and Jimmy Olsen, the paper's red-headed copy-boy, were in strange surroundings. Editor Perry White had arranged for them to vacation in a friend's North Woods logging camp. Leaving the train at Montville, they stepped into another world—a world of the deep, snow-bound forests of the frozen North where strong men battle the unyielding elements so that there may be wood for ships and houses—wood for tables and toys. A world where the ring of axe-blades is sharp and clear and the lusty cry of "TIMBER!" heralds the crashing to earth of another forest giant.

Day in and day out, fair weather and foul, men pour out of logging camps to pit their strength against the mammoth trees that tower above them, afraid of nothing that lives and breathes. Afraid of nothing but the mysterious legend of the North Woods—the legend of the White Plague.

It was dark when Clark and Jimmy reached the cabin of Fred Harmon, the camp boss, and his daughter, Nancy, where—Superman found all was not as peaceful and serene as it had seemed when he and Jimmy had set out on their trip. Hesitantly Nancy told them the story:

"We've had some mysterious—accidents—at the camp, Mr. Kent. About a week ago one of our loggers disappeared into thin air. A searching party combed the woods for him and the logging boss, Bill Dawson, finally found him frozen to death up in the crotch of a tall tree. A tree he couldn't have climbed without spikes—and he had no spikes on. How did he get up there? No one knows.

"The next night, a big Swedish logger, strong as an ox, vanished.

Mr. Dawson found him frozen solid in the river ice! And then, the night before last, Gaston came in to talk to Dad. He wanted to quit because of the White Plague.

"Loggers have a strange superstition, Mr. Kent. They believe that when the snow is deep enough to cover all the roots of a tree and the bottom of the trunk, that no trees should be felled. They think it's nature's way of protecting the trees until spring and no man has a right to go against Nature. Of course, it's silly—but some loggers will swear that if trees are felled when snow covers the roots the White Plague visits the camp!

"They say it punishes men who go against Nature. That's why Gaston came to see Dad—he wanted to quit before it got him. He left this cabin that night. A few minutes later we heard a horrible scream. Dad rushed out—Gaston was gone. We found him last night—he got as far as our door, then died—frozen."

"Now," Superman said, "I suppose all the loggers want to quit."

"Yes—and it's terrible because we've been cutting wood for the government and it's needed badly. Dad's been out of his mind for days."

The next morning Superman and Jimmy awoke to feel, almost as if it were a live thing, a dangerous undercurrent of fear running through the camp. The loggers went about their work uneasily, waiting and wondering where the White Plague would strike next. Fred Harmon was beside himself with anxiety. But Bill Dawson, tough, broad-shouldered boss of the logging crew, drove his men on despite their unrest.

Superman and Jimmy joined him a few miles from camp to watch a crew of a dozen burly lumberjacks

chop their way through a stand of towering oak. The ring of axe-blade against live wood was sharp and clear on the frosty air. Then the men stopped for lunch. Their voices sounded relaxed and happy for the first time when—suddenly—one logger, sitting on a stump, fell over. Half-eaten sandwich still tightly clutched in his hand, he doubled up. Superman reached his side first but before he could touch him, the lumberjack was dead!

Frightened cries of "The White Plague!" replaced the laughter and jokes. Dawson pushed his way to Superman's side:

"Will you and Jimmy take the chuck sled and carry the body back to camp? I'll be able to quiet the men better that way. I don't know what killed Jean—but I know it wasn't the White Plague!"

Quickly Superman was on his way. They had reached that part of the trail flanked with thick trees on each side, bordered with deep snow drifts. Without warning, the quiet of the woods was broken by the sharp "PING!" of a high-powered rifle shot. Superman felt the bullet hit his back. He smiled to himself as the steel jacket flattened itself against him and slipped off.

"Drop down, Jimmy. Somebody's shooting at us. I think I know who it is and it isn't the White Plague!"

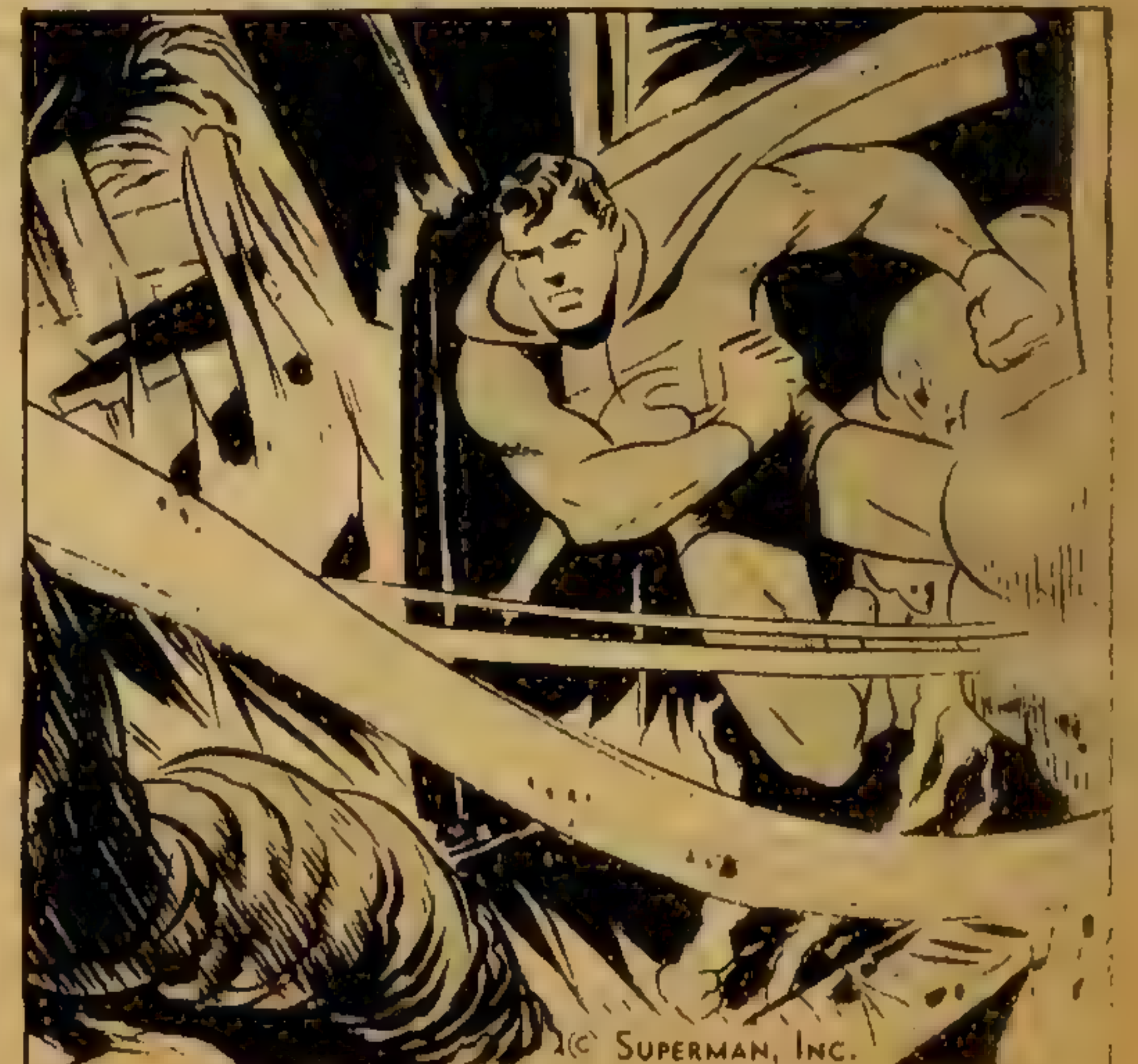
Jimmy, crouched down low, didn't see the bullets which hit his companion—and fell from the invincible form of the Man of Tomorrow. He knew only that by some miracle they reached camp, unharmed.

The rest of the day passed uneventfully. When Superman went to the office after Jimmy was in bed, he found a stranger waiting there. The tall broad-shouldered man with warm



Hesitantly, Nancy told them the story: "We've had some mysterious accidents at the camp, Mr. Kent."

Superman smiled to himself as he felt the bullet hit his back. "Drop down, Jimmy," he warned.



With one leap he broke through the wall, ignoring the flames that were blazing around him.



gray eyes, introduced himself as Father Malone, priest of the North Woods. He'd devoted his life to the loggers and, as he and the reporter talked, Superman's suspicions were confirmed:

"I've been waiting for something like this, Kent. This White Plague legend has been haunting me ever since I started working among the lumberjacks. Like any legend, it passes from mouth to mouth, and the miracles created by it are manifold. But sooner or later we discover the legend is being put to bad use by some misguided human."

"Yes, Father, I think every death here boils down to a case of systematic murder. I know that man who died eating his sandwich today was poisoned. And Jimmy and I were shot at on our way back. Somebody is trying to create terror and fear of the Plague. He probably thinks I'm spying—"

But he got no further. Sudden, frightening cries of "Fire! Fire!" were heard in the lonely night outside. Big Bill Dawson flung open the door—"Curt Travers' cabin is on fire!"

THE three men rushed to the scene. The cabin, by now, was a roaring inferno. Quickly running to the rear, hidden from sight, Superman dropped the guise of Clark Kent. With one leap, he broke through the timbered wall. Ignoring the flames that laid their searing, blazing fingers on him, he scooped up the figure of Travers. In seconds he had the limp figure outside. But it was too late. Travers died as the priest breathed a last prayer for him.

Dawson and Superman, after the fire had burned itself out, went back

to look at the cabin. The reporter stooped suddenly, picked up a piece of wood.

"Dawson, this clinches it! This wood is soaked in kerosene. The fire was set deliberately. Let's head back for the office and settle this thing."

Father Malone was sitting beside the body, stretched out on the couch when they came in. As the door slammed behind them, they heard a stirring in the small bedroom off the office. Fred Harmon came out, sleepily rubbing his eyes—

"Kent—what happened—why is Travers lying there like that?"

"He was caught in a burning cabin."

"Dawson—is that true?"

"Yes—didn't you hear nothin'?"

"Not a sound. I woke up suddenly and walked out here and saw Travers stretched out. Is he—is he—?"

"Yes," the reporter said solemnly—then: "Say, what's that puddle near the couch?"

Dawson answered: "Jes' snow meltin' off Mr. Harmon's shoes. What do you think, Mr. Harmon?"

"What can I think, Bill? This is too much. I'm going to wire the owners and tell them we're closing up."

"Just a minute, Mr. Harmon"—Superman's tone was sternly serious. "I don't think you'll have to do that. I have the answer to the mystery of the White Plague—I know who killed those five men!"

A hush of startled expectancy settled on the room. No one even stirred in his seat until Superman continued:

"Everything started with the news of our coming. That I know now. So Jimmy and I were responsible, indirectly, for everything that's hap-

pened here. And this is the reason—the person responsible for it all thought I had been sent here by the owners to spy on him. He had a guilty conscience because of something he had done—something he had to hide at any cost. He used the legend to terrify the camp, hoping the loggers would quit, the camp be disbanded—and his crimes hidden forever. He was the one who shot at Jimmy and me—because he saw me pick up the sandwich that killed Jean today.

THAT sandwich was loaded with rat poison! And then Curt Travers' death tonight—by that crime, the murderer exposed himself!"

"Kent, what in the world are you driving at?" Harmon asked harshly.

"Just this, Mr. Harmon. Remember—you said you'd been asleep when you saw Travers' body. Well, that little puddle of water gave you away. It came from the snow you'd gotten on your feet when you walked around pouring kerosene on Travers' cabin! You—"

He could say no more. Harmon, grabbing one of the rifles leaning against the wall, threatened the men:

"Stand back, all of you. I knew Kent was one of the owners' spies. Yes, I did it. Did it so no one would ever know that I'd stolen—stolen so I could get enough money to bring my daughter up like a lady—to take her out of logging camps!"

The men stood speechless. Before they could make a move, the rifle thundered its message of death. But Harmon had turned it upon himself.

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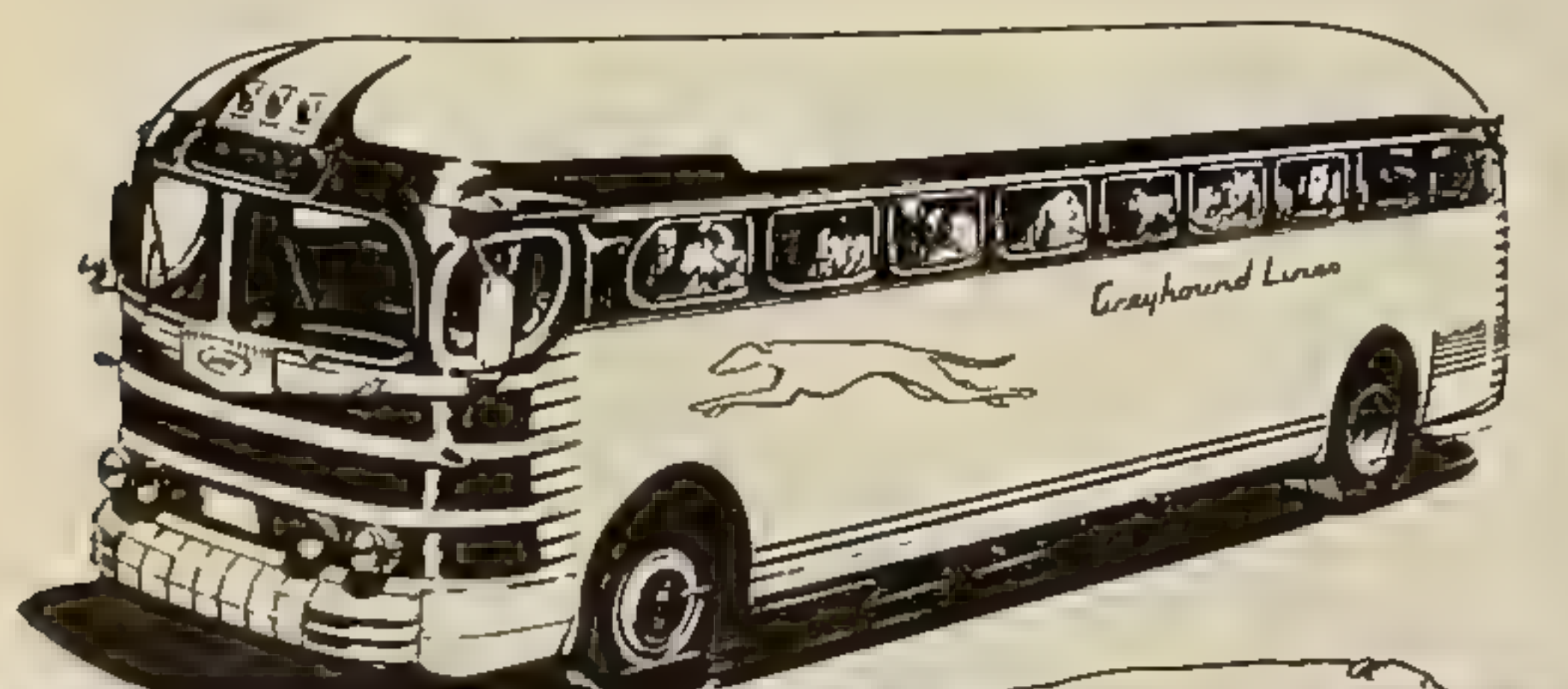
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## Woman of Courage

Continued from page 40

talking prices and bargains—woman talk. She had almost forgotten the contest, when Mrs. Early, the Club's president, announced the Judge for the evening.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," Mrs. Early said stiffly, "it is my privilege to announce the name of our distinguished Judge. Mr. Joseph Benedict, who has recently arrived from Hawaii to visit his brother-in-law, Mr. Harrison—whom you all know, I'm sure—has kindly consented to act as Judge in our preserve contest. We were very pleased to discover that Mr. Benedict has had a great deal of experience in judging the merits of canned fruits. He has a canning factory on his plantation in Hawaii and, before he went there to live, he was in the wholesale grocery business, here in the United States. Ladies and Gentlemen, may I present Mr. Benedict?"

MARTHA felt a little sorry for Joseph Benedict, then. He looked so shy, up there on the platform, as though he wanted to run away. Not that he could have moved. The women crowded around him. In a few minutes, however, Mrs. Early cleared the platform and Joseph Benedict began tasting the preserves, which were set out on a long table in jars unidentified except by numbers. He seemed completely oblivious to the breathless women waiting for his verdict. Finally, Mrs. Early took a slip of paper from him and stepped forward.

"First prize goes to Number Five," she announced. "Let's see," she murmured, consulting a list. "Number five—five—Martha Jackson! Grape catsup."

"Mother," Lucy whispered, squeezing Martha's arm. "You won!"

There was applause and Martha stepped toward the platform. She had a moment of stage fright, going up to get her prize, but she lost it quickly in the deluge of handshaking and congratulations. By the time she had to go through it all again, because her brandied pears won third prize, she was laughing heartily.

As soon as he could get free from Mrs. Early and the other women, Joseph Benedict hurried to Martha and drew her into a quiet corner.

"Have you ever thought of marketing those preserves, Mrs. Jackson?" he asked seriously.

"Why, yes," Martha smiled. "I hate to admit it, but I really entered the contest so I could get a little advertisement. I'm going to sell them at the store."

"No, that's not what I mean," Joseph Benedict said. "I mean nationally."

"Oh, no," Martha laughed.

"I'm serious, Mrs. Jackson," he said. "I know one chain store company that would jump at the chance of handling such novel preserves. That grape catsup is excellent and different. It would sell."

"Come now, Mr. Benedict," Martha said. "I haven't enough preserves for a national market. And I don't know anything about large scale canning—even if I wanted to try it."

"But I do," Joseph Benedict said. He made her sit down. "You've got a gold mine in those preserves and I know just how to exploit them." And he explained to her just how he would go about sell-

ing and advertising the preserves.

"But all that takes a lot of money," Martha said.

"I've got some money," he said. "I'm willing to take a chance on this. And, I understand from George, that you have some cash, too—money you inherited. I can't think of a better use for it. Certainly, leaving it in the bank doesn't pay you enough in interest."

"No," Martha said. "We couldn't live on that."

MARTHA was reluctant to make any decisions until she had spoken to Jim. After all, the money was his, too. At least, she always thought of it—and everything else—that way. But she was wrong, it seemed.

"It's your money," Jim said, when she told him about Benedict's proposal that they go into partnership and asked for his advice.

"It's our money, Jim," Martha said. "And it would take nearly everything we've got. I—I thought you'd help me."

"No, it's your money, Martha," Jim said. "It sounds like a good idea and with Joseph Benedict's experience you should do very well."

"But, Jim—" Martha began. Then she gave it up. She didn't want it to be that way, but she didn't know how to change it. She wanted him to have something to turn to, when his job at the airplane factory was finished, but he was making it terribly difficult for her.

To the last minute, before the partnership papers were signed and her money was transferred to a business account at the bank, Martha wavered. She thought of leaving some of the money in Jim's name. She thought of trying to talk to Jim again. She almost gave in to Cora, who always liked to play safe, and who said that it was stupid to sink every cent she had in one venture. But always, there was Joseph Benedict, assuring her that the investment was wise.

And, once it was started, Martha had very little time to worry about whether or not she had made a mistake. Joseph Benedict managed the organization of the factory with a skill and rapidity that made Martha a little dizzy. In a short time, orders began coming in.

After the first excitement had worn off, however, Martha began to feel a bit harried and torn. There was so much to do. Lillian and Cora helped her as much as they could, especially taking care of her grocery store, while she was at the factory supervising the canning. Lucy did her best with the big house and saw to it that meals were served on time. But it was all very scattered and wearing on Martha's nerves.

A week before Thanksgiving, Jim's job at the airplane factory was finished. "Well," he said, handing Martha his last pay check, "we're back on the old footing. It's up to you, after this."

"Jim," Martha said a little distractedly, "why don't you come in with us at the factory?"

"You're doing very well," Jim said. "You don't need me there."

There was a note of restrained anger in his voice and his eyes looked strangely forbidding, as they gazed steadily into hers. Martha got the



feeling that Jim was almost daring her to press the issue, so he could make a scene. She forced herself to smile at him.

"I see," she said. "You—you're probably expecting another contract, soon. You're waiting for something else to come up."

Jim's lips curled in a derisive smile. "Yes, I'm waiting," he said.

Martha sighed helplessly and watched him wheel his chair into his study. Suddenly, she wanted desperately to hide in a corner and cry. Everything was so wrong. And she didn't know what to do about it. Jim was drifting away from her and she didn't know how to call him back.

**T**HE Thanksgiving dinner, which Martha had planned to be a happy celebration of the success of their business, was rather a subdued affair. She had invited the Benedicts and George and Johnny Long and there were all the trimmings of a festive occasion, but no one seemed able to live up to them, except, perhaps, Lillian, who was delighted with the chance to spend practically a whole day with little Susan, but more especially with her father.

It was Joseph's lack of response to Lillian's gayety that first gave Martha the idea that something was wrong. She could see that Lillian was troubled, too. Martha knew that Lillian was in love with Joseph—Lillian had not tried to hide it—and she couldn't help wondering what was wrong.

After dinner, Lillian took Susan and Tommy down to the playroom in the basement. Lucy went out for a ride with Johnny, who was apparently appearing in a better light to Lucy, now that he had bought himself a new car and spruced up a bit. Watching them drive off together and seeing the way Lucy snuggled close to him, Martha was glad she had spoken to Johnny. It had been a bit difficult, embarrassing almost, to tell Johnny that he would have to pay more attention to appearances in order to break down Lucy's preconceived notions about what a man should look like—notions she'd got from Steve Holbert. Now, Martha was glad she had done it. It would have been a shame, she thought, if Johnny had lost Lucy.

Martha turned away from the window and looked around the living room. Jim, in his wheelchair, was pretending to read the newspaper. George and Joseph were carrying on a slow, labored conversation. Cora was at her eternal knitting.

"My," Martha said with forced lightness, "we're a cheerful bunch."

"You fed us too well," Joseph said, by way of an excuse.

"Is that all?" Martha asked pointedly.

Joseph Benedict lowered his eyes before her frank question. Jim looked up from his newspaper.

"Well—now—" Joseph said. He sighed and smiled gently. "I just didn't want to spoil the holiday."

"Business?" Martha asked, crossing to a chair by the fireplace and sinking into it.

"Hmm," Joseph said. "Nothing to worry about, really. We're going to have to raise some cash in a few days, that's all."

That's all, Martha thought. She knew Joseph Benedict had invested most of his available funds. And she



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had turned every cent that was left of her inheritance into the factory account. She couldn't help feeling depressed. She had worked so hard and now, just when they were beginning to show some signs of success, this happened. Where could they possibly find the money they needed? Her eyes moved aimlessly around the large living room. If only Jim hadn't bought this big house, she found herself thinking, they would have had some money left for such an emergency.

She glanced over at Jim. He was watching her intently. She wondered what he was thinking. She wondered whether he had noticed her appraising glance about the room and whether he had understood it.

**A**PPARENTLY he had, for later, after the others had all left, he himself opened the subject rather abruptly.

"Martha," he said, "would it bother you very much, if we rented this house?"

"Rented?" Martha asked.

"I've had a very good offer," Jim said. He avoided her eyes for a second, then he looked squarely at her and said, "Martha, let's be honest about this. I don't think any of us has been very happy or comfortable here. I guess I sort of went overboard on this place—had big ideas. It didn't take me long to see that I'd made a mistake. Since I have got this offer, I think it would be wise to take advantage of it, don't you?"

Martha nodded. There was a lump in her throat and she didn't trust herself to speak. He had understood. That meant that he couldn't be as far away from her as she had thought. Impulsively, she smiled at him, and, soon, they were making plans for moving back to the house behind the store.

Martha had never grown used to living in the big house, but she had never realized how truly out of place she felt in it, until they were settled in their old home. This wasn't just a house, it was a home, where many things had happened to them, together, things that were binding and close and need not be spoken about to be remembered.

Living behind the store again simplified things for Martha, too. She could combine the running of the store with her household duties and getting up to the factory wasn't so much of a strain as it had been. And the added income had proved enough to meet the factory's needs. But strangely enough, the demands Joseph Benedict made on her time increased, instead of lessening, as she had hoped they would, once the business got going. Sometimes, Martha even felt a little annoyed by the trivialities, which Joseph seemed to think were important enough to take her from her other work.

Later—much later—looking back on these weeks, Martha was a little surprised that she had had no inkling of what was happening. She was usually very sensitive to people, to the way they felt, but in all this time, she was so busy, so wrapped up in her own concerns, that she had little time to notice what the people outside of her own immediate world were doing.

For instance, she noticed that Lillian did not see Joseph Benedict as often as she had and, whenever they were all together, she had a way of boring through him with her eyes. But, if Martha thought of this at all,

it was simply to decide that Lillian and Joseph had fallen out about something. It didn't even strike her as very strange that, when Lillian went out, now, she went out with George Harrison.

**S**HE didn't understand things fully, even when Lillian told her quietly that she and George were planning to get married.

"Why, Lillian," Martha said, "I—we—all of us thought that you—Joseph Benedict—"

A strange look came into Lillian's eyes, then. "Joseph isn't interested in me," she said. She tried to make it sound light and casual, but she didn't quite succeed. "He's interested in—only in the factory."

Still Martha didn't understand. "I'm so glad for you, Lillian," she said sincerely. "You should be very happy with George. He's a fine man."

Lillian smiled oddly. "I know that," she said. Then, as though she felt she had to justify herself to Martha, she said, "You know, we're not being fools, exactly. We're not being romantic about this. I know George is in—is very fond of you. But he knows how you feel about Jim and—and—that he hasn't got a chance with you." Martha was a little shocked. Lillian smiled and went on calmly, "And George knows how I feel about Joseph—"

"But then—why—?" Martha asked.

Lillian looked at her incredulously for a moment. Then, apparently deciding that Martha honestly didn't know, she said, "It doesn't matter, Martha. Joseph doesn't love me, that's all. And—well—George and I are lonely, I guess."

Martha would have had to be incredibly stupid not to understand what Lillian was hinting. But she refused to believe it. Believing that Joseph Benedict was in love with her would



*Out in Hollywood, if you don't own a canary you're not in style these days —Mary Martin, a canary in her own rights, on Bing Crosby's Thursday show, over NBC, is at home with her pet.*



have complicated things too much. It would have made it impossible for her to go on working with him. Whether she believed it or not, however, the suspicion was enough to make her uncomfortable in his presence. Almost unconsciously, she began to avoid Joseph, to make excuses for not going to the factory, when he called her.

On a Sunday afternoon, when Lillian had gone for a drive with George and Jim had gone to the movies with Lucy and Tommy, Joseph came to see Martha.

Almost before the door was closed, Joseph said, "I've got to go away, Martha. I want you to come over to George's house, so we can go over the books."

Martha stared at him. His face was white and his eyes were restless. He looked like a man who hadn't slept in days. She didn't want to talk to him, give him a chance to say the things that were in his eyes. She moved toward the hall closet for her hat and coat. The silence was awkward.

"The war—" Joseph said. "I've got to try to get back to Hawaii—"

"The war—" Martha said. "It's been going on for weeks." Then, she wished she hadn't said it. She wished she'd accepted it.

"All right," Joseph said, "that's not the reason. But I've got to get away. I've got to get things straight. I've got to get used to the idea that—that you—"

"Please," Martha said. She walked past him toward the door. She was miserable because she knew he was terribly unhappy. And yet, there was nothing she could do about his happiness. There was no way to be sensible about this.

BY the time they reached George's house, Joseph had got hold of himself. They worked intensively—and impersonally—for hours on the books.

It was almost dark, when Lillian and George returned. They came into the living room, where Joseph and Martha had been working, and there was something very warm about them, a feeling of genuine affection between them. Lillian looked at the books and papers.

"Goodness!" she said. "I don't see how you can make any sense out of all those figures and things, Martha. I'd be lost."

George grinned at Martha and put an arm about Lillian's shoulders. "But you're not like Martha, my dear," he said. "No one would ever think of letting you handle any business."

Martha noticed there was no hint of criticism in the way he said it. There was something else, though, something protective, as though George were rather glad Lillian had no business ability, as though he liked having her depend on him.

Suddenly, it hit her. Jim could never put his arm about her in that protective way. Jim could never laugh lovingly, kindly, at her helplessness. She just wasn't dependent. Circumstances had forced her to be self reliant and strong and resourceful. Only now, she realized that no matter what the cause of her independence had been, one of its results was that it had driven Jim away from her.

She began gathering up the books and George offered to drive her home, but she refused. She wanted to be alone. She had a lot to think about.

The books were heavy, but Martha

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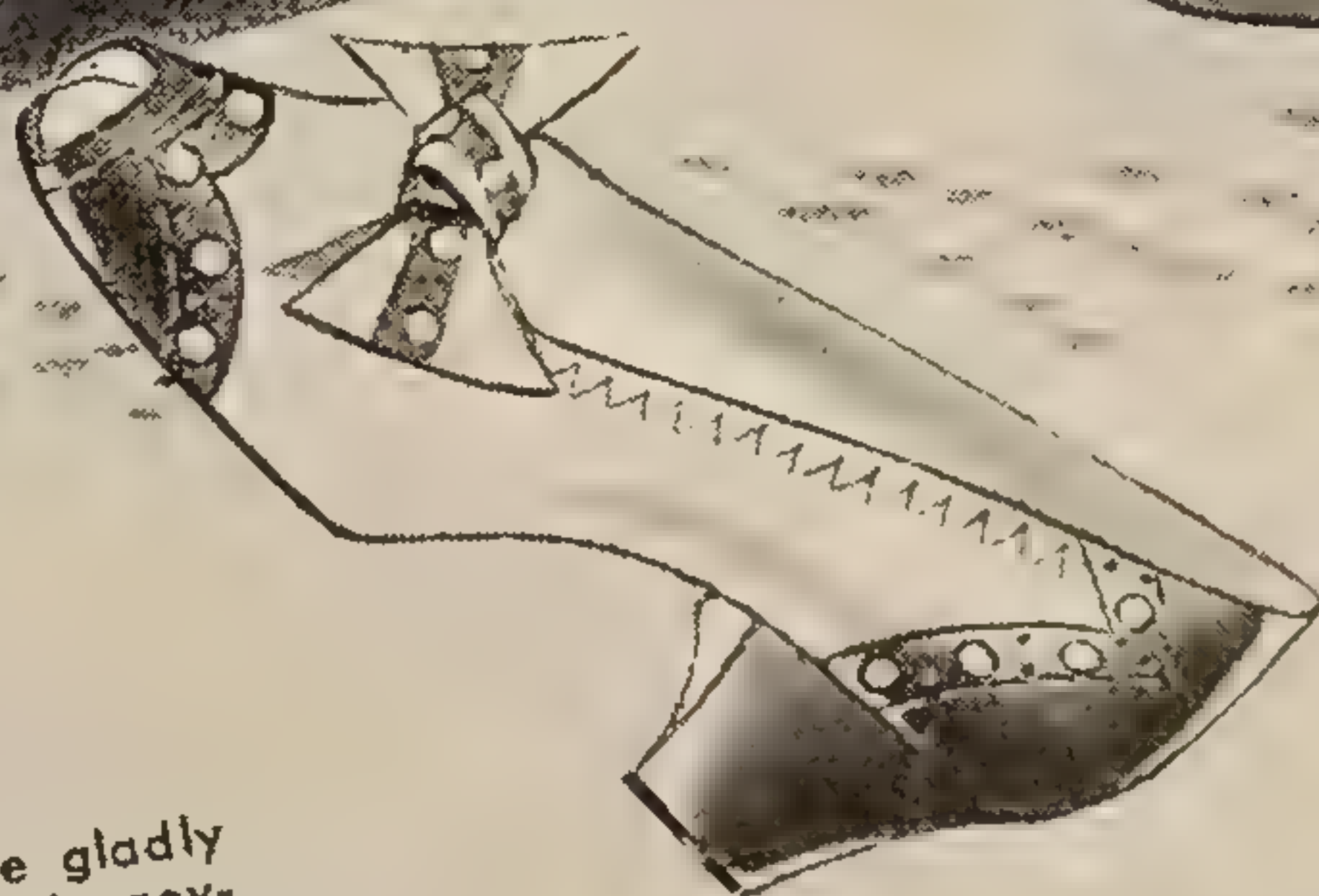
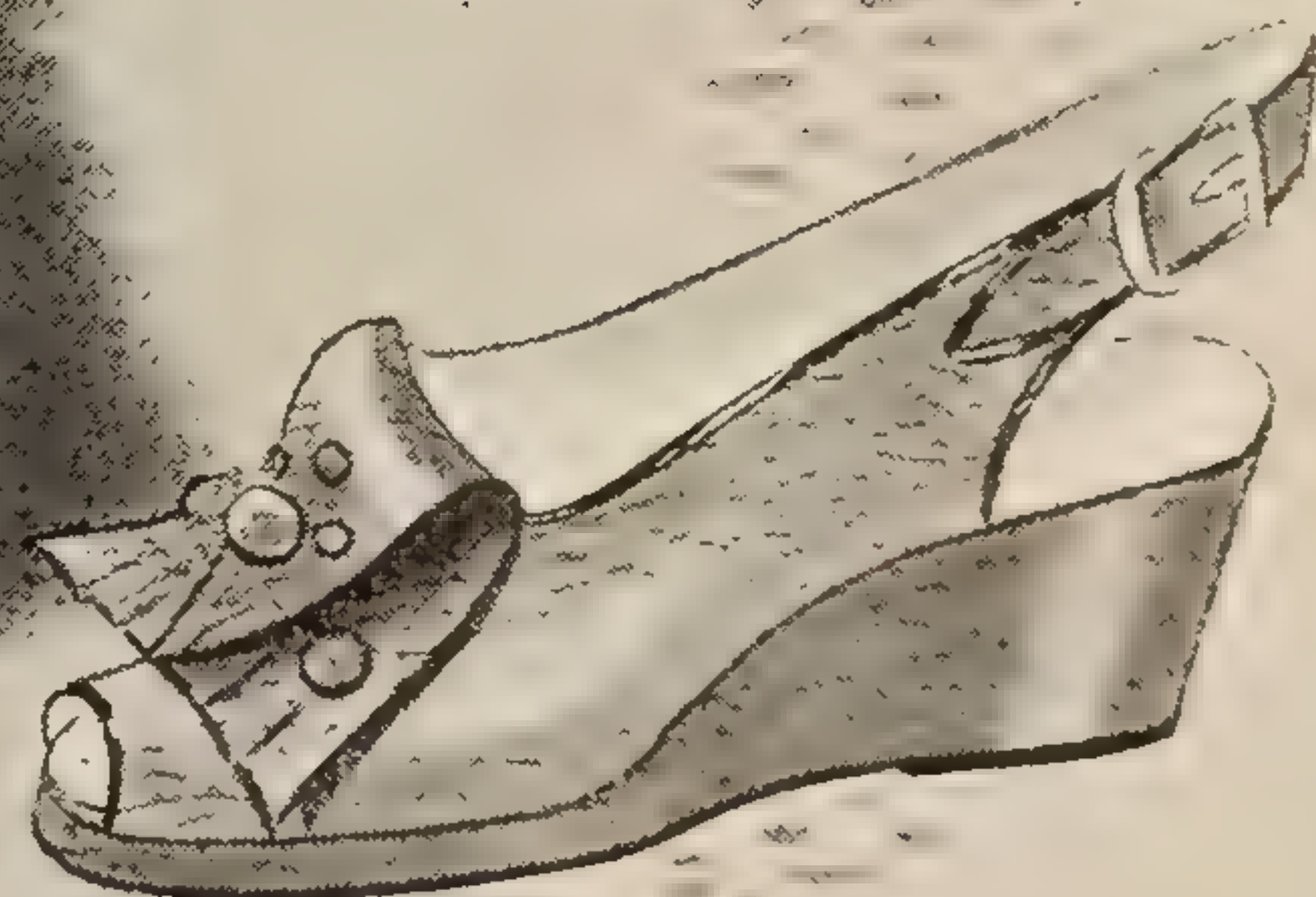
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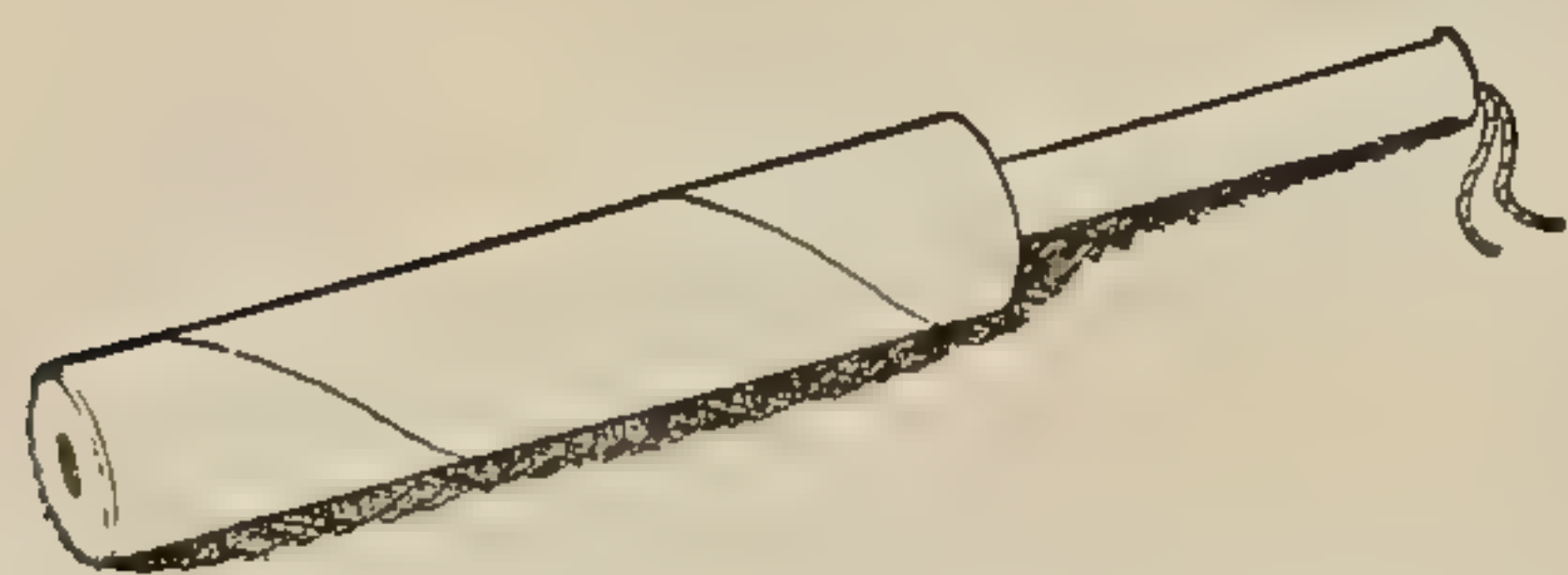
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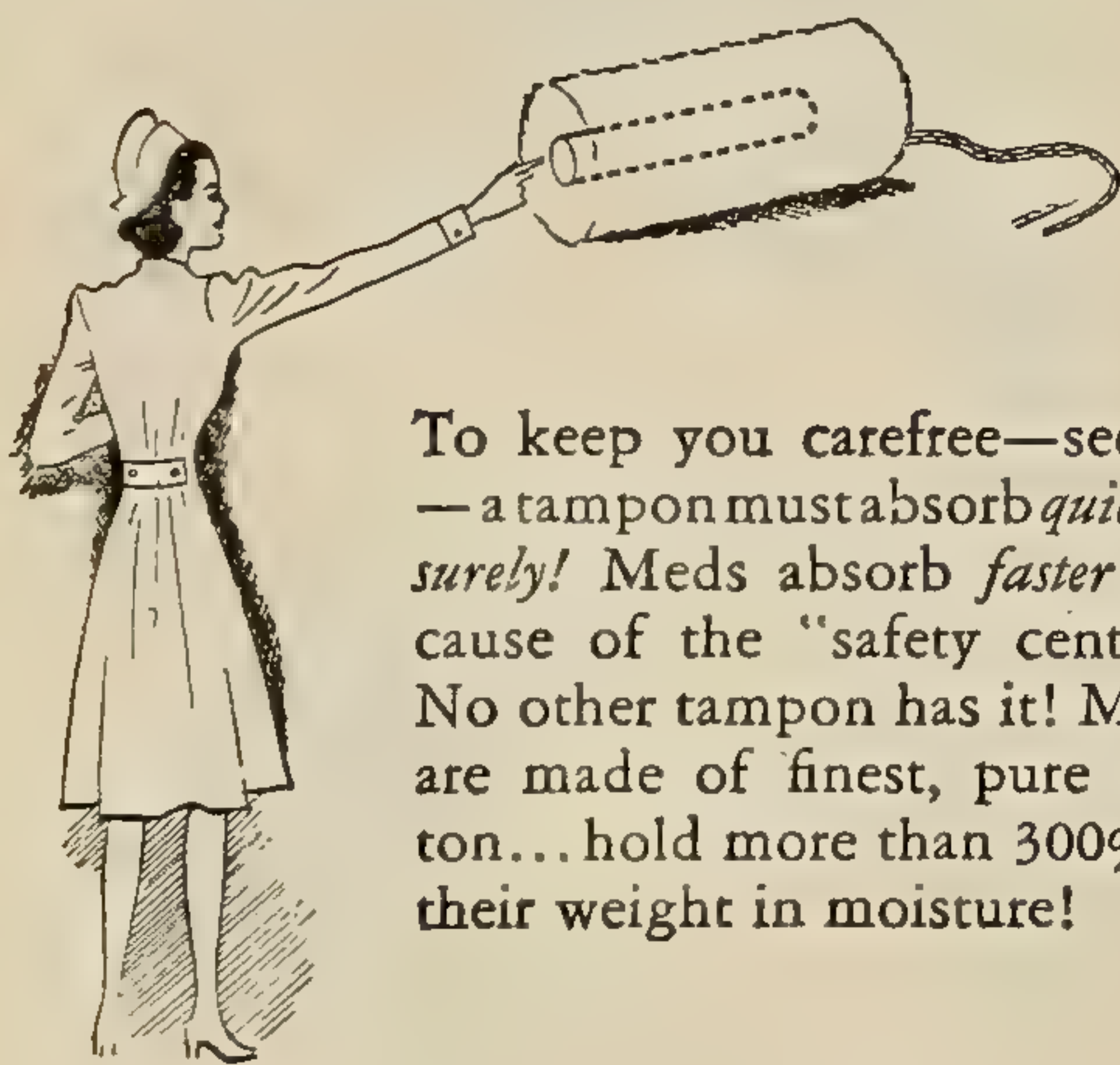
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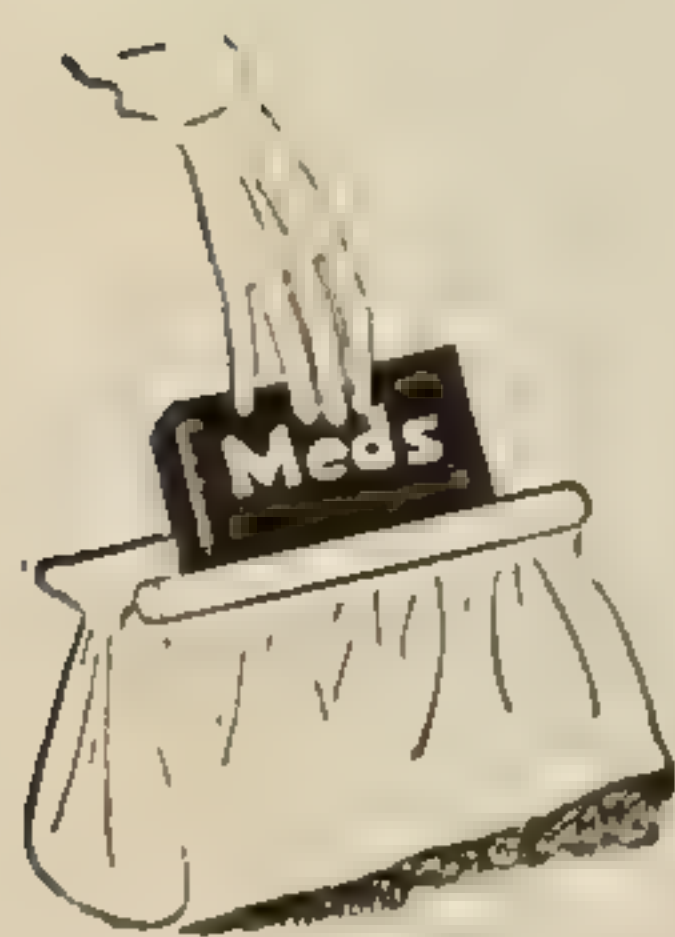


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# Meds



*The Modess Tampons*

scarcely noticed that, she was so deep in her thoughts. How wrong she had been, she thought. All these months, she had been searching for the cause of Jim's drawing away from her in some spiritual or mental weakness in him. Now she knew. It wasn't that Jim was weak. It was that she was strong, so annoyingly and persistently right about things. No one should be so right all the time.

She was no longer surprised that Jim, so constantly aware of his physical weakness, had drawn away from her. No, she was surprised, now, that he hadn't begun to hate her. How horrible it must have been for him to sit there in his wheelchair, month after month, watching her take hold of things, making things work out right—everything she did emphasizing his helplessness.

THE house was dark when she reached it. She was glad. She was glad, too, that Joseph was catching a plane West and would not have time to say goodbye to Jim and Lucy, personally. That might have spoiled everything. For, while she walked home slowly, Martha had been making up her mind.

She spread the books out on the living room table and sat down to give the appearance of working. By the time Lucy and Jim and Tommy got home, she had scraps of paper covered with figures scattered over the table and rug. It all looked very messy and she was proud of it.

"Don't you ever stop working?" was the first thing Jim said.

"Oh, you're back," Martha said distractedly. "Lucy, would you make supper? Tommy can help you. I've such a headache." Quickly, she explained about Joseph having to leave and her being left with the factory to run. She pointed to the books and looked as helpless as she could. "You'll have to help me, Jim," she said.

Jim eyed her suspiciously. "You never had any trouble, before," he said.

"But this is different, Jim," Martha said. "I can keep my own books, but this is all double entry and—and I don't know what."

Jim laughed lightly, "Oh, well, you'll learn in time." He was turning his wheelchair around, getting ready to go to his room.

"Jim," Martha said. "You don't understand." He stopped. "I hate to admit it, but I'm really a little frightened. You see, Jim, it isn't just that I might lose our money. That would be bad enough, of course, every cent we have in the world is in that factory. But it's Joseph's money, too. And what with the war and everything, Joseph may have to depend on that factory for a living. We can't take any chances, now. Joseph didn't seem to be worried and I was pretty sure of myself, too, but—well, that was before I really understood how much depends on the factory."

And suddenly, she found herself crying and realized she wasn't play acting as much as she had thought. It wasn't that she was afraid she couldn't do the job, if she had to. It was that she had suddenly realized

how much really depended on whether or not Jim would step into the opening she had made for him. On his reaction, now, depended their whole future life together.

Jim was close to her, now. He reached up and pulled her hands away from her face. "Here, here," he smiled gently, "it's not as terrifying as all that. Have you forgotten I know a little something about business?"

"Oh, darling," Martha said, "would you take it over? I was afraid to ask you. I thought you hated the place."

Jim pulled her down into his lap. "You never seemed to need me before," he said softly. "You were doing very well."

"But I wasn't, really," Martha said. "I guess I sort of fancied myself as a businesswoman, too. But don't you see, darling? Joseph handled all the business end of it. I thought I knew all about everything, but now I see I didn't."

"Well," Jim said, patting her back affectionately, "we'll take care of it. Let's have some supper and then we'll go to work."

They sat up quite late over the books. Several times, Martha almost helped Jim over some detail that Joseph had explained to her, but she caught herself in time. It took a little while for Jim to get the hang of things, but once he did, he got everything clear rapidly.

"I'm hungry," he said, when they had finished. His face was a little flushed from bending over the books, but his eyes were alert and happy.

"I'll make some sandwiches and cocoa," Martha said.

"Let's eat in the kitchen, like we used to," Jim said. "Remember?" he grinned. "When Lucy was a baby?"

MARTHA nodded. She remembered. That was the time they used to like best, the time when Lucy was asleep and all the work was done and they were all alone, shut in together, close and happy, in the warm, comfortable kitchen. That was the time when they used to tell each other all that had happened during the day, all that they were planning for the next day. That was the time when they used to know how much they loved each other and how impossible life would be without that love.

"It's been a long time," Martha said softly.

"Too long," Jim said, pressing her hand.

And, as they went to the kitchen, Martha had a strange feeling that they were going back, back into the time that used to be. And, somehow, she was sure that, when they left the kitchen this night, they would take up their life as it had been then. Tomorrow, Jim would go to work in the morning, as he used to do. And tomorrow evening, after everyone else was asleep, they would sit in the kitchen again and they would tell each other all that had happened during the day and they would make plans for the next day—and the next.

*Follow the life of Martha and Jim Jackson daily Monday through Friday by tuning in Woman of Courage at 10:45 A.M., E.S.T., over CBS.*

NEXT MONTH: See Dinah Shore in Beautiful Natural Color—Look for the charming cover of the May RADIO MIRROR



## Facing the Music

Continued from page 4

the other day when he unearthed a tune from the 1911 Yale Varsity production called "Barcelona Maid." The song was never professionally sung although it was written by Cole Porter long before he attained success as the writer of "Begin the Beguine," "Night and Day," and other smash hits.

Horace Heidt has been renewed on the "Treasure Chest" air show for 52 weeks.

Jack Leonard was recalled by the Army right in the middle of a lengthy theater tour.

Woody Herman's band is featured in the new Andrews Sisters film, "Wake Up and Sing."

Chico Marx, one of the zany Marx Brothers, is trying out his dance band in theaters. If early results are promising, he will pour money into it.

### PROMISING NEWCOMER

ONE of the pleasant surprises of the New York night club season was the advent of a small but proficient new dance band directed from the piano by 26-year-old Cy Walter. They are now playing in Fefe's Monte Carlo Beach Club. Comprising only eight men, Walter's tightly-knit unit makes up in originality what it lacks in man power and experts look for the band to develop national popularity just as soon as it can acquire network broadcasts.

To its young leader, the newly-won success justifies a decision he made a few years ago when he left Minneapolis to come to New York. His mother thought her son was coming east to study at New York University. Cy did attend N.Y.U. but between classes he tried to get a job as a pianist. Johnny Green heard him and helped get him some valuable contacts. Pretty soon Cy had odd jobs playing piano on local radio stations and accompanying young society women who had a desire to sing professionally. Then he hooked up with Eddie Lane's band. Last November he organized his own band and soon won a following.

When his mother first heard about her son's job-hunting she was quite displeased. But Cy says she soon got over it.

"After all," Cy pointed out, "Mother couldn't stay mad too long. It was she who taught me piano. She's with me now in New York and keeping quite busy teaching other people."

### IT'S THE TUNE THAT COUNTS

THE little boy in the Knights of Pythias Orphans' Home Band beat on his over-sized bass drum vigorously but without his usual enthusiasm. A freckle-faced colleague commented on his lack of spirit as the parade swung around the picnic grounds.

"What's the matter Freddy? You don't seem to have any pep today."

Without missing a thump on his massive drum, the 10-year-old musician replied:

"I was thinking that if I'm ever going to be a great orchestra leader I must learn a different instrument. Something small and shiny. Gosh, a

## "If You're a Simon Legree I'm Little Eva!"



"So you're the big, bold villain! Hmm—you don't look it to me!"

"I'm glad you didn't know me *when*. Thoroughly disagreeable! Nerves shot, jumpy . . . tough to get along with. I had a perpetual . . ."



"A perpetual what?"

"Grouch. Like this! And then I was told that I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"And what in the world is that?"

"A shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I drank two cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S a day in tomato juice . . ."



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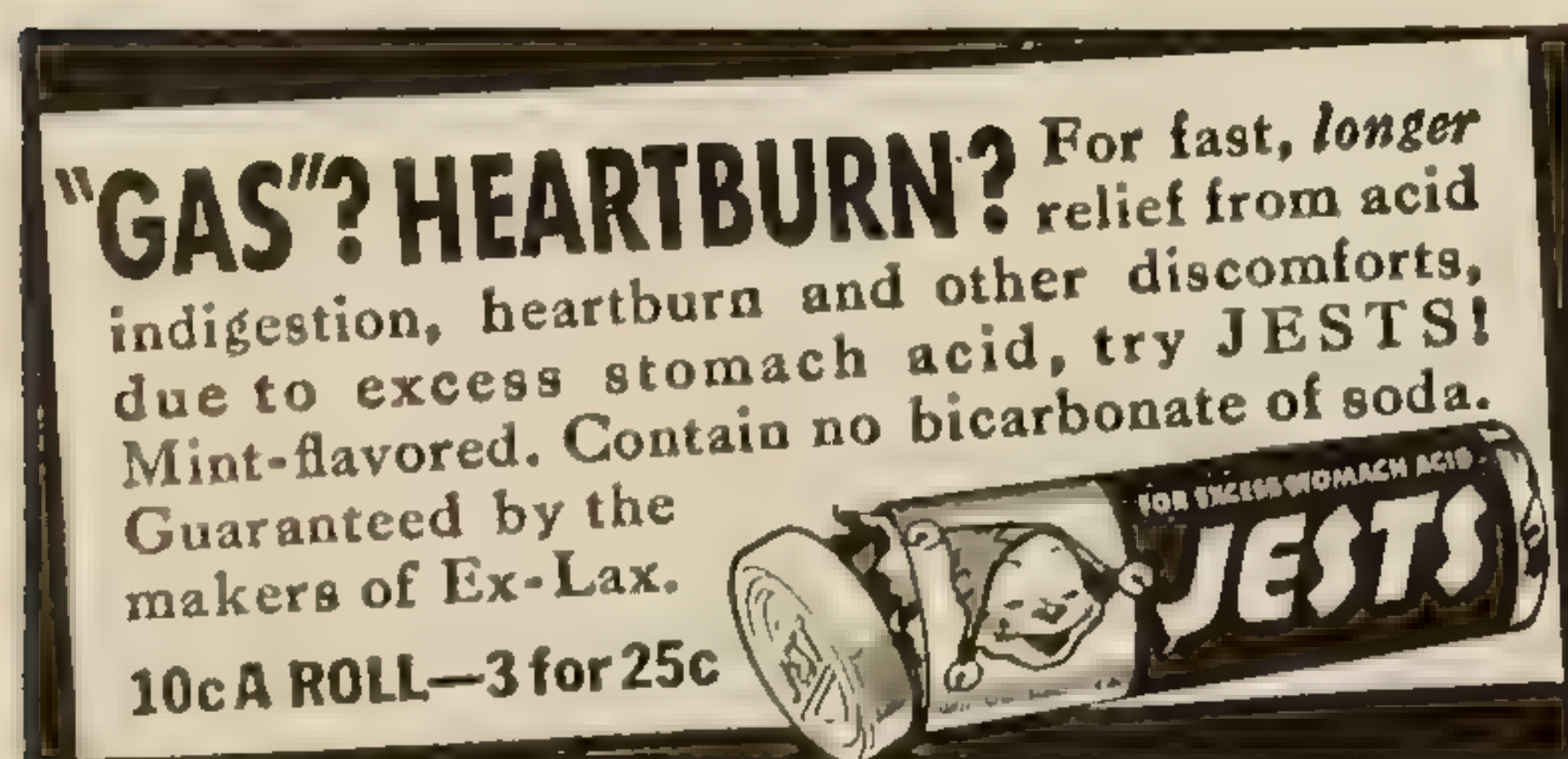
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## Attention! Piles Sufferers

The McCleary Clinic, C405 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo., is putting out a new book, **FREE**, to anyone afflicted with Piles, Fistula and other rectal or colon troubles. Write them today.—Adv.

fellow can't lead a band playing a thing like this."

Five years passed before Freddy Martin could carry his decision out. Discharged from the orphanage, the only home he had known since his parents had died, the boy went to live with a kindly, sympathetic aunt. To help pay his board, Freddy got odd jobs after school, as an errand boy, grocery clerk, and expert lawn mower.

"I read everything I could about popular music," Freddy recalls, "and when I got out of high school I was able to develop my career for better or worse."

The blond-haired Clevelander found a new occupation—selling musical instruments, and shortly after that he was able to purchase a second-hand saxophone from his own firm.

"I gave myself very reasonable terms. Five dollars down and a dollar every week."

Once he mastered his new instrument, Freddy never once veered from the course he had charted back in the orphanage. He organized his own band and one of its first professional engagements was as a substitute to the relatively-new Guy Lombardo organization, when the latter group left Cleveland for a few days. Before Guy turned over the bandstand to his youthful pinch-hitter he gave him some sound advice on the desirability of playing sweet music and the drawbacks of feminine soloists.

"I never forgot what Guy told me," Freddy said.

Due to lack of funds Freddy couldn't keep his first band together and he succumbed to an offer from a band that had a contract to play jazz music for nine months in Helsinki, Finland.

**B**ACK in this country, Freddy had a lot of wonderful stories to tell but no new employer. He accepted jobs with a number of second-string dance bands all around the country, saved his money, polished his style. In 1931 he formed another band and got a job in Brooklyn's Hotel Bossert. This band stayed together, received good notices, a small reputation, and a number of engagements. Because the band was clean looking, smooth, and careful in its selections, the top-drawer spots hired Freddy. But try as they would, Freddy and his men could not crash the big "name" field. They went out west in the midst of the swing craze.

"I realized that New York just wouldn't pay any attention to a sweet band," Freddy admits.

Martin has always won the admiration of critics because of his choice of tunes. This policy, however, had minority dissenters among the song-pluggers and recording companies. The established practice of the latter is to give the big-money bands the "hit" tunes to record, leaving the second-stringers the task of waxing lesser compositions or unearthing novelties. The pluggers never could understand why Freddy rejected so many of their Tin Pan Alley boiler plates.

"When Orrin Tucker popped up with his sensational 'Oh, Johnny' I was immediately advised to find something similar," Freddy says. "When Artie Shaw revived 'Begin the Beguine' a lot of people thought I should also find a tropical tune. But you just don't find numbers like that on trees. I searched for ten years



*He came from Minneapolis to study at the New York University but between classes Cy Walters worked as pianist. Now he and his eight-man band play in New York's Fefe's Monte Carlo Beach.*

and if it wasn't for a lucky break I would still be looking."

That lucky break occurred last May. Freddy and his wife made a point of hearing Toscanini's broadcasts. One Saturday night the great man conducted Tchaikowsky's Piano Concerto in B Flat Minor with Vladimir Horowitz as soloist. The Martins rushed out to find a record store open so they could purchase the Toscanini recording. Then Freddy's arranger Ray Austin was summoned. The two men worked over the Concerto, experimenting with all the movements, chopping it down to two and finally to the form that has become a phenomenal popular success.

Freddy was certain this was the tune that would skyrocket his career. He wired Bluebird Records that he wanted exclusive recording rights. They wired back approval but were not enthusiastic for its chances. How could a classic challenge the juke-box champions like "Hut-Sut Song" and "Beat Me Mama With a Boogie Beat?"

The arrangement was first tested in Los Angeles' Coconut Grove. Mickey Rooney, Deanna Durbin, Martha O'Driscoll, and Dorothy Lamour were early endorsers. Freddy plugged it extensively on his coast-to-coast broadcasts and the rendition caught on. Other bands followed suit but Freddy's platter sold 700,000 copies. Offers poured in from movies, theaters, ballrooms, hotels. America's dancers finally recognized the Ohio orphan lad.

Freddy made a movie, "Mayor of 44th Street," with George Murphy and Ann Shirley, then came back to New York after five years for a spell at the Waldorf-Astoria. That is where you can hear the 14-piece band with singers Eddie Stone and Clyde Rogers, via Mutual and CBS.

Freddy and his slim, attractive wife, Lillian, have been married since 1930. They have one child, Freddy Jr., now attending private school in California. Lillian admitted to me that she has tired of living "in a wardrobe trunk." At first it was a novelty but now she yearns for a permanent home, preferably on the west coast. I think Lillian will have to be patient. The Martin



gold rush has only begun and Freddy is determined to gather it in. Ten years was a long wait. Attaining this position in the dance band field, Freddy wants to hold on to it and he is busy searching for another "Concerto."

"But," he admits, "it's a terrific worry. Lightning doesn't usually strike twice in the same place."

## OFF THE RECORD

**Sammy Kaye** (Victor 27738) "Remember Pearl Harbor"—"Dear Mom." The best of the new war songs. However, a more humorous one is **Frankie Masters'** "Goodbye Mama I'm Off to Yokohama" (Okeh 6545).

**Jimmy Dorsey** (Decca 4103) "White Cliffs of Dover"—"I Got It Bad." An excellent, well-balanced platter of two very popular tunes. Both Bob Eberle and Helen O'Connell handle the lyrics with distinction.

**Alvino Rey** (Bluebird 11391) "I Said No"—"Deep in the Heart of Texas." Sauciest tune of the month with its punch-line tribute to **LIBERTY** magazine. Don't miss it. **Hildegard** (Decca 23245) and **Tommy Tucker** (Okeh 6526) also have made excellent disks.

**Abbott and Costello** (Victor 27737) "Laugh, Laugh, Laugh." Here's a swell party song marking the zany comedy team's first record. The jokes are pretty old but no harm done.

**Judy Garland** (Decca 4072) "How About You"—"F. D. R. Jones." Solo honors of the month go to Mrs. Dave Rose for her renditions of two tunes from "Babes on Broadway."

**Harry James** (Columbia 36466) "Wait Till the Sun Shines Nellie"—"Devil Sat Down." James pumps lusty life into this old tune and pairs it with a spiritual. A solid package.

**Glenn Miller** (Bluebird 11386) "Moonlight Sonata"—"The Slumber Song." Miller tries to get Ludwig Von Beethoven to help him fashion a record as enticing as **Freddy Martin's** collaboration with **Peter Tschaikowsky**.

**Eddy Duchin** (Columbia 36454) "Madeline"—"Tis Autumn." Customary Duchin piano hijinks on two agreeable tunes high on "The Hit Parade." The Autumn announcement is also admirably waxed by **Freddy Martin** (Bluebird 11393).

**Johnny Long** (Decca 4079) "You're On My Mind"—"Panic in Panama." Highly satisfactory pressing by a band that has made steady progress.

**Tommy Dorsey** (Victor 27710) "How Do You Do Without Me?"—"It Isn't A Dream Anymore." Straight dance music without frills or fanfare, highlighted by **Frank Sinatra's** smooth warbling.

**Recommended Album:** Victor's collection of **Paul Whiteman** records made when the King of Jazz's crown was firmly fitted on his head (1928). **Bix Beiderbecke** was his great trumpeter and a young lad named **Bing Crosby** one of his vocalists. The album reveals what amazing strides popular dance band music has made in the last fifteen years.

### RADIO MIRROR DANCE BAND CONTEST BALLOT

To **Ken Alden**, Facing the Music Radio Mirror Magazine, 122 E. 42nd Street, New York City. Please consider this a vote for

in your fourth annual dance band popularity poll.

(Voter's name: \_\_\_\_\_)

*Haenigsen*

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**I Loved a Coward**

Continued from page 20.

only a good reason for being married sooner than we had planned. And after all, he'd admitted frankly that he didn't want to be drafted. That wasn't the same as being afraid. I refused to think about the way he'd talked—about the eager, hurried note in his voice, the desperate attempt to justify himself in his own eyes and in mine.

So, when I saw him at noon, I said, "I'm sorry for what I said yesterday, darling. I must have been over-wrought and a little hysterical, with the war and everything. And with you suggesting that I quit work so soon after we'd decided to be married—well—"

"Forget it," Tim said in a husky, embarrassed voice. "I know how you felt. It sounded—pretty bad... Did you get through the alarm all right last night?" he added in a transparent attempt to change the subject. "I was going to call you, but we're not supposed to use telephones during an alarm, so I didn't."

WE went on with the lunch, making unimportant conversation—strained, uncomfortable. And not a word was said about being married. At last, sure that Tim was gropingly waiting for me to speak, I said, "Tim—I told you I was sorry."

"And I said for you to forget it," Tim answered. "Well, that's what I meant. For the sake of our peace of mind, let's forget it ever happened. At least, for the time being."

"You mean—not be married?" He met my gaze levelly. "Yes, that's what I mean. Let's wait."

"Ah, Tim—I hurt you—you're angry!" "No," he said. "I'm not angry. But I saw myself yesterday through your eyes, and I didn't like it. I don't want you to marry that kind of a guy, because you deserve something better. That's all."

"But I was mistaken. I was all wrong, I didn't understand..." "Are you sure?" he asked. "Would you be sure, if I still wanted you to marry me?"

At that searching question, I knew how right he was. I wouldn't have been sure. Always there would have been a lingering doubt.

"No, you wouldn't," he said, seeing me hesitate. "So—as I said, let's forget it. We'll go on as we have been, for a while." Then the stubborn note in his voice softened. "Only remember one thing—I do love you, very much."

"Tim, please—" I was close to tears. Wordlessly, he pressed my hand once, hard. "I've got to get back to the studio," he said. "I'll drop around tonight, after my nine-o'clock broadcast. See you then."

"Yes..." I said faintly. I wanted to throw myself into his arms, beg him to forgive me, humble myself before him. But he was gesturing to the waitress, paying the check.

Not until many days later was I to know something of the torment that had raged in Tim's own heart.

We all settled down into the routine of life in a war-time city. In a week it no longer seemed strange or shocking to see sandbags piled high against the walls of important buildings, to offer a pass before being admitted to the broadcasting

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**POSLAM SOAP & OINTMENT**



studios, to be on the alert for air-raid warnings.

I could get used to war. But I could not get used to the rift which had opened between Tim and me.

We saw no less of each other than we ever had, allowing for the added demands war made upon our time. We talked to each other as freely as ever, except on one subject—the future, our future. But we were like two lovers waiting in a cold, echoing railway terminal—uncomfortable, constrained, speaking of anything but what was in our hearts.

I think I should have broken first. I should have said, at last, "We can't go on like this. I've been punished enough. If you love me, let me back into your heart!"

But if that is what I might have said, I never had the chance to say it—because Tim told me, one day toward the end of the month, that he had had a letter from his Draft Board, setting a date for his first physical examination.

He was almost gay. "I'm glad it's come," he said. "If they're going to draft me, I want them to do it and get it over with. Anything's better than this waiting." He went on talking, endlessly, while I listened in dumb misery—not only because we had missed our brief chance at happiness, but because in his babble now I sensed the same desperation, the same attempt to cover up his real feelings, that had been in his forced anger the day of our never-forgotten quarrel.

Finally he broke off, and his face went stark and gray. "I can't fool you, can I?" he said. "I never could. You know how much I hate to go."

"Yes," I answered. "Yes Tim, I know." Pity for him overflowed in my heart.

He'd let his guard drop for only an instant. He must have hated seeing me feel sorry for him, for he said curtly, "Well, it doesn't do any good to complain."

HE passed his first physical, and then there seemed to be some delay. A week—ten days—two weeks went by, and nothing happened.

One night, a few minutes after his nine o'clock broadcast, Tim telephoned me, jubilantly. "It's all off! Being drafted, I mean. My sponsor has persuaded the Army I'm more useful on the job than in uniform!"

I felt as if a great weight had suddenly been whisked away from me. "Tim—I'm so glad!" I almost sobbed. "Come up here and tell me about it?"

"Right away!" he promised.

When Tim came in, and for the hour or so that we spent together before Jane's return, we were happier, closer, than we had been at any time since the war began. Again I could give him my lips without shame, feel tenderness and passion in my veins like fire. And I was proud of Tim, too, when I learned how the Army had agreed with his sponsor that the service he could do in upholding civilian morale with his news broadcasts and comments was greater than he could ever give in the ranks.

I was still in a glow of happiness when Jane came home and, after a few minutes, Tim left. At first I didn't notice Jane's thoughtful expression while we prepared for bed.

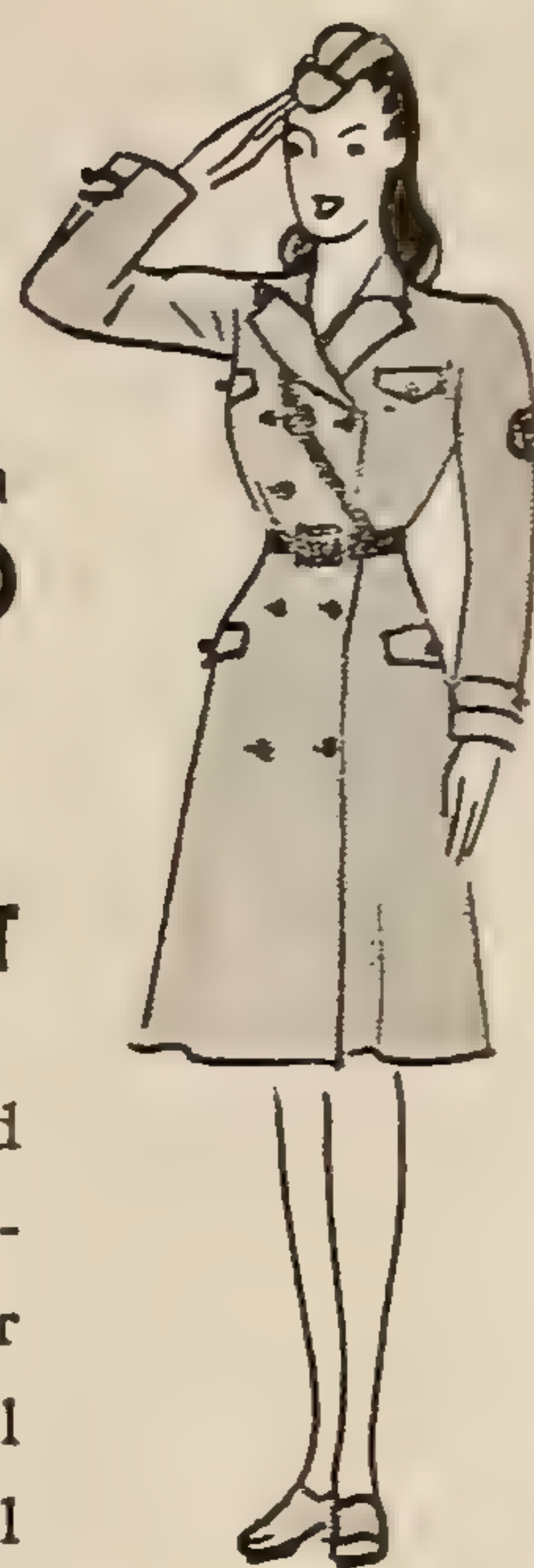
"It means a good deal to you that Tim's sponsor stepped in and kept him from being drafted, doesn't it?" she asked.

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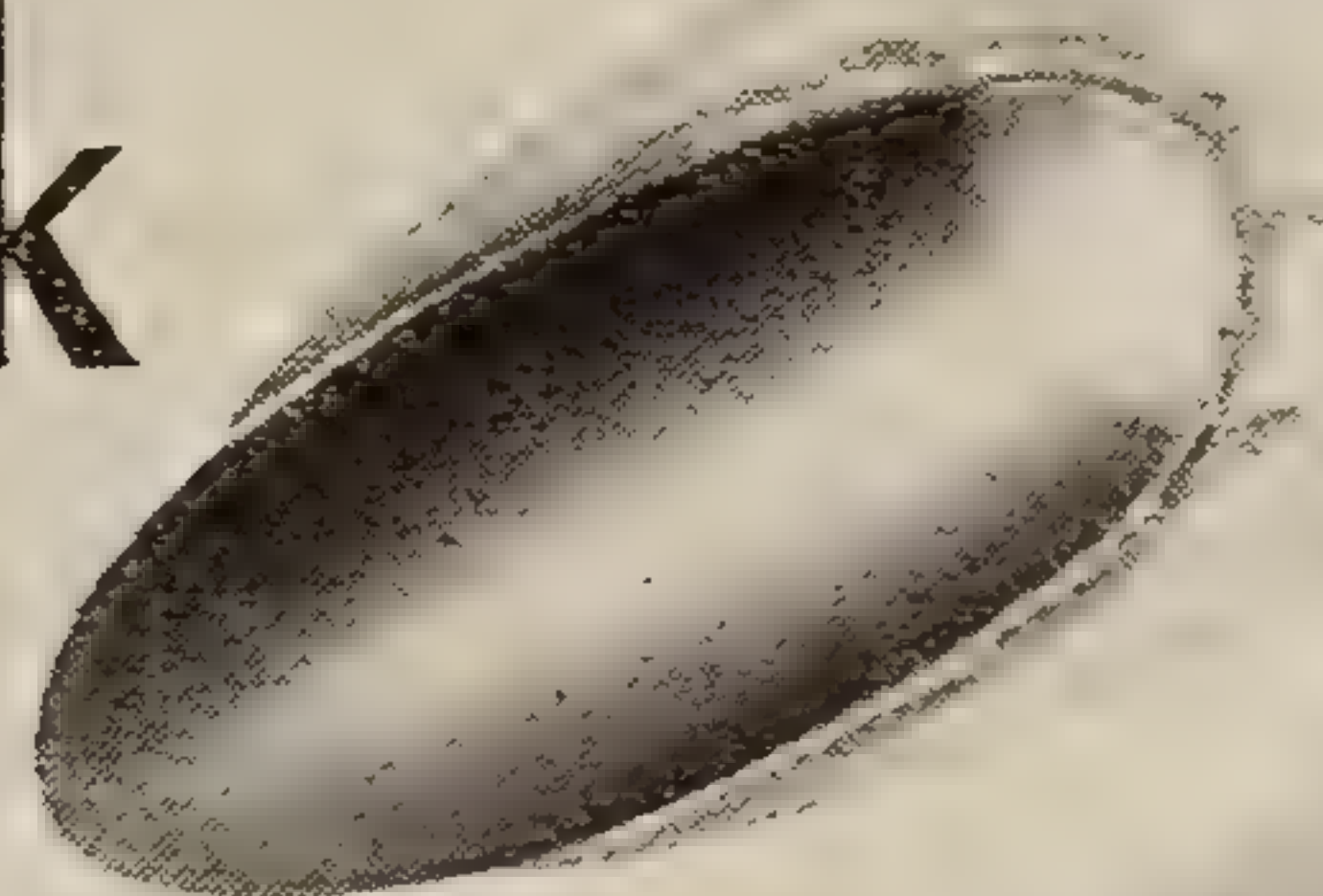
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"More than I ever thought anything could mean," I admitted. "Not so much the fact that he isn't going—but that he didn't try to get out of going." "That's what I thought." She was at the dressing table, her back to me, brushing her hair. "Well," she said without turning around, "maybe I ought to keep my big mouth shut. I don't know. But I hate to see you being fooled, even if maybe you'd be happier that way. And maybe I've changed my own opinions since the day war was declared."

"What are you talking about?" I said fearfully.

Jane swung around to face me. "Tim did try to get out of the draft. And he succeeded. He asked his sponsor to intercede for him with the Army. I know, because I've seen the correspondence between the sponsor and my boss in the program department."

My hands, busy applying cold cream, fell to my sides. They felt cold, lifeless. All the bright happiness of the evening faded.

Tim was a coward.

This knowledge, now that it could not be argued away, brought with it a kind of bitter clarity of thought. In the next few days I was able to place Tim and myself in a new perspective, as if I could think of us as two other people.

I still loved him. I would always love him. But where my love had been full-bodied, rich with promise, it was sterile now because it was without respect. It struck me as rather shameful that I could tremble at the touch of his hand, thrill to his voice, when I knew of the fear that gnawed him—knew what humiliating expedients he had been willing to take, to give that fear its way with him.

SO although I loved him, I would not marry him. I did not believe I could spend my life with a man who had proved himself a coward.

Dreading the moment when I would have to tell Tim my decision, I tried to put it off. It was easier because for several days Tim was busy with a pair of benefit shows in which he was to take part—one for the Red Cross and one to aid sales of Defense Bonds—and there was only time for us to meet briefly. But on a Saturday night he asked me to go dancing with him at one of the hotels, and I knew I would have to tell him then.

He came to the apartment after his broadcast, and we took a cab to the hotel district. Just as we entered the fringes of the heavy traffic on Geary Street, the sirens began their blood-curdling song and street-lamps winked out.

"Air-raid alarm," Tim said briefly, tensely. "We'd better go back, don't you think?"

But the driver shook his head and said he wouldn't go back to my apartment through the blacked-out streets. Tim considered, then suggested, "How about coming up to my apartment, then? It's only around the corner, and we'll be near the hotel if the alarm doesn't last very long."

I nodded. I didn't feel much like dancing anyway, and there were things that must be said tonight.

Tim's apartment was one large studio room, with French windows opening onto a balcony overlooking the eastern part of the city. We should have closed the windows, of course, but it was a warm night and we contented ourselves with leaving the lights turned off. Tim glanced at the

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moonlight streaming in. "If there are planes up there," he commented, "turning out all the lights won't help us much. It's almost as bright as day."

"Yes," I said uncomfortably. I was wishing, now, that we hadn't come here. The intimate semi-darkness, the sense of danger threatening from outside, the eerie sight of the darkened city suggesting that everyone else had vanished and only we two were left alive—all these things made me aware of Tim's nearness, of the love I was determined not to let take possession of me.

"Cigarette?"

"No thanks."

"Drink?"

"No." I went over to one of the windows and, leaning against its frame, looked out at the night. Tim, after a moment, stood beside me.

"I think," he said softly, "you know something I'd rather you'd never found out."

I turned my head.

"Yes, Tim. I'm afraid I do."

It was too dark to see, for he was standing farther inside the room, but somehow I could feel the muscles in all his body knot painfully.

"If only being afraid were something you could cut out of yourself!" he cried. "Like a cancer, or a disease! I didn't want to ask the sponsor to get me exempted—any more than, before, I wanted to use you—marrying you, and making you dependent on me—as a way of getting out of the draft. Something just—forced me along the corridor to the sponsor's office, dictated words through my mouth. I couldn't stop myself—" He broke off, then said more calmly, "I guess we'd better call the whole thing off, between you and me?"

"Tim—I'm so sorry—"

"I'd rather call it off, Linda. Really. And it needn't be so hard for either of us. I'm being sent down to South America for some special broadcasts—that's one reason I wanted to see you tonight, to tell you. I'm leaving in a day or so, and I'll be gone for a month, maybe two. By the time I come back we'll have—got over each other—maybe . . ."

DREAMLIKE, I saw him step closer out of the shadows, felt his breath on my cheek. "Good-bye, Linda."

Wildly, I thought: Why am I letting something so precious go out of my life? Why can't I have just one little hour of happiness? For that, it doesn't matter that he's afraid to face danger, doesn't matter that it's impossible for us ever to build a marriage together!

I swayed toward him—all my will, all my resolves, caught in the magic mesh of the moonlight, the soft San Francisco night, the atmosphere of unreality that had come with the blackout. We could snatch this instant out of time, share it so that forever it would stay warm and glowing in our hearts . . .

But far away, over the moonlit city, the All Clear signal floated, like a call to reason.

"Good-bye," I whispered. Our lips touched, once.

"Don't come with me," I said. "Stay here. I'll find a cab and go home alone." I slipped out of his arms, out of the room.

I didn't see him again before he left for South America.

Life was very empty for me in those days. I plunged into work, auditioning wherever I could, and landed

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**FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR**

enough odds and ends—single jobs on dramatic broadcasts, some commercial recordings, one thing and another—to keep me more than busy. It wasn't much fun, though. The savor had gone out of it all. At night, lying awake while Jane slept soundly, I wondered if I'd been right to break off with Tim—wondered if ideals of courage and integrity meant anything in the world of 1942. But that was just it, I argued with myself: in 1942 they meant everything. Without the war and the test it brought, I would never have known Tim was a coward.

Worn out with the unhappy confusion of my own thoughts, I would fall asleep at last, then wake up unrefreshed to face another day.

I listened to Tim's broadcasts from South America; I couldn't help myself. They were witty, informative—really good. But always, interfering with my appreciation of them, was the thought: how many people would listen and approve if they knew how he had compromised with his country's call?

ONE evening Jane and I were both at home. The radio was on, and abruptly our attention was shaken wide-awake by an announcement: "The regularly-scheduled program for this time will not be heard. Instead, we take you to El Salvo in South America for a special broadcast by Tim Lyon."

Wonderingly, I glanced at Jane during the pause before the change-over to South America. Hadn't there been something about El Salvo in that morning's paper—something about a local revolution? Something about Nazi fifth columnists?

There was no time for further speculation. To a horrid accompaniment of crackling static, we were listening to Tim's voice:

"Hello, North America. This is Tim Lyon, speaking to you from El Salvo, the scene of the first major attempt by Nazi fifth columnists to gain control of an American republic. It is too soon to say whether or not the attempt will be successful. I am standing on the roof of the Hotel Diossa. There is fierce fighting in the streets below me, and the city is under fire from bombers and fighting planes which appear to have been produced by the insurgents from some secret hiding-place. You can probably hear the sound of the bombs—"

I caught my breath sharply. All that noisy backdrop to Tim's voice was not static!—some of it, at least, was the sound of death. And he was in the midst of it, alone, defenseless; yet I could hear no terror in his voice.

I leaned forward, every nerve tense, listening, but I can't remember, now, more than snatches of what he said. I didn't even care what he said—all I cared about was that he go on talking, talking, so I would know he was safe.

"A fire has broken out in the direction of the railway station... Two government fighting planes have just attacked a bomber directly over my head—the bomber is—"

The noise grew to a roar, drowning out Tim's voice. Then silence!

An age-long minute of suspense followed before the network announcer said: "Due to circumstances beyond our control, we shall not be able to complete this special broadcast from El Salvo. We now return to our Los Angeles studios."

Trembling with dread, I whispered to Jane, "What happened?"

Swiftly Jane came to me, put her

arms around me and held me close. "Don't let it get you," she said. "It could have been a power failure—a censor butting in—anything!"

It was neither a power failure nor a censor, though. Slowly, during the next two dreadful days before the rising was suppressed by the lawful government, news filtered through: a bomb had struck the Hotel Diossa, and believed to be among the missing was Tim Lyon, radio broadcaster.

To me, the most terrible thing on the day when hope seemed gone was that I had called him a coward. Again and again I sobbed to Jane, "He was brave—so brave! He stood there under fire and didn't run away. And he didn't have to—he didn't have to at all. But I thought he was a coward!"

Finally Jane seized me by the arms, holding me so tightly that there were bruises next day to show where her fingers had been, although I felt no pain then. "Linda!" she said fiercely. "You little fool, don't you see how happy he must have been, up there on the roof, knowing that you were wrong? And knowing that he was wrong too? It must have been wonderful for him to find out he wasn't afraid!"

Her words penetrated my grief-fogged brain as nothing else could have done. They gave me strength to go through that day, and the next.

And I believe they even helped me to bear the intolerable relief when we heard that he had not been killed, only wounded, and that as soon as he was well he would return to the United States.

Then the time indeed seemed endless, but at last I was standing at the air-field, watching the plane that carried him slant down from the sky, taxi along the runway, stop. I was running toward his tall, smiling figure, and he was coming to meet me as quickly as the barely-healed wound in his leg would allow.

WORDS aren't much use at a time like that, and we didn't use many of them until hours later when the people from the network and from his sponsor's office had finally gone away and left us alone. Curled into the crook of his arm as we sat on the sofa in my apartment, I faltered:

"I'm so proud—so very proud—of you and—and ashamed of myself—"

Tim frowned lovingly, tenderly. "Don't be ashamed. Don't ever be ashamed. Because of course you were right. I was afraid to be drafted. I'm not now—in fact, I'm going to ask to be re-classified for immediate service. But it was before I could see myself in danger, and I knew—I absolutely *knew*—when that happened I'd turn and run.

"And the funny thing is," Tim said musingly, "I didn't want to. It didn't even enter my head to run—because I didn't know there was any danger until I was right in the middle of it. I'm scared now, thinking back about it, but I wasn't afraid then... I guess a man can think himself into being a coward. If I'd known in advance all that was going to happen in El Salvo, probably I'd have cleared out of there. Since I didn't know, I stayed—and it wasn't half so bad as it would have been in my imagination."

I burrowed closer against his side. Later I would think about what he'd said, see its truth. Just now the only important thing was that he was brave, and alive, and close to me.





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## What's New from Coast to Coast

Continued from page 9

Santa Monica, Redondo Beach, Ocean Park, and Hermosa. That was all right for two years, but then he decided he should get into radio, and did, signing up as an actor at KFRC and other San Francisco stations. It was this work that brought him to the attention of Rube Wolf, and he became a master of ceremonies for Fanchon and Marco stage productions.

At last the prodigal returned to Salt Lake City, where he worked first for another station and then for KDYL. Besides acting on the air, he doubles as the station's Traffic Manager.

Roy was christened Leroy, but doesn't like to be reminded of it. He's married to the former Frances Schonfeld of Denver, and they have one child.

\* \* \*

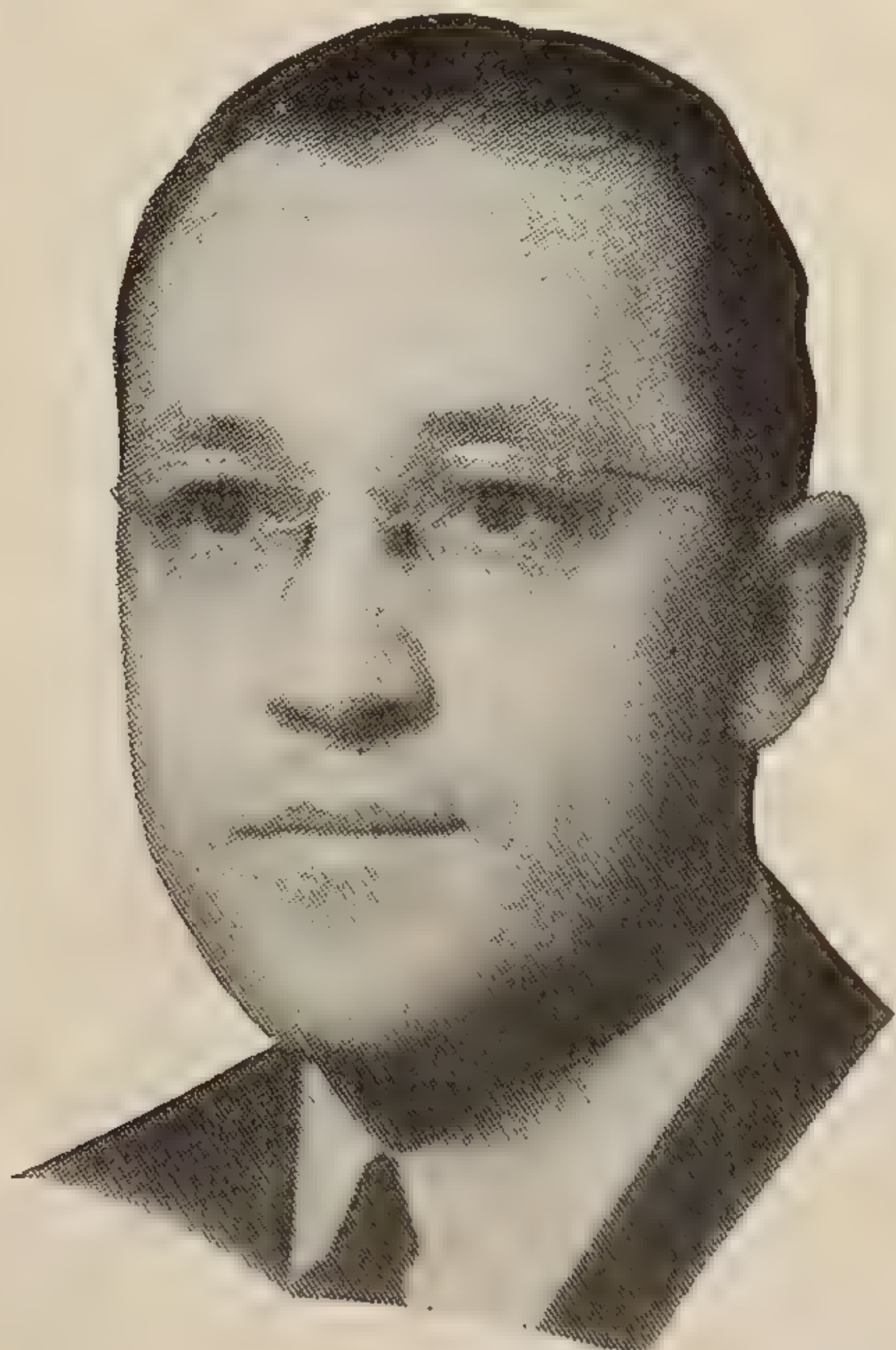
Personal nomination for network honors: Jimmy Powers, New York sports editor, who nightly broadcasts a complete sports resume. But there's no chance for him to be heard coast-to-coast. New York's station WMCA has an exclusive contract with him, which it's just renewed for another year.

\* \* \*

Milton Berle has formed the Embee Music Corporation, and the first number the new company is publishing is "A Mile from Treasure Isle," written by Harry Tobias, Bert Pellish, and the boss, old Embee himself. It's not just a scheme to get a pet song published, either; Milton is too shrewd a business man for that. His other commercial interests include presidency of a furniture factory in Brooklyn and part ownership of a chain of drug stores; he writes a weekly syndicated column, contributes gags to the scripts of the movies he acts in, and in his spare moments dashes off the songs his new company will publish.

\* \* \*

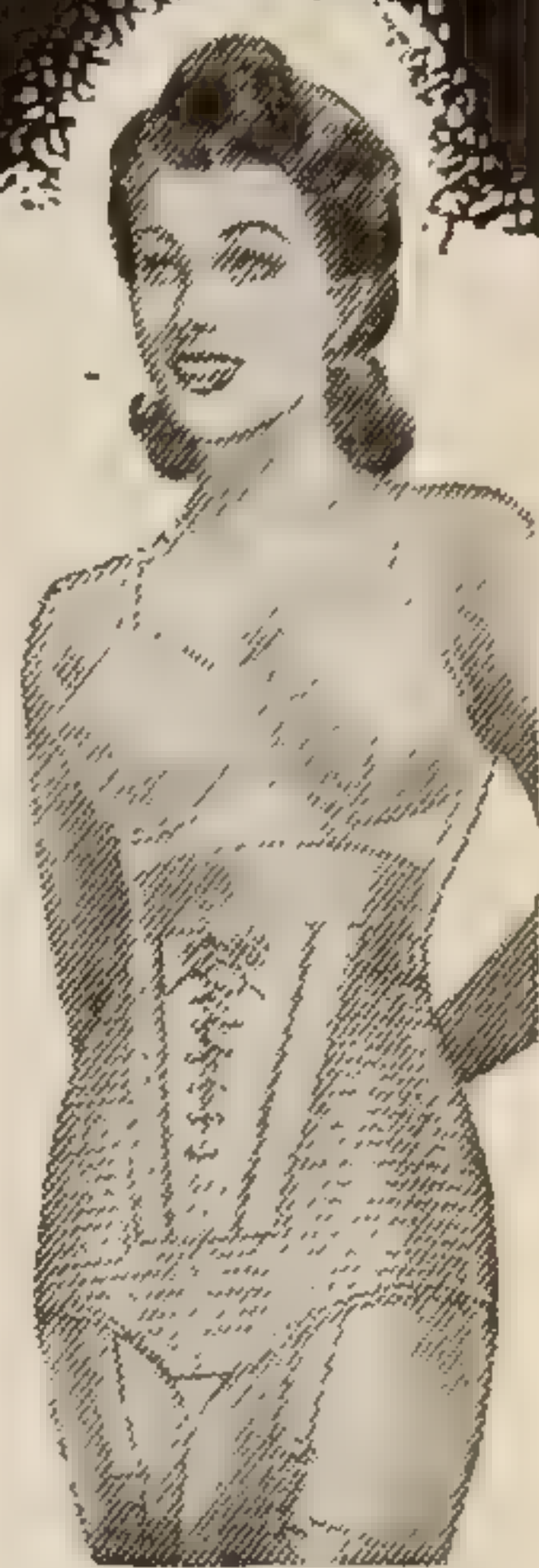
NASHVILLE, Tenn.—There's a new name and a new star on the Prince Albert half-hour portion of station



Roy Drushall, of station KDYL in Salt Lake City, is one actor who doesn't want to go to Hollywood.

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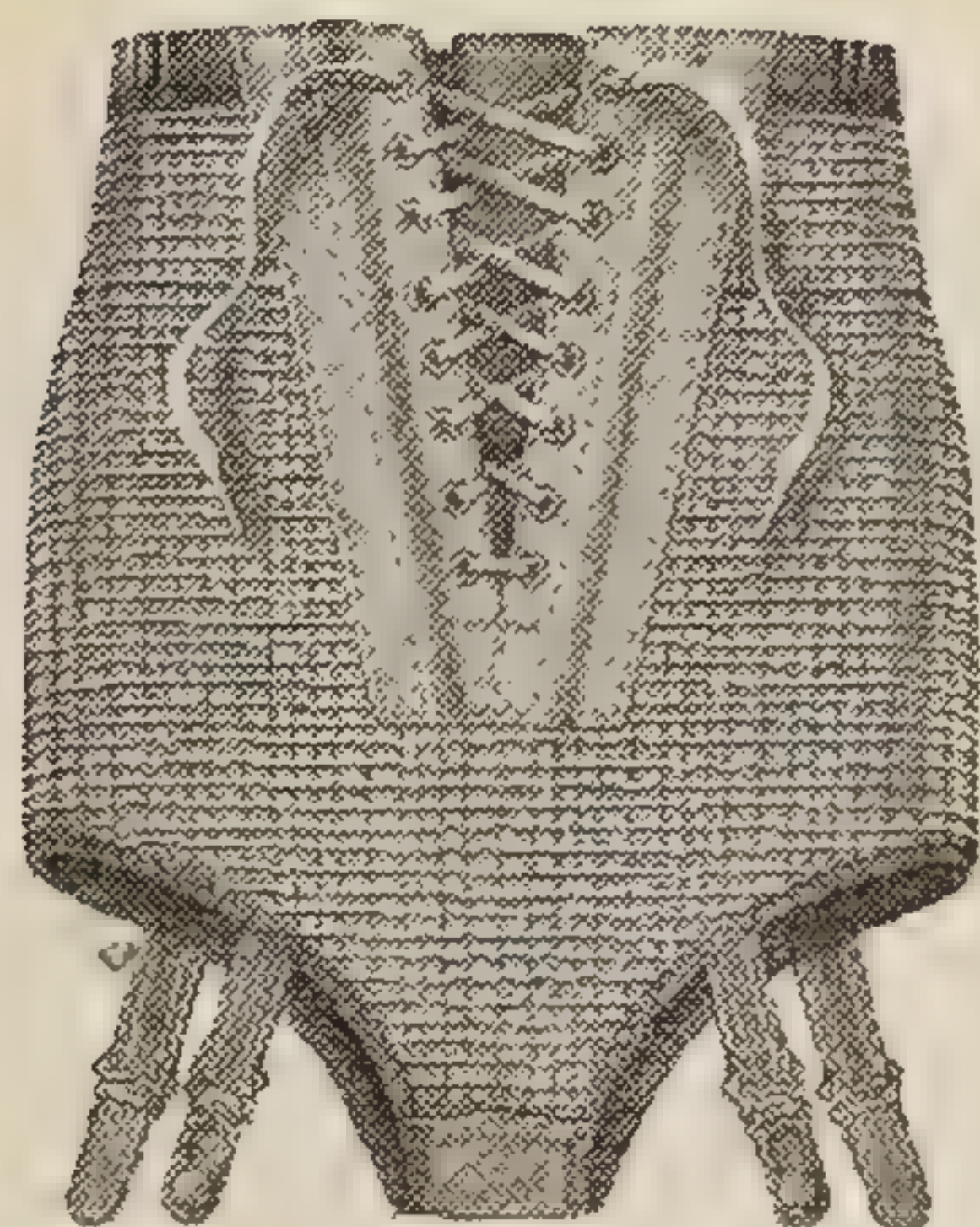


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State Inches from  
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WSM's famous Grand Ole Opry show. She's Minnie Pearl of Grinder's Switch, who was an instant success from her very first appearance.

Minnie really was born in Grinder's Switch, Tennessee. That was in 1912, and she was the youngest of five girls. Her father owned a saw mill and, as Minnie expresses it, "mayored for a spell on the side." She was educated at Ward-Belmont in Nashville, where she received her degree in dramatics, specializing in Shakespeare.

After school, Minnie toured the south for eight years putting on plays in small schools and churches. It was on these tours that she learned many of the homespun yarns with which she delights her audiences now. On one tour she was snowbound on Sand Mountain, where she lived in complete isolation with an old couple and their one son. Brother, as he was called, was the only one of sixteen children that had not married and moved away from home. When she returned to civilization Minnie had stories about her experience that made her friends hysterical with laughter. They suggested that she audition the stories at WSM, and she's been there ever since.

Minnie now has a full-time schedule. She's the comedienne of the Camel Caravan, the traveling show that goes around entertaining men in Army Camps, Marine Barracks and Naval Bases. Besides that, she is featured on the Grand Ole Opry and WSM's River Boat Revels, and in a fifteen-minute program called Minnie Pearl and Maria.

Dry humor comes naturally from Minnie Pearl's lips—humor as American as the people she loves to tell about. There's nothing synthetic about

her—she's from the country and she loves it. She has never been to New York, which she pronounces Noo Yawk. She is not married, and refers to her single condition as something over which she has no control.

Remember the whistling-singing-piano playing fellow who used to come on the air right after Bing Crosby's hour with a cheery: "There goes Bing—and here comes me!"? Sure you do, and you've probably wondered what had happened to him. Well, he's Bob Howard, and for as long as Duffy's Tavern remains on CBS (there's talk, on account of defense priorities, that its sponsor may have to stop advertising) Bob will probably be an important part of the show. He provides the incidental music at the start and finish, and sings one song during the program.

Bob's player-piano style comes from his boyhood days. It was by studying and listening to a player-piano that he learned to play the instrument in the first place. He's never had a lesson.

It may be a surprise to you that Bob is colored. He has written more than thirty tunes of his own, and appeared in several movies made at the old Paramount studios in Astoria, Long Island. What the brown derby is to Al Smith, a black cigar in a brown-tipped holder is to Bob Howard. He rarely actually smokes more than three cigars a day, the one in his mouth usually being unlighted. He favors the three for a quarter variety. There's a Mrs. Howard, and has been for fourteen years. They live in a modest one-family home in Mt. Vernon, a New York suburb, where Bob indulges his hobby of raising wire-haired terriers.

## Faith

Continued from page 13

was lacking. I heard Mary sniff:

"You must have been a romantic kid."

"He came to California one day on work for the Government, and looked me up. And we—"

"And you fell in love. That's simple."

We loved each other, yes. At least, he said he did. Oh, the soft night light, and the long moss hanging from the live oaks, and Bradley's lips on mine, his arms around me, holding me to him, his voice saying he loved me, and then—I forced myself to speak quietly; there were too many memories pounding at me, pounding as the surf had against the cool wet sand when he and I had talked of our future.

"He was on his way to Brazil on a Government mission. He couldn't tell me anything more than that about it. When he came home we were to be married. He gave me the address of a man through whom my letters could be forwarded to him. I didn't hear from him for months. Then suddenly, all my letters were returned, unopened. The man I'd sent the letters to had died; Bradley had never received any of them, and—"

I stopped. "Well?" Mary prompted. "I've waited. I've never heard from him, not once. So, at last I came here. I thought I might find him here somewhere. That's—that's why I came to Washington," I finished, lamely.

"So your hero never wrote you, just left you behind, wondering what it was all about—"

Tears came, drenching my cheeks, as if they would wash away all memories, all dreams and heart-ache.

"Sorry," Mary exclaimed, and leaning forward, pulled my fingers away from my face. "There may be a perfectly good reason why he couldn't write. This Bradley of yours may still be in Brazil just as unhappy as you, wondering what's happened to you. Now stop worrying. Wash your face and get to bed. Tomorrow is another day. We'll find this man of yours, all right."

WOULD we? I wondered, as I tossed and turned, unable to sleep. What could she do, that I hadn't done? Heavy eyed and heavy hearted I listened to Mary's matter of fact assurances the next morning as we ate our breakfast and started to work. For a year I had watched faces on the streets, had waited for letters, had listened for the ring of the telephone. What was there that either of us could do now, what inquiries were there that we could make? Soon I realized that Mary was as helpless as I. Even her "Now don't get impatient," lacked conviction.

It was the same way all week—an endless week of frantic work, and last faint hopes. We were just finishing the morning's typing up of records on our dictaphones. Auto-



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matically, my fingers were transposing spoken words into written letters on my typewriter. Then I felt Mary's eyes on me from across the room. I looked up and saw her beckoning frantically to me. I took off my ear-phones.

"Ann, Ann," she was whispering as loudly as she could, "Come here, quick. Listen. I've found him!"

I pushed back my chair and ran to her.

"What's happened?" I cried. I dared not believe what my heart was telling me.

"I'll run the record over—then you'll know."

Yes, I heard his name, the name I had so long waited to hear: Bradley Curtiss. It was a report from the Bureau of Mines, saying that this same day they had just received information he had been in an automobile accident, and was now in a hospital in Baltimore. Bradley injured—in a hospital—that was all I heard, all I need hear.

"I'm going to him," I cried, and started toward the door.

"Wait a minute," Mary caught my arm. "What about your job?"

"I'm going," I repeated, and pulled away from her. She looked at me.

"All right," she said, "get your things on. I'll see the boss. I'll be with you in a second, you need someone with you. Meet me at the main entrance."

I STOOD on the pavement in the spring sunshine. I didn't think, I didn't try to think, for soon I would know. My questions would all be answered. And fear made my throat tight, panic rising in me. He might be dying, he might be crippled. Even now as I stood here, he might be dead. Oh, why didn't Mary come! As I turned to look for her, she was hurrying through the door with John beside her.

"Mary's just told me the news," he exclaimed, "I'll drive you two to Baltimore."

"No," I cried, "no" I couldn't let John drive me to Bradley.

Mary jerked my arm. "I'm in charge of this. Let us have your car, John. I'll drive Ann over. How about it?"

"Sure, but why not—"

She had patted his arm, looking up at him with a smile, had pushed me ahead of her into the car, and we were off before I could voice my protest.

We tried two hospitals. It was at the third that we were told that Bradley Curtiss was there as a patient. I saw a nurse in white, the superintendent was talking, and we were walking along a corridor, a door was pushed open. I stopped, I could not force myself to step across the threshold. All my future waited upon that one slight motion of mine. Then, I remembered Bradley's gray eyes, his voice as he had whispered my name. To fear the silence of these last two years was a betrayal of our love and faith. He would tell me soon why it had had to be. I moved forward toward the bed, calling softly:

"Bradley, it's Ann—"

A head, bandaged, turned toward the sound of my voice. From under layers of gauze, lips moved.

"Ann?" It was a question. "What Ann? Say, who's come to see me? Some one I ought to know?"

I could neither speak nor move.

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That blurred voice; it was coarse, harsh, I did not know it. Mary stepped by me, taking command.

"Are you Bradley Curtiss?" she asked.

"Sure, who else would I be? And, if you don't mind, who are you? I can't see through all the stuff over my eyes."

"I'm Ann," I forced myself to say. "Don't you remember, Bradley—California—"

"You're one up on me," the harsh voice said. "Why did you come?"

I went over and touched his hand. "You don't remember?" Through the bewildered anguish within me, I found words to say, "I shouldn't have come, I should have realized—"

Mary spoke up, brightly, almost gayly.

"Ann's an old friend of yours, and when we heard you were hurt we just thought we'd see how you were. Now we'll run along."

"Say, don't go," he exclaimed, "don't get me wrong. Stay a while. I'm going nuts here, no fun, no company. If I've forgotten, we'll begin over again—"

"No, not today," Mary said, and took my arm.

"I don't get this. But you will come back?"

I stopped at the door, and looked toward the bed. If I could only see his face, look into his eyes. But what good would that do? He had forgotten me. I hesitated, hope struggling against pain. Perhaps the accident had—I shook my head. The very man was different. Bradley would be Bradley even if memory were gone.

"You will come again?" he asked once more.

"Perhaps," I said, and hurried out into the hall, through the entrance and climbed into the car. Mary jumped in, she was very quiet, and as we reached the open road, heading toward Washington, I cried, suddenly, fiercely:

"Don't say it, Mary—"

"I'm not thinking anything," she answered softly, "except how unfair it is for you."

**H**OURS, minutes that dragged, leaden, bitter, hopeless, as the long spring twilight faded into the darkness of another sleepless night. A tumbled bed, and hot pillows, and my eyes wide open to the blackness around me, as deep as the bewilderment in my soul. There were facts, hard facts to be faced, and yet something within me refused to accept them. That man had said he was Bradley Curtiss, his name was on the driver's license he carried. What did such things mean? He was not the man I loved. I sat up in bed, unable to lie still. I was cold in that dread hour before dawn. Then I saw the light steal over the world, changing the sky to color, bringing warmth to the earth. And as the light grew I knew what I would do. Others

might laugh. I did not care. My one thought was how I might convince them of—of what? Of something of which I myself was not completely sure? I only knew that I must return to the hospital, I must talk to him again. Bradley might be in danger—I slipped from my bed, and dressed swiftly and quietly. Leaving a note for Mary I hurried out into the early morning and went to the station. I forced myself to drink some black coffee at the restaurant. The city was waking to activity as the train steamed out toward Baltimore, and I huddled in the corner of a seat. I felt shut off from all the world. Even Mary would not understand why I took this trip. But as the train rushed on, my resolution strengthened. My faith and love in the man who had held me in his arms, who had asked me to wait for him gave me courage to continue on this mad journey. I would not let myself think of what might lie before me. I could not plan ahead. The mere fact that at last, after months of passive waiting, I had a purpose, was a relief to my troubled heart.

**I** REACHED the hospital, and asked to see the superintendent. I was told to wait. I must try to form my thoughts into some coherent order. Yet, when, after what had seemed hours and hours, the superintendent came into the room, I still did not know what to say.

"I—I was here yesterday to see a patient—a man calling himself Bradley Curtiss. I—I'd like to see him again now if—if I may."

He tried to speak, but I kept talking. I had to say what I could before he silenced me.

"I knew Bradley Curtiss as a child, we grew up together. I knew him—very well—two years ago in California, and yet" my voice rose with my inner conviction, "yesterday when I saw him—"

The smile on his face stopped me. I moved quickly to the window. Yet, what other response had I expected?

"Ann!" a voice cried. I swung around, my heart quickening, the blood in my face. I looked at the man standing in the doorway, the man crossing the room toward me. I gazed into his gray eyes, saw his smiling lips, the tanned, lean face. He was speaking to the superintendent, but his eyes were on me. "Your patient is my cousin, who happens to be the black sheep of the family. This isn't the first time he's used my name. The other night he went off in my car, and proceeded to smash himself up. He'd taken my driver's license, so you naturally thought it was I. I only saw it in the paper this morning, and hurried over to straighten matters out—"

He moved toward me, his gaze had never left my face.

"But you knew, Ann."

Now he was beside me. His hands reached as if to take mine, then dropped by his sides.

**IN THE MAY ISSUE—Don't miss "Romeo for Julie"—A story of Romance and Adventure On a Cruise**



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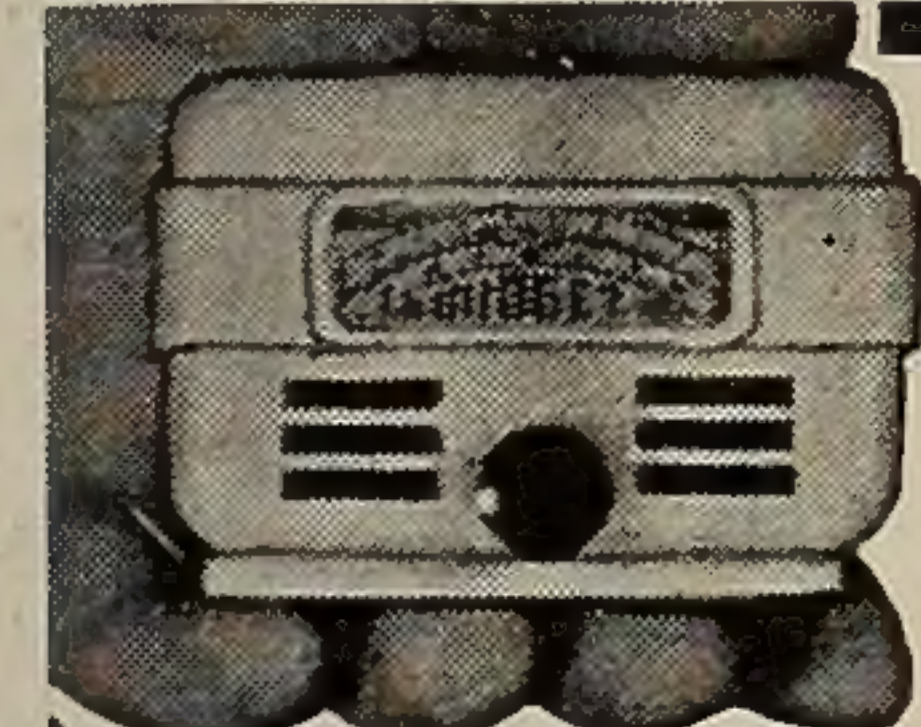
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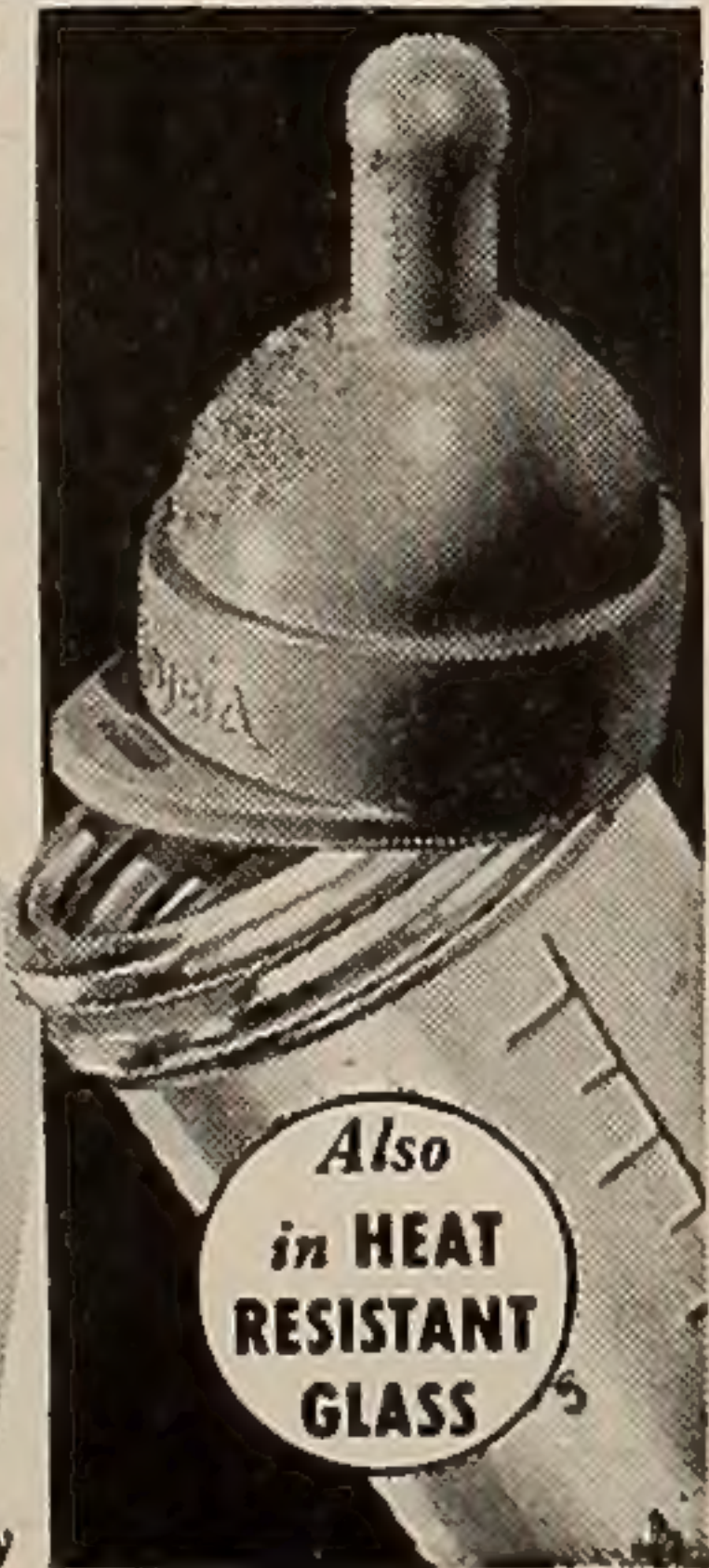
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"I thought you had forgotten me," he spoke, slowly, "you never wrote."

"I did," I said, "I did. But the man died—all my letters were returned."

"Oh," it was a long drawn sound. "I did my best to get some letters to you. Did you receive them?"

I shook my head. My heart was dancing, singing.

Then he had my hands in his.

"But you waited—you had faith?"

"Yes," I whispered, "I had faith."

It was all I could say, for Bradley's lips were on mine, and the days and months of loneliness and fear and pain merged into a flaming glory. I was in his arms, he was holding me against him; we were together, at last.

"We'll be married," he was saying. I could hear his voice through the wild beating of my heart, "it's been so long, so long—Ann." He held me away from him, and laughed down at me. "It's been ever since we sat in that old apple tree and read books, and told each other our dreams. Ever since then I loved you, but I only realized that during those desolate months in Brazil, when I couldn't reach you, when I couldn't see you, during those nights and days when I thought I had lost you. Did you love me then, too, Ann?"

"Yes," my lips answered.

"What is this—" it was a cry of amazement, and we turned quickly, but Bradley kept my hand in his. Mary ran into the room, and by the door stood John. "Here I've raced up from Washington. I got John out of bed as soon as I read your note. I thought you'd get into trouble, but this is more than even I suspected. I suppose this—"

"Yes," I interrupted, my voice gay and happy. "This is Bradley Curtiss. The man we saw yesterday is his cousin—and we're to be married."

I LOOKED at John. What did he feel, what did this mean to him? But Mary's eyes were dancing. I spoke quickly, breathlessly: "Bradley, John is a friend of mine and of Mary's—this is Mary, my room mate—Oh, what a mess I'm making of these introductions—I'm too excited to think."

John smiled. "Mary, I think we'd better leave these two alone. Have lunch with me, will you?"

"I'd be delighted to." Mary caught my arm and pulled me aside. She whispered, her lips close to my ear. "Do you think there's any truth in that saying about catching a person on the rebound, Ann?"

"Mary, I never dreamed. Oh, I'm sure there is."

She laughed, patted her brown curls around her face, and her hand on John's arm, they went out the door. I stared after them, excited and happy.

"We might have lunch, too," Bradley said, then he swept me once more into his arms. "Oh, Ann," he whispered, "I love you—I love you—we're together once more."

Together once more—the birds were singing those words as we walked down the broad old street, the breeze was whispering them with a ripple and rustle in the leaves. Joy soaked into me with the sunlight; all pain and loneliness were forever gone. My faith had justified itself. I could feel Bradley's fingers on my arm, hear his voice. I looked up into his eyes as we stopped at a corner. He loved me, had always loved me. That was all I needed to know.

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# Don't Press

## Bing Crosby Gives Some Good Advice

By S. R. MOOK

WHEN I was younger I was pretty ambitious and I

was forever cooking up schemes to get somewhere. Something always happened and none of them ever came to fruition. So I quit wrestling with life and sat back to enjoy myself.

"I remember when I was a kid I was anxious to finish my last year in high school. My father always had enough to keep a roof over our heads and see that we didn't go hungry or ragged but there was quite a crew of us in the family and school-books and spending money sometimes constituted a problem. So all that last summer before my senior year I worked in the orchards of Washington as a fruit packer. I saved my money for school. And then I lost it!

"Not long ago my mother showed me a letter I had written her at the time, bemoaning my loss. I wrote, 'I would sure like to finish school this year but I guess my future rests in the laps of the gods. One can but wait.'

"And, consciously or unconsciously, that's been the credo I've followed ever since. I just wait for things to happen to me. They generally do. But it's scarcely a good example to set the youths of America.

"In defense of myself, I can only quote something Fanny Hurst wrote in her autobiography once. She said people were continually writing her, asking how to break into the writing game. She went on by saying, 'There are no two roads alike that lead to Rome. Every pilgrim is his own pathfinder.'

"I think that's one of the finest things I've ever read and the most apt solution to a difficult problem. What works for me probably wouldn't work for everyone.

"I worried plenty when I was a kid and it got me nowhere. So I decided worrying doesn't help. I first realized there is such a thing as trying too hard when I began playing golf. I tried to murder the ball and, as a result, missed almost as many as I hit. Those strokes all counted against my score. And the ones I did hit weren't so hot. So I became discouraged and disgusted. It was when I went out and swung at the pellet in a carefree manner that I got my best licks in. It started me wondering.

"When I was out here broke, Al Rinker and I got a booking at Grauman's Million Dollar Theatre downtown. We knew it was only a week's work and there was no prospect of any more to follow so we clowned through our act. Paul Whiteman was playing at what is now the Para-

mount and he caught our act. He sent a note around asking us

to come over and see him for an audition. We thought it was a gag so we clowned through the audition. But that was what Paul wanted and he signed us.

"When we went with him we worked like the devil trying to make good and nothing happened. We flopped. Then he saw Harry Barris and signed Harry to work with us. Still nothing happened. We decided we were on the way out anyhow so we might as well have some fun. We started clowning and kidding on the stage and that was when we began to click.

"It was the same in pictures. I made the first of 'The Big Broadcasts' for Paramount. I thought it was my GREAT CHANCE and I took it as seriously as Gracie Allen takes her singing. I was pretty awful. When they signed me a year later for 'College Humor' I knew beforehand how terrible I was going to be. I thought, 'They'll never pick up my option. I'll hop out to California, cop that coin and hop back to New York again.'

"Since I was convinced I'd never go in pictures I thought instead of trying to be a Barrymore I might as well be myself and have a little fun. The result was, I was a different person in my second picture.

"When I broke into radio in New York it was a similar story. I babied myself—rehearsed in an air-conditioned room so as not to become overheated. When it was time for the broadcast I had laryngitis and had completely lost my voice. The next week I went on the air with no rehearsal and sang my fool head off.

**R**IGHT now, the success of our radio program is due to the fact we don't try too hard. We have a script of a sort but I never know what our guest stars are going to say until I hear it in front of the mike. That's why our lines are always overlapping. We take things easy.

"My whole life has worked out that way. I could go on down the line. Look at my race-horses—I used to go out and give those equines a pep talk before each race. I think they understood me and tried too hard. Now I leave them alone and once in awhile one comes through for me.

"You see, in golf when you try too hard it's called 'pressing.' In golf, like everything else, as I've tried to explain, the harder you try the worse things go. So, from experience, my advice to all is, 'Take things in your stride—and DON'T PRESS.'



# 

Annette was a debutante.  
 She came from a good family.  
 She went to the very best schools.  
 Then she "came out"—  
 And NOTHING happened!  
 Here she is at a party, all dressed up,  
 And no heart to break but her own.  
 Dainty, sweet, and her nose CAREFULLY powdered,  
 She wears just the right shade of lipstick,  
 But her eyes are a *BLANK*—  
 They just don't register!  
 One day Annette learned about MAYBELLINE,  
 Just as you are doing—and,  
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**MORAL:** *Many a man has been swept  
 off his feet by fluttering lashes!*

Annette's lashes now  
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 lovely, with a few simple  
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 MAYBELLINE MAS-  
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Annette's eyebrows now  
 have character and ex-  
 pression, thanks to  
 the smooth-marking  
 MAYBELLINE EYE-  
 BROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of  
 added charm, Annette  
 blends a bit of creamy  
 MAYBELLINE EYE  
 SHADOW on her eyelids  
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Give your eyes thrilling  
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 MAYBELLINE, the Eye  
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"There's one cigarette  
I like best...and that's Camels.  
So much milder—with  
*less nicotine in the smoke!*"



MISS LAWRENCE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Reed Lawrence, made her bow at the Tuxedo Autumn Ball. At left, photographed in Tuxedo Park, wearing tweed suit of hound's tooth check, smoking her favorite cigarette. "I never tire of smoking Camels," she says. "There's less nicotine in the smoke, and to me that means mildness—and *more* mildness!"

• At right, Miss Lawrence wearing one of her favorite dresses of the season—a blue and fuchsia rayon taffeta, with voluminous skirt cascading from a slim fitted yoke. She enjoys swimming, tennis, ice-skating—and is an accomplished pianist. On week-days, she does defense work in New York City. About Camel cigarettes, she has this to say: "Friends are always dropping into our house for a chat and a smoke, so we buy Camels by the carton—our friends seem to prefer them. As for me—well, Camel is the *only* cigarette that has the mildness and flavor I want."



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tested—less than any of  
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Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston	Mrs. Hugh Pendleton Nunnally Atlanta
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Mrs. Randolph Carter, Virginia	Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
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